THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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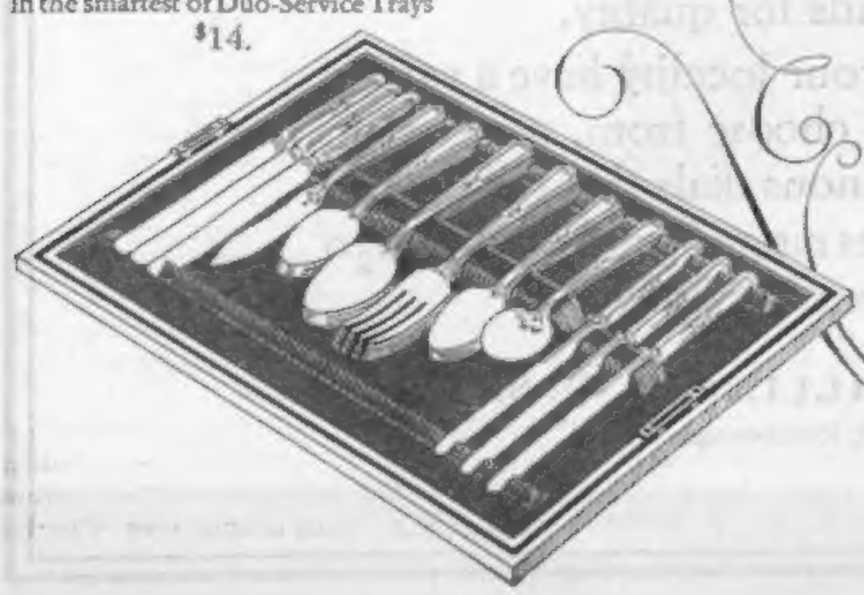

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TALKING OF OLD BOOKS

By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as Told to Avery Strakosch

GENIUS?" The tall old man with the fan-shaped beard looked eagerly at his companion, then settled back more heavily against the rows and rows of old books lining the walls to the ceiling on all sides of the room. "Of course Edgar was a genius, but in spite of being a gambler and a drunkard—in spite of it, I tell you!"

The other—a thin man of lesser years, his long inquiring face meditative in the twilight—nodded.

"You are right," he agreed. "But what difference did it make? The only question is, would The Raven have been any greater without his gambling and drinking? I doubt it."

The argument was on, and my uncle, Moses Polock, would lean forward now and again, waving his coatless arms—he handled books easier in shirt sleeves—in an effort to gain a point. His peculiarly young and penetrating blue eyes glistened. Opposite, George P. Philes, a noted editor and book collector, twirled a gray mustache and goatee while balancing in a tilted chair, listening calmly, and patiently relighting a half-smoked cigar which went out often as the verbal heat increased.

I would watch these two, dazed with their heated words concerning authors and their works; hear them make bookish prophecies, most of which came true. A favorite subject was their neurotic friend, Edgar Allan Poe. Both had befriended this singularly unfortunate and great writer, and each had certain contentions to make which led through the fire of argument to the cooler and more even discussion of reminiscences. But they did agree that it would take less than fifty years after Poe's death to make first editions of his works the most valuable of any American author.

PHOTO. BY VANDYK, LONDON

Doctor Rosenbach

A Boy in a Bookshop

IT WAS in 1885, when I was nine years old, that I first felt the haunting atmosphere of Uncle Moses' bookshop on the second floor of the bulging, red-brick building on Commerce Street in old Philadelphia. At that age I could hardly realize, spellbound as I was, the full quality of mystery and intangible beauty which becomes a part of the atmosphere whenever fine books are brought together; for here was something which called to me each afternoon, just as the wharves, the water and the ships drew other boys who were delighted to get away from books the moment school was out. Whatever it was—some glibly speak of it as bibliomania—it entered my bones then, and has grown out of all proportion ever since. The long walk, from the bookshop to my home, in the twilight, the moon, just coming up, throwing long shadows across the white slab of Franklin's grave which I had to pass, was sometimes difficult; but as I grew older I learned to shut my eyes against imaginary fears and, in a valiant effort to be brave, hurried past darkened corners and abysmal alleyways, inventing a game by which I tried to visualize the only touches of color in Uncle Moses' musty, dusty shop—occasional brilliantly bound volumes. Running along, I also cross-examined myself on quotations and dates from books and manuscripts through which I had prowled earlier in the day, unwittingly developing a memory which was often to stand me in good stead.

My uncle's appreciation of books showed itself long before he took over the publishing and bookselling business established in Philadelphia in 1780, just before the close of the Revolution. Throughout his youth books had been dear to him, and his father, noting this, encouraged keeping together the volumes he prized most. Yet he gained local attention, not as a book collector but as a publisher, when with a certain amount of initiative he brought out the works of the first American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown. But I early had my suspicions of him as a publisher. It seemed to me that he used the publishing business as a literary cat's-paw, by which he might conceal his real interest and love—searching for, finding and treasuring rare books.

A Meeting Place

AFTER all, if one is in a trade certain expectations are held by the public; and Uncle Moses, the older he grew the less willing he became to meet these expectations. To publish books and sell them was one phase; but to collect, and then to sell, he considered a different and entirely personal affair. A poor young man, Uncle Moses had acquired the business in an almost magical manner. Jacob Johnson, the original founder, began by publishing children's books only. But in 1800 he decided to branch out, and took a partner, Benjamin Warner. Fifteen years later the firm was sold out to McCarty and Davis. After several successful years McCarty retired, and it was then that Moses Polock was employed as a clerk. They had spread out and were now publishing all sorts of books. Davis became very fond of his clerk, and when he died, in 1851, left him sufficient money in his will to purchase the business for himself. Luck was evidently with my uncle, for he made a great deal of money in publishing Lindley Murray's grammar and other schoolbooks of the time.

First as a publishing house and bookstore combined, Uncle Moses' shop became a meeting place for publishers and writers. Here it was that the ill-fed Poe came in 1835 to talk modestly of his writings and hopes.

Such men as James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Noah Webster and Herman Melville might be seen going up or coming down the narrow staircase leading to the second floor. George Bancroft, the historian, came, too, and Eaton, who wrote the Life of Jackson; George H. Boker, a distinguished Philadelphia poet, Charles Godfrey Leland, of Hans Breitmann Ballads note, and Donald G. Mitchell, who wrote as Ik Marvel, and many others—they found their way along the uneven brick

sidewalks of Commerce Street. Gradually, however, it developed into a rendezvous for the more leisured group of collectors.

Men—and very occasionally a woman—who owned many an interesting and valuable volume came to browse and talk. Silent or voluble, enthusiastic or suspiciously conservative, each had in mind some book of Uncle Moses' he hoped one day to possess. For it took something more than money and coercion to make this old man give up his treasures; even then he would change his mind at the last moment and, in place of the original, would make a pen-and-ink copy of the book word for word, so that it was typographically perfect. This would take weeks to do, and only when he needed money badly did he consent to part with the original. I have some of these copies and treasure them as curiosities. Not only months but very often years of tireless perseverance were necessary to make him sell a favorite volume. Equally interesting was that other group which came daily—a group composed of impecunious and peculiarly erratic book lovers, found in book haunts the world over; a poverty-stricken intellectual class who in filling their minds often forget to provide for their stomachs as well.

All the memories of my childhood center around the secluded and dusty corners of this shop, where I eavesdropped and prowled to my heart's content. My uncle, at first annoyed at having a little boy about the place prying into musty papers and books, eventually took delight in showing me rare editions purchased by him at auctions and private sales. As he grew older he became somewhat eccentric and, despite my extreme youth, insisted upon treating me as a book lover and connoisseur his own equal. Although he lived to be a very old man, he retained the most marvelous memory of anyone I have ever known. He could tell without a moment's hesitation the date of a book, who the printer was, where it had been found, any physical earmarks it might have, its various vicissitudes, and how it had reached its final destination.

Moses Polock in His Book Shop. In Oval—Moses Polock in 1850

Letters From George Washington

AMONG the noted collectors who came to match their wits and learning with my uncle was a younger man, Clarence S. Bement, who developed into one of the greatest American book experts. Even at that time he had a wonderful collection, and I well remember his subtle efforts to add to it constantly. He would talk in a firm, low, rather musical voice, obviously toned with persuasion, hoping to make his friend part with some cherished volume he coveted. As I watched Uncle Moses refuse I saw a curiously adamant and at the same time satisfied expression spread over his features; I noticed, too, the dignity of movement as he gravely took the volume from Bement's fingers to look at it with that expressive pride in ownership that verges on madness with many people to whom possession can mean but one thing—books.

Samuel W. Pennypacker, who in later years became governor of Pennsylvania, was another avid book collector and constant habitué of the old Commerce Street bookshop. His hobby was anything he could lay his hands upon from the Franklin Press. He also collected all data relating to the early Swedish settlers of Pennsylvania, and his German and Dutch ancestors, as well as any material concerning the development of the state. A large man he was, with serious eyes, set in a rather square-shaped head. But his voice fascinated me most of all as it boomed about the shelves when he grew excited, and took on an unforgettable Pennsylvania Dutch twang. Pennypacker was a fervent admirer of George Washington, and he had once heard of a letter which General Washington wrote from one of the scenes of his childhood—Pennypacker's Mills. He couldn't seem to forget this letter, for he was always talking about it, hoping to trace it to its owner and eventually make it his own.

I shall never forget the day Uncle Moses told him he had found and bought this letter. He handed it to Pennypacker with a light of triumphant amusement in his eyes. After reading it Pennypacker put it down on the table before him and, without raising his eyes, said in a peculiarly exhausted way, "Polock, I must have this letter. You can make any bargain you choose, but I must have it!" Hardly waiting for the other to reply, he rushed down the stairs, to return a few moments later with two books under his arm. My uncle's blue eyes were but mocking questions as he pushed them aside after glancing at their title pages. They were two valuable books, but not unusually so. Pennypacker had by this time unbuttoned his coat, and I saw him take from an inner pocket a thin, yellow envelope.

"These"—Pennypacker pointed to his two books—"and this." He opened the envelope and gave my uncle its contents. It, too, was a letter from George Washington, yet no sign of emotion swept the old man's features as he read. But the exchange was made rather quickly, I thought, and it would have been difficult to decide which bargainer was the more satisfied. I have read both letters many times since. The Pennypacker's Mills letter was dated September 29, 1777, and addressed: "On public service, to the Honorable John Hancock, President of Congress, Lancaster." George Washington wrote in part:

> I shall move the Army four or five miles lower down today from where we may reconnoitre and fix upon a proper situation at such distance from the enemy as will enable us to make an attack should we see a proper opening, or stand upon the defensive till we obtain further reinforcements. This was the opinion of a Council of General Officers which I called yesterday.
>
> I congratulate you upon the success of our Arms to the Northward and if some accident does not put them out of their present train, I think we may count upon the total ruin of Burgoyne.

The letter which my uncle received was written four years later from Philadelphia, in 1781, to Abraham Skinner, Commissary General of Prisoners, and was easily the more important, historically, of the two, as General Washington discussed throughout the surrender of Cornwallis and the exchange of prisoners at Yorktown. He instructed General Skinner not to consent to the exchange of Lord Cornwallis under any conditions.

Even I, with but a short experience as a mere onlooker in the collecting game, realized its greater value. After my uncle's death this Washington letter sold for $925, and rests today as one of the treasures in the Morgan collection. A few years ago I bought back the Pennypacker's Mills letter for $130 from Governor Pennypacker's estate. Because of the incident it recalls I would never part with it.

When I was eleven years old I began book collecting on my own. My first purchase was at an auction in the old Henkels' Auction Rooms on Chestnut Street. It was an edition of Reynard the Fox, printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, and was knocked down to me for twenty-four dollars. My enthusiasm rather than my financial security swept me into this extravagance, and after the sale I had to go to the auctioneer, Mr. Stan V. Henkels, and confess that I was not exactly solvent. At the same time I explained I was Moses Polock's nephew, instinctively feeling, I suppose, that such a relationship might account for any untoward action concerning books. I had hardly got the words out of my frightened mouth when Mr. Henkels burst into a fit of laughing which—although I was too young, too scared and self-conscious to realize at the time—was the beginning of a life-long friendship between us.

Exciting Catalogues

WHEN he ceased laughing a little he looked down at me—a somber little boy with a book under his shaking arm—and said, "I've seen it start at an early age, and run in families, but in all my experience this is the very first baby bibliomaniac to come my way!" With this admission he kindly consented to extend credit, and trusted me for further payments, which I was to make weekly from my school allowance. Giving him all the money I possessed—ten dollars—I marched from the auction room, feeling for the first time in my life that swooning yet triumphant, that enervating and at the same time heroic combination of emotions the born bibliomaniac enjoys so intensely with the purchase of each rare book.

Stan V. Henkels—no one dared to leave out the middle initial—was a remarkable man. Even in his young days he resembled an old Southern colonel—the accepted picture we all have—a man of drooping mustache, rather patrician nose, and long-ish hair, which he decorated with a large-brimmed, rusty black hat of the Civil War period. He insisted he was an unreconstructed rebel and was always willing to take on anyone in a verbal battle about the Civil War. By profession an auctioneer of books, Mr. Henkels was the first person to make the dreary, uninteresting work of auction catalogues into living, fascinating literature, almost as exciting reading as fiction. Previous to this, anyone wanting to find out what was in a collection had little luck when searching through a catalogue, beyond discovering names and dates.

Observing this, and that certain items whose contents were of exceptional interest did not sell well, Henkels decided to find out for himself what was between the covers of the books he sold, and to learn what was often told so confidentially in the literary manuscripts and letters, and then to print the most interesting data he could find about each item. This was a great work in itself, and how he found the leisure to give to it was a mystery. Thus he brought color and life—a human-interest setting which added thousands of dollars yearly to his business, and which created feelings of gratitude in many collectors, who, through his vision, were able in a short time to find certain elements in the typography and actual contents of a book that might, for lack of opportunity or knowledge on the part of the buyer, be overlooked.

Seven years after buying Reynard the Fox on the installment plan I made my first valuable literary discovery. I was studying then at the University of Pennsylvania, and books enthralled me to a disastrous extent. I attended book sales at all hours of the day and night; I neglected my studies; I bought books whether I could afford them or not; I forgot to eat and did not consider sleep necessary at all. The early stages of the book-collecting germ are not the most virulent, but nevertheless they make themselves felt! This night I went to the Henkels' Auction Room several hours before the sale. I looked at many of the books with great delight, sighed when I estimated the prices they would bring, and was beginning to feel rather despondent, when I happened to see a bound collection of pamphlets in one corner of the room.

A Pamphlet That is Not for Sale

NOW for some unknown reason pamphlets, even from my boyhood, have been a passion with me. I cannot resist reading a pamphlet, whether it has value or not. The potentialities between slim covers play the devil with my imagination. It is true that books are my real love, but pamphlets flaunt a certain piquancy which I have never been able to resist. One might call them the flirtations of book collecting. I crossed to the corner, disturbed that I had not seen the volume earlier in the evening, that I had so little time to devote to it. But hurried as I felt—it was almost time for the sale to begin—I came upon a copy of Gray's Odes. It was not only a first edition, but the first book from Horace Walpole's famous Strawberry Hill Press, printed especially for him. Walpole had a weakness for gathering fame to his name by printing the works of certain famous contemporaries. Delighted at finding this, I observed the title page of the pamphlet which was bound with it. I could hardly believe my eyes! For in my hands I held, quite by accident, the long-lost first edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous Prologue, which David Garrick recited the opening night of the Drury Lane Theatre in London in 1747. Although advertisements in the General Advertiser and Gentleman's Magazine of Doctor Johnson's day announced the sale of this work for the modest sum of a sixpence, no one had ever heard of a copy of this original edition being in existence before or since. Boswell has made an allusion to it in his Life of Johnson, but that was all that was known of this first issue of the little masterpiece of "dramatick criticism."

I closed my eyes in an effort to steady myself, leaning heavily against the wall. I wanted to buy this pamphlet more than I had ever wanted anything in the world. A wealthy and noted collector entered the room. I gave up hope. Again I looked at the pamphlet, and as I read Doctor Johnson's famous line on Shakespeare, "And panting Time toil'd after him in vain," I wished that I might be weak enough to take something which did not belong to me. Suddenly my plans were made. I would have the Prologue! I would do anything honorable to obtain it. Having nothing but my future to mortgage I desperately decided to offer that to whoever the purchaser might be.

Mr. Henkels announced the usual terms of the sale and I gazed cautiously about the room; every member of the audience was just waiting for that volume of pamphlets, I knew. Finally it was put up, and the very silence seemed to bid against me; when, after two or three feeble counter bids, it became really mine for the sum of $3.60, I sat as one in a trance. The news soon spread among the experts of the exceptional find I had made, and I had many offers for it. Several years later, during my post-graduate course at college, when I needed money very badly, a noted collector dandled a check for $5000 before my eyes. It was a difficult moment for me, but I refused the offer. In my private library I retain this treasured volume.

One day previous to this I was in the auction rooms when a white-haired negro said Mr. Henkels had something interesting to show me if I would go to the top floor. I found him standing by an open window fronting Chestnut Street exhibiting to several curious customers a small gold locket which belonged to George Washington. It had been authenticated by his heirs, and also the gray lock of hair enclosed within it. As I joined the others Mr. Henkels opened the locket and held it out for inspection. At that moment an unexpected gust of wind blew into the room, and sweeping about took the curl very neatly from its resting place. So quickly did it happen it was a moment or so before we realized that the prized lock had been wafted out of the window. Then suddenly we all ran to the stairs and raced four flights into the street below. Up and down, searching the block, the gutters and crevices of stone and brick, we sought the lost lock of the father of our country. After an hour, or so it seemed, we gave it up as useless. As we returned to the entrance of the rooms the old negro employe came out.

"Wait a minute!" Henkels exclaimed as an idea came to him.

He grabbed the ancient and surprised servant by the hair. Selecting a choice curly ringlet, he clipped it off with his pocket knife, then placed it carefully in George Washington's locket, closing it tightly.

Samuel W. Pennypacker, a Great American Book Collector

Several days later I saw the locket put up for sale. The bidding was brisk, and the buyer later expressed himself as being exceptionally lucky. But Henkels, who was the soul of honor, could not listen quietly for long. He told of his, as well as Nature's, prank with the original lock of hair, and offered to refund the money. The purchaser refused, saying he had given no thought to the contents anyway, that his interest lay only in the locket.

It is almost incredible the number of stories that circulate about the civilized world containing misstatements and garbled information about the values and prices of old books. I am sometimes amused, at other times annoyed, to read in the daily papers statements of prices I and other collectors are supposed to have bought and sold books for. Reporters who descend upon us hurriedly to verify the story of some unusual sale can be divided into two classes—overenthusiastic or bored. The former often exaggerate the amount paid for a book and its value, the latter are likely to be careless about details, and set them down incorrectly.

When I bought a Gutenberg Bible for $106,000 last spring I was careful to read and correct the original announcement made of the purchase. Such an event was too important in the history of book collecting to be misstated. Even then, many papers carried a story which gave the impression that this was the only Gutenberg Bible in existence, when there are about forty-two known copies—differing in condition, of course. But collectors themselves have often been at fault for the broadcasting of misinformation, for they seldom take time to go out of their way to correct wrong impressions.

PHOTO. BY PETER A. JULEY & SON, N. Y. C.

Doctor Rosenbach's New York Book Room

The Urge

IT IS only in the past few generations that collectors have taken great care of their treasures—a good thing, too, for had they all pawed books about, wearing them to shreds in the scholastic manner, few rare volumes would have been saved for us today. Acquisitiveness, that noble urge to possess something the other fellow hasn't got or can't get, is often the direct cause of assembling vast, extraordinary libraries.

(Continued on Page 94)

THE STRONGEST TIE OF ALL

By Richard Washburn Child

THE British Empire so far has had only one major operation—it lost the thirteen colonies which grew into the United States. The loss was considerable, for if it had not occurred the most virile empire-building machinery ever known, comparatively modern, and the greatest sower of civilization would have had a globe-encircling power almost beyond imagination.

The loss was a memorable one. It came because there was a little too much pressure put upon the colonies and not enough autonomy given them. There were mitigating circumstances; the home government was hard pushed in those days. No doubt the Boston Tea Party was a rather rowdy but effective warning that all was not right in the dominions. Certain conventions of greater dignity gave danger signals calling for retreat from discipline or a challenge for a struggle on the part of these colonies for independence. England chose the challenge and swallowed an outcome which did not then appear important. That outcome changed the whole complexion of history and is likely to go on toward greater changes. Modern Englishmen lean toward the notion that someone—certainly not the Irish Burke—made a blunder. Some believe that the blunder was repeated in the case of Ireland.

They will not make that blunder again. Anyone who has just been in London, observing, from outside the drawn blinds of the British Imperial Conference, the shadows on the curtains, is sure to feel that no move is being made toward that blunder with the present dominions and colonies.

Ripening

TIMES do change. No one doubts that the British Empire faces new conditions presenting puzzling problems.

At home in Britain the same industrial and social difficulties exist which existed when THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in 1925 published Great Britain Must Decide. As it was then prophesied, at home the question narrows down more and more toward direct cleavage between radical labor and the conservative forces of organization. Less and less is there room between those for any part-oil-and-part-water Liberal Party. The old slogan, "There is much to be said on both sides," has lost whatever smack it had. The question for Great Britain to decide is still the question as to whether an industrial trading island can afford to engage in fighting over a platter and spill all the meat and gravy. The alternative is to stop fighting, fill the platter and pass prosperity around. There is no middle course. It is either a bitter conflict where the prize is a bone gnawed bare white or the acceptance by both Conservatives and Labor of a program causing all to forget the conflict, to make concessions and to create a situation where the bones are meaty enough to satisfy everyone.

"Upon the problems of the whole empire and of Britain's relation with her dominions the disturbances of industrial discord, unemployment and the dole burden at home have an effect seldom estimated at its real value," a member of the cabinet has just told me. "There is a tendency upon the part of some good men in the dominions to shrug their shoulders and say 'The old home government has much to do and is doing it sometimes badly. We, the dominions, ought to have a chance to do more of our own business without interference on the one hand or too much entanglement on the other.'"

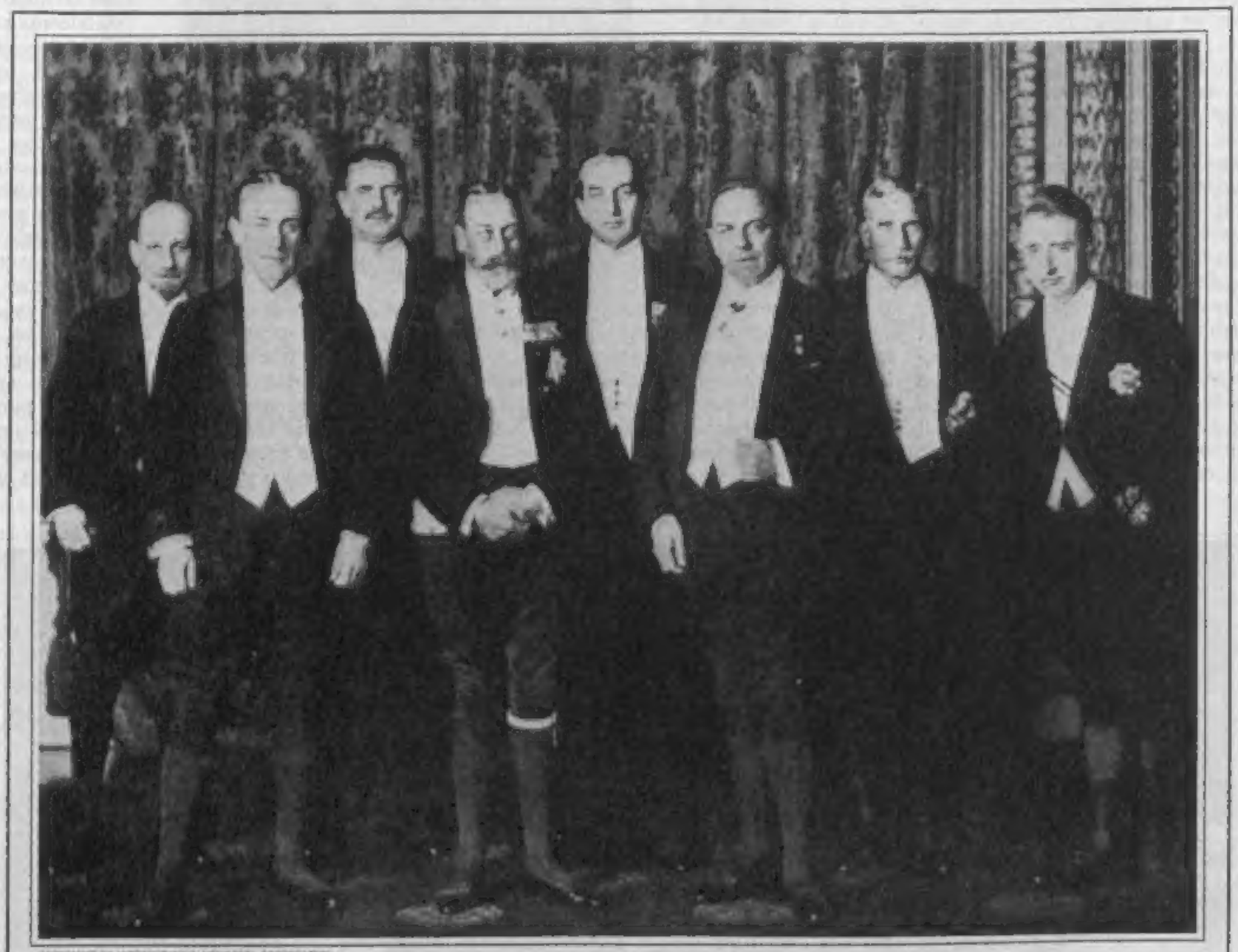
If everything were going right in the British Isles the problems of the ties that bind the outlying empire would never have been so acute. Some British leaders say that these problems are not very acute; but whatever the degree of anxiety concerning the need to straighten out misunderstandings with the dominions, that anxiety would be less were things shipshape at home.

There will always be those who think that the Irish question might have been handled better, in spite of the fact that all hands have sighed a little with relief that the fever was over and a cool convalescence had begun. The dominions as a whole do not contemplate with any joy the progress made by the Labor Party toward an industrial government concurrent with but not answerable to the constitutional monarchy and Parliament.

They do not rejoice that the mother country still has its large fraction of beings who nearly ten years after the war have been educated into, instead of educated out of, the dole system of charitable support. They may look with misgivings upon a proposal that they accept the unemployed of England, Scotland and Wales, if it means that the unfit as well as the fit, the unhealthy as well as the vigorous, shall be put upon them.

Though they may realize that His Majesty's government has certain historical and traditional foreign policies, especially toward the Continent, to which are now added new postwar obligations, the best minds in the dominions are almost as reluctant as the United States was in 1919 and 1920 to put a written or unwritten indorsement on any home-government promise to perform in the European cockpit. They view with sympathy and alarm a succession of strikes in basic industries that tend, of course, to weaken any economic ties. Those ties are much looser now than when the colonies were mere British outposts, undeveloped and not, as now, woven into a closer unity with the wide world. From exploiting units, exchanging with natives a high type of civilization for natural resources destined for the British Isles, they have become productive economic units, with expanding complex personalities of their own.

A wit in London said during the Imperial Conference: "It is to be hoped that Great Britain, in any case, will decide to remain within the empire." This quip gives exaggerated emphasis to the growing strength of opinion toward autonomy among the dominions. "Independence of the dominions" is not the phrase. There is nothing of a serious separatist movement anywhere, but the growing importance of the dominions in comparison with the importance of Great Britain herself is a fact. A distinguished English writer has suggested that this may lead to separatist ideas; he quotes Turgot, that colonies are like fruit—when they are ripe they drop off the parent tree.



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King George With a Group of Ministers Representing Great Britain's Domains at a Reception Tendered Them by His Majesty

Empire

THE colonies of Great Britain—and the history of the British Empire is only about 300 years, or the length of our American history—were founded as outposts. They were to get something for Great Britain or to prevent some Continental rival from getting it. They are no longer to be considered on that basis. Dean Inge, in his book, England, says: "One difficulty arising from American independence was the loss of a dumping ground to which undesirable citizens might be transferred"; and he goes on to suggest that this loss gave impetus to voyages of discovery to find new dumping grounds. These were found, but they are no longer in the mood to take any kind of dumpings or exploitation.

In addition, those who have just been meeting in the Imperial Conference understand that British skill in colonial administration has been greatly weakened. The ranks of the well-bred and educated and specially trained civil servants and military officers who once went out to the colonies have been thinned by the war and their places in many instances filled by less-prepared and rougher-mannered men. At a time when Oriental and dark-skinned natives are restive with the doctrine of self-determination, and are egged on by zealot necromancers of liberty and freedom who often bid the white man to get out so that the loot of their own people shall be theirs, it is time to realize what the British Empire is.

It is nearly a quarter of the land in the world on which human beings can ive, and almost a quarter of all living beings are on that land. That sounds large and impressive and powerful and lasting.

But the British Empire, from end to end, has fewer white people in it than live right here in the United States. It is scattered far and wide. It has no geographical unity. It has no fundamental economic reason for unity. To write a constitution for it as a federation to replace an empire would be harder than to write a decent Treaty of Versailles; the empire is a political curiosity. It is not bound

together by any religion, as marked as that, for instance, of Roman Catholicism or Mohammedanism: its subjects wander off along their own ways.

But it is held together. It is held together—and we may learn it well—by the strongest tie in the history and development of mankind. And unless that tie is forgotten, unless some fool tries to supplant that tie by treaties and constitutions, protocols and formulas, it will hold together for a long epoch.

Therefore to an outsider observing the Imperial Conference in London, and the leadership of the dominions and Downing Street which were behind it, it appeared absurd that there was a failure to swallow the fact at once that geography, economics, politics, self-defense, religion and even color of skin cannot be relied upon to keep the empire together. In none of them is there much cause for cohesion. And yet most of them were discussed with great gravity behind the closed doors and at the banquet tables. Indeed, a discussion and resolutions regarding several of these phases of empire were the business of this Imperial Conference.

Gathering the Colonies Under England's Wings

WHEN I lit on Croydon Field after a flight across the Channel, the air was full of the aerial forces of Britain impressing the dominion's delegates with the progress made toward the proverbial annihilation of space, and with the somewhat newer thought that the tight little island, which is no longer tight because of its navy alone, is getting itself tight again by a navy of the skies. This was an appeal or an exhibition. In either case, it was aimed at the idea that after all there is a protecting wing in the homeland, a new fighting punch and a new means of lessening the blooming disadvantages in an empire so scattered geographically that the sun never sets on it.

One newspaper, having stated the impression made by single-seat fighters, day bombers, giant night bombers, troop carriers and fleet spotters, went on to say with full truth: "But the chief interest from the dominion premiers' point of view, of course, lay in the tremendous advance made in the last few years in types and efficiency of civil aircraft.

"They were shown machines designed for commercial purposes and eminently suitable for linking up outposts of empire with populous colonial centers. It was clear from an inspection of these machines that very rapid communication can now be maintained between self-governing areas; that the time factor in empire travel has been reduced very materially; and that main lines of communication are now supplemented by flying stages of 300 miles or more, which can be covered by machines flying at 100 miles an hour.

"The time factor is clearly illustrated when one considers that whereas the sea voyage to Karachi takes seventeen days, a business man will be able to fly there in ten days when the new air route opens early next year."

Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for Air, who was discussing the need for homeland and colonies to coöperate in piecing together, by joint contributions, great air routes, said in effect:

"After years of research and experiment and adventure, we have reached a definite stage in the development of flying from which we can in the near future make progress altogether out of proportion to anything that has been achieved during the past few years. There is today no technical or operational reason why, by aeroplane or airship, London should not be brought within a fortnight of the farthest cities and territories of the empire. There is no technical reason why Canada should not be reduced to two and a half days, the journey to India five days, to Capetown six days, to Australia eleven days, to New Zealand thirteen days. These claims, I can, of course, support by detailed and expert evidence. I state them for the purpose of illustrating the power of the new instrument that is now within our reach."

The Great Wall of the British Empire

THE home government not only showed the visitors air power but also sea power. The navy, which was the Great Wall of the British during the years of maritime pushing and colonization and trade, though it is threatened now from submarine and supermarine directions, remains a high card in the hands of the empire. More than fifty vessels of the Atlantic fleet performed for the premiers the maneuvers of battle, submarine attack and air auxiliary, with target gunfire, drills and torpedo attack. Said Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister: "This brought a realization of the magnitude of the problem of empire defenses."

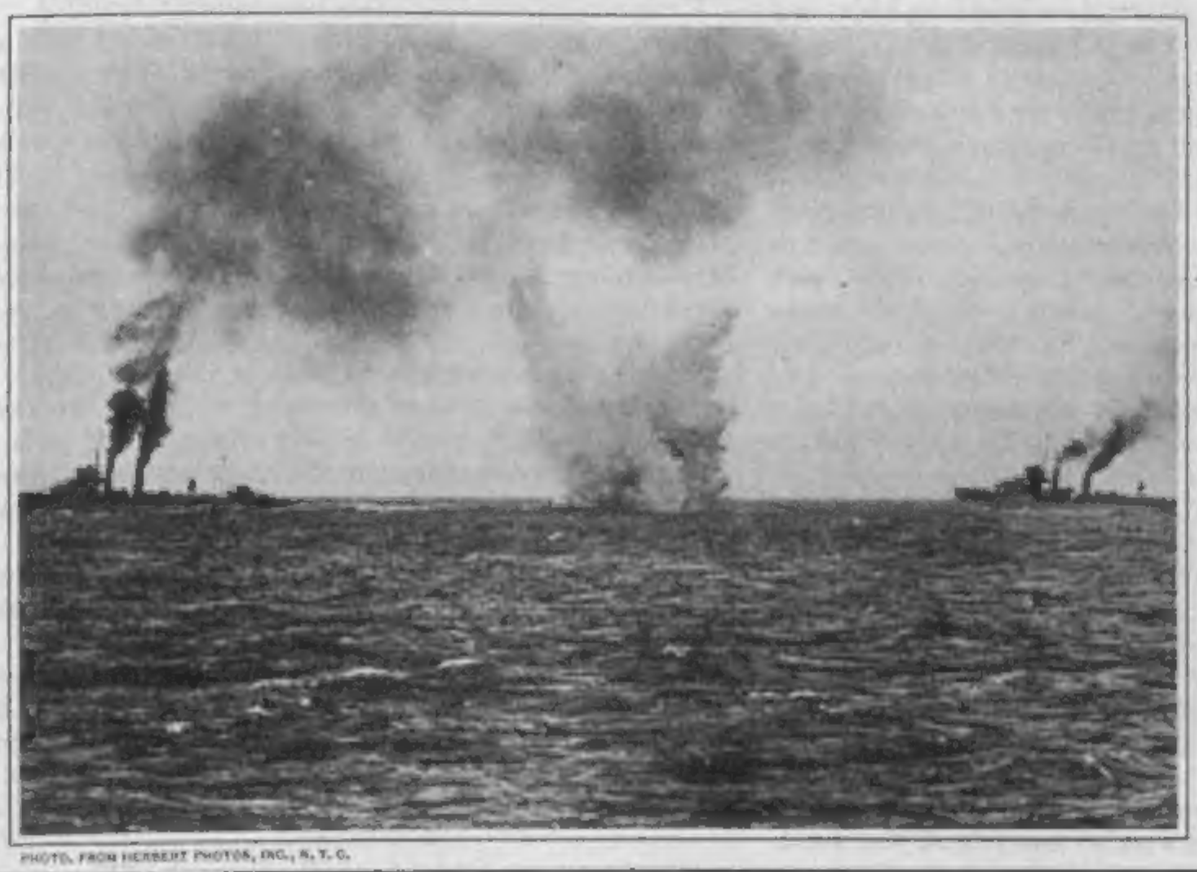
(Continued on Page 41)

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., LONDON

Tanks in Action at the Display Arranged for the Imperial Conference

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., LONDON

The Dominion Premiers With Sir Gregory Foster, the Provost of the University College, London



PHOTO, FROM HERBERT PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Destroyers Staging a Depth-Bomb Attack While the Premiers Looked On

FORTY-SEVEN PRETTY GIRLS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS something, Arthur Levis told himself, merely to walk unchallenged through that elaborate and difficult portal. He had hardly more than arrived in Los Angeles—in Hollywood, he corrected himself—and yet the competent youth visibly in charge recognized him instantly; he knew his name.

"Good morning, Mr. Levis," he said pleasantly. "I believe your office is to the left, by Mr. Glenning's." Levis couldn't keep a certain conscious superiority from his bearing as he walked past a long benchful of persons who would never, simply never, in all probability, get farther into the extravagant and mysterious world of moving pictures. And he had an office; he had forgotten that for the moment. Glenning, a very decent fellow indeed, had spoken about it yesterday.

"You will need an office," he had declared. "I'll see that you get a good one and a specially good secretary, one who will know what's going on. You'll want that. Mr. Simon is East for six weeks, and if we can locate her, you must have his girl. She knows motion pictures as well as anyone in the business. Miss Stott. Yes, she would be invaluable to you."

The consequence of this was that he had an office and Miss Stott. It was all very extraordinary. So sudden! For twenty-five years he had been writing novels that were not too painful for him to bear; they had had a pleasant critical recognition and a uniformly small sale, and then The Meager Susanna changed all that. He hadn't thought of Susanna as a sensation. She had seemed like all the other women in his books, like all his other books; but immediately she was a decided sensation. The Meager Susanna, to put it vulgarly, in six months sold in excess of two hundred thousand copies; and in the light of that he had been discovered as a writer of a special and unique excellence.

He had never, it was everywhere pointed out, compromised his art; he had made no effort to conciliate or purchase public opinion; and as a result, public opinion had surrendered to him. A particular emphasis was laid on his invariable dignity, the quietness of his style, the reserved justice of his vocabulary. It was no more true of Susanna than of the others, yet Susanna had brought about this remarkable and gratifying discovery. She was responsible for it.

For the life of him Levis couldn't see why she was so widely liked—a meager woman, as he had described her; still, in the words of his publisher, she had swept the country. His first check for her had been for thirty-two thousand dollars. And then the moving picture! Aron Satzman, the president of the Zenith Motion Picture Corporation, had been very exact in his statement of what they intended.

"Mr. Levis," he had explained, "more than anything, we want you to be happy with us. To feel at home. I don't doubt you have heard a lot of unpleasant things about us, and you are going to have a chance to find out how true they are—not! I have given the strictest orders you are not to be interfered with. The script will be prepared exactly as you say, you will supervise all the sets, and in particular—in particular, Mr. Levis—we want you to pick out the people for your story—to cast it. All our facilities are at your service."

This had been in the East, in New York; and within a week he had left New York for Chicago, Chicago for the Pacific slope, after depositing to his credit a sum larger by far than the entire earnings of his lifetime up to Susanna—from the Zenith Motion Picture Corporation. Suddenly he had become, for him, rich. It was highly possible that soon he would be even richer. The officials of the Zenith Company, the truth was, were very charming and sensitive people. In the short discussions of his novel he'd had with them they had missed several points, some implications which he had hoped were clear; but that, in such busy men, was entirely understandable. His director, too, had amazed him by several amazing suggestions; but there was no need to bother about him; the contract took care of that ——

He walked along a narrow carpeted corridor to a chaste door in walnut, but hesitated before he went in. It seemed to Arthur Levis that there was a subdued stir, the low sound of voices within; and he couldn't think why his office would have a number of people in it. Probably he had stopped by the wrong door; and yet that couldn't be so, since, beyond, Glenning's office was open; he could see Glenning.

Levis opened the door and entered a room absolutely full of pretty girls. It was literally packed with them. He hadn't supposed there were so many in all the world. And so very pretty! There wasn't one who wasn't the perfection of her type.

There were pretty girls with black hair and rosy cheeks, with brilliant eyes; and girls who had black hair and white intense faces; there were girls with warm chestnut-colored hair and young girls with striking ashen hair and blue eyes; they had intense red hair and red gold hair; and the fairest girls he could imagine, with pale or bright hair and all conceivable colors of eyes. And their mouths! There were generous smiling mouths and still, engaging mouths; there were mouths like rose petals, and mouths that could only be described as the perfection of that feature. But while they differed in coloring and temperament and attitude, they were all alike in one thing—it would have been impossible to suggest the slightest improvement or desirable difference in their figures. They were all, he realized, divinely slim and round.

Levis stood, slowly closing the door behind him, overwhelmed by the young beauty facing him. He was overcome by the mingled perfumes alone.

"Oh," he said. "Good morning."

A man stepped forward. "Mr. Levis, you don't know me yet, but from now on you will. I am Mr. Drake, the casting director." They shook hands solemnly. "From now," Drake continued easily, "you will see a great deal of me." He turned and indicated the girls. "I am responsible for these."

Levis put in weakly, "You have quite a family."

Drake agreed with him. "Quite. Although I can't always show it to you as satisfactory as now. This is a little occasion. Something special. We had word about you, of course, from the East. But we didn't need it. We would have done our best for you anyhow. The author of The Meager Susanna is as important in Hollywood as he is in New York. Perhaps you will find you are more recognized here—among us. So we planned a sort of practical welcome for you. But I'm afraid at bottom we never get very far from pictures ——"

"A very good thing," Levis murmured ineffectually.

"This is a welcome and something more too—we knew you would want five or six lovely young society girls in your picture, and we hope you will find them among these. I may add, Mr. Levis, that no one in the business could offer you better. Or as good."

Levis said he was sure of that. But how the devil would he pick among them? Any one would do as well as any other. It was simply astounding!

A very small girl with a most disconcerting uptilted nose advanced. "We hope you will love us, Mr. Levis." He assured her that he did. Very much indeed. He hadn't thought —— It would not have occurred to him that it was possible ——

Miss Stott came very decidedly forward. "If you will sit at your desk, Mr. Levis, you will be better able to

"I Could Play Susanna Better Than That Canned Pink Shrimp." "We Ought to Talk About It," He Went on Pleasantly. "We Might Have Dinner Together. I'm Free Tomorrow Night"

judge. I got a list of the names from Mr. Drake." Levis proceeded to his desk, brushing against round seductive shoulders, close to entrancing faces, beseeching smiles; the light silks he touched were like butterflies clustering on his sleeves.

Miss Stott stood beside him with a paper. "Miss Janney," she read from it. Levis couldn't see how Miss Janney might be improved on. She was brilliantly blond, with very widely opened brown eyes. Perfect for the Margaret Field of his book.

"I should like to have you very much indeed," he told her.

She smiled radiantly and Miss Stott grew visibly impatient. "Hadn't you better wait till you see more?" she suggested. "Miss Cantner."

Miss Cantner had red hair and long gray eyes. She gazed at him very directly and seriously. "I liked The Middle Susanna, oh, so much," she said in a grave voice.

The slight slip in the title, Arthur Levis reflected, was wholly unimportant in such a young and lovely creature. He must have her, of course. "Miss Stott," he announced, "we can't afford to let Miss Cantner go."

Miss Stott silently made a second mark on the sheet in her hand. "Miss Aldis," she read.

Miss Aldis was positively the best yet. Levis had never seen such a supernal girl. In addition to everything else, she was beautifully, expensively dressed, with pearls. He nodded decidedly.

"How many is that, Miss Stott?" he asked.

"Three," she replied shortly. "You only need five."

That was a fact, and he determined that no matter how perfect she turned out to be, he would decline the next. He'd have to if it were only to support his position with Miss Stott. The girl who followed was a Mrs. Felix. She couldn't have been twenty, her hair was ashen—what the French called *cendre*—and her eyes were the color of violets under a shaded bank in April. Perhaps her feet wouldn't do. They would. Entirely.

"Mrs. Felix," he began desperately—"Mrs. Felix—I should like to have you."

"That makes four." Miss Stott spoke in a resigned voice.

A girl came independently forward, slender like young bamboo, with intensely black hair, a dark face and dark eyes. "Do you perhaps like for me to be in your picture?" she said, finding a great difficulty with the English words and English pronunciation.

"Miss Felicidad Enriquez." It was Miss Stott.

Levis stood up. "Miss Enriquez," he proceeded, "you see, the truth is, The Meager Susanna is laid in the Eastern United States, and I am afraid—indeed, I don't see You see, I'd have to change it so much. And I understand the company wants to begin at once. The treatment, as a matter of fact, is finished." She retreated gracefully, leaving him confused and regretful. Probably Mexican. He had always wanted to know a Mexican girl.

Miss Stott read out, "Miss Katharine Borneson."

The heroic image of Scandinavia stood before him, a superbly vigorous youngness made, it might be, out of high blue winds and sweet pines and clear deep water. He had never, until then, seen blue eyes, hair golder than gold, a body that was the perfect promise of classic maternity. She was—and Arthur Levis hated the superlative—superb.

"Naturally we'll take her," he said in a defensive tone to Miss Stott. There, then, were his five. Why, there must be forty or more left. There was a low disappointed murmur. He distinctly, from a divine child in garnet, heard the word "sap." There was a concerted sibilant movement toward the door.

Miss Stott said precisely, "Miss Janney, Miss Cantner, Miss Aldis, Mrs. Felix, Miss Borneson. Make your arrangements with Mr. Drake's office, please. And be ready for production the first part of next week. Be where we can get you without trouble."

With the room emptied except for Levis and herself, Miss Stott sat beside his desk

"I don't know how you work," she went on, "but I do know Mr. Plastman, the director, and he needs regulating. He'll shoot twenty-four hours one day and three the next. It seems that it depends on inspiration. If we could get the inspiration better divided it would be good. I think we can. In a way you are lucky, for Mr. Plastman will at least listen to you. This is the way to do it, if I may make a suggestion: No matter what he says, agree with it. If he wants Miss Storey to ride to a fox hunt on an elephant say fine. Listen to him. Then in half an hour ask what elephant. Be thoughtful about it. What do elephants eat? How can we take care of one on a set? After an hour or two you can say you are not sure your idea about the elephant was valuable. It would put the cost of the picture up; the office might not like it; it would take away from the simplicity of Mr. Plastman's direction."

"That's all very well," Levis objected, "but I'd never think of an elephant for The Meager Susanna. It's an entirely silly and impossible idea. I would never in the world consider such a thing."

Miss Stott sighed. "It was just suppose," she explained patiently. "Like Peter Pan."

He didn't see the parallel. "I'm not at all like Barrie. No two writers could be more different. I detest fantasy." He really grew quite excited.

Miss Stott made a parade, with several bands, of her patience. She carefully put her hair back from her ears. "I haven't read The Merciful Susanna," she acknowledged. "Peter Pan was very pretty on the screen."

"Meager," he said almost crossly, "not Merciful."

Miss Stott gazed at the stenographer's notebook open before her. Levis' annoyance sank before the memory of the extraordinary beauty and youth in his office such a short time before. He had, of course, heard of the necessary loveliness in Hollywood; but merely to hear of a thing, and to see it, to have it around him like a bouquet of ineffable flowers, was very different. He was himself, he reflected, forty-eight years old. Just the age to appreciate youthful beauty. At once fully aware of it and comfortably detached. He could enjoy it without the attending tremendous trials of the twenties. And from now on, he realized, he would be surrounded by it. He could have lovely girls for lunch, for tea and for dinner, one or ten; he could talk to them, listen to them, or even pleasantly be in love with them.

He occupied, where they were concerned, a position of power, of authority. He could to a certain degree give them what they wanted above all else—a chance in moving pictures. Levis was glad now that he had two new suits made before he came West. At a horrible cost. But he'd have to get some more neckties. And he had noticed that the officials of the Zenith Company usually wore flowers in their buttonholes. He saw them in the evening going out of the Ambassador Hotel with flowers and without hats. It was all exceedingly gay. Already he had been asked to eleven parties for what remained of the week. Amazing. The Meager Susanna!

Miss Stott stirred. "I'd like to give you some notes about the sets, if that is the right word," he said. "We will

(Continued on Page 109)

"This is a Welcome and Something More Too—We Knew You Would Want Five or Six Lovely Young Society Girls in Your Picture, and We Hope You Will Find Them Among These"

THE SIEGE PERILOUS

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat up while her good man snored,
Plying her needle and thread.
Patch, patch, patch!
Give a type-thumping mill hand a chance.
List while he trolls you this dolorous catch,
The Song of a Pair of Pants.

THEY were, with most respectful, shamefaced kotowing before Thomas Hood's tragical Shirt, John Bobic's pants; and they only missed being tragical pants to John Bobic by the skin of his teeth. Physiologically, the skin of his teeth is inaccurate by a couple of feet; but rhetorically, it is the berries. It gives you a fine idea of how accurate a shot Adoniram Zolders took at John Bobic's pants. Adoniram Zolders was the dynamite man for Mid-Penn Steel and he fired a quarter-ton slab of scrap iron at the seat of John's pants, pulling his sights so fine that he only missed John by the skin of his teeth—rhetorically.

We sing then John Bobic's pants—and Mrs. John Bobic; Mrs. John, who is heroine of this mighty saga of steel. For it is Mrs. John who sits with fingers weary and worn in our opening lines, sewing on the very blue patch which served as such an elegant target for the sharpshooting of Adoniram Zolders.

John Bobic doesn't work on Sunday any more unless upon compulsion—which is a funny thing to say about John Bobic, John being a Bulgar. All right, all right; I know it. Bulgarian names all end in a double *f*. But nevertheless John Bobic was a Bulgar. Couldn't John Bobic make the typiest Caledonian of fact or story look like the prodigal son when it came to conserving his substance? Didn't John Bobic get in his thirty-six days every month on the time cards regularly? Didn't he work every day in the year, and as many of the nights as we'd let him, any season, any weather, come Sabbaths, holidays, hell, high water or the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse? And couldn't he wear against winter exposure a greater tonnage of clothes than a knight cap-a-pie in stove iron? Sure John was a Bulgar. Try to lay him off for a day!

We managed a shutdown once in a while in construction, not being quite under the merciless hand of continuous operation, as was the operation crowd. And sure as we granted a lay-off we could count on a visit from Bobic.

"Hey, meestair," John would hail any executive he might find in the office at noon, "gang pusher tell'm no vork tomorrow. Wass matter no vork tomorrow, me?"

"Well, John, the priest was over here this morning, say wass matter Bobic never come for church."

"Ah," John would grin, "you try make fool for me. Priest no come not'ing."

"Sure come, John. Big fellow, veliki priest. You know. I lay off you gang tomorrow so you can go for church, pray little bit, sing little bit, go home sit down, rest little bit, maybe get drunk little bit."

"No like sit down," John would announce. "Like vork. Mus'. Got frau; got one, two, t'ree, four, maybe five baby. No can sit down. No got vork, no got bread. Wass matter me be watchman for saw rig Sunday? Somebody no steal belt fix'm up shoes."

Which was a reasonable suggestion, at that. It is always open season for belts in a steelworks. There is the record of a half-mile-long, yard-wide conveyor belt at the coke ovens having been ruined by some lad who cut enough out of it to half-sole a pair of shoes. In fact I doubt very much if John Bobic's own shoe repairs could have stood a company-police inspection.

"Here's What I Call a Job of Shooting. This Here Bohunkus Works for You, They Tell Me. Well, Lookee Now. I Brung Him Over to Show You"

John Bobic was the job character, the champion job tightwad, the champion job clothes wearer. It was a job fact that you couldn't lay him off. When it came to getting into the plant to sell the company a dollar's worth of muscle, John Bobic was a gate crasher to make One-eyed Connelly of sporting fame looks to his laurels. Shut the whole job down over Sunday, and sure as income blanks John Bobic would show up bright and early on the off chance that, once out, you would let him make the day.

"Hey, Bobic, you so-and-so Scotch bohunk, what the this-and-that you doing out this morning? You know strongly emphatic well every man new open-hearth job sit down today."

A smile that would have melted the heart of a reenforced concrete duck.

"No like sit down, meestair. Like vork." And then the old song and dance chanted off again. "Got frau, meestair. Got one, two, t'ree, four, maybe five baby. No got vork, no got bread, no got pig meat, no got shoes, no got house, no got not'ing!"

All this with a shrug of entreaty that would make you break right down and cry.

"All right, you vehemently qualified MacGregoroff, get over there and clean 'em up concrete mixer. Give 'em nice coat graphite paint. Yes, everything. No, no, you keghead! Not the control handles or the electric switch! And listen, Bobic. You no be finish come whistle blow, you catchem 'charge! Versteh?"

But threats of discharge apparently never worried Bobic in the least. He worked too well for that, and knew it.

"Say, boss, no finish whistle time, me I vork little bit overtime; fi'—six hour mebbe, finish 'em up, a'right?"

You couldn't beat him. He'd get in his thirty-six days a month in spite of you. You'd wonder why he worked on the construction gang. Erection work is irregular in a steel plant. Ten million dollars' worth of improvements this year—ten thousand next. Go like the devil with a thousand men half a year; stall along, trying to hold a nucleus of organization the next six months with not enough work for fifty. Then, too, hard weather can hold up construction. Rain, snow, cold may call a halt to excavating, steel erection, masonry, giving the hired help many an unwelcome day of idleness. For which reason it had been arranged that labor on the new open-hearth construction got a cent more an hour than the production men. Even at that, men were constantly leaving us for the steadier jobs about the mills and furnaces. But not John Bobic. John stuck to us and that extra cent. And the lay-offs never affected John. John worked, come fire and brimstone, deluge, conquest, war, famine and the fellow on the pale horse.

And John saved. John was the coin-squeezing champ of the civilized world; in which, of course, we are accustomed to include Bulgaria and the rest of the Balkan States, bathtubs or no bathtubs. And so John, with or without a double *f* to his name, was the coin-squeezing champ of the Bulgars, which is the *summa cum laude* of tight-fistiana. I had often heard of that Bulgarian characteristic, and on our job the Bulgar gangs were without competition when it came to nickel gripping. And our Johnny's name—Bobic, Boboff, Bobeff, Bobski, Bobvitch or Bobinheimer—led all the rest.

John, so rumor had it, wore a money belt in which the first dollar he had ever earned in America was only prevented from rubbing against the last one by all those he had earned in between; a condition hard to square with such vital human failings as the desire to feed the well-known face three times or more a day, till it is said that Mrs. Bobic let the one, two, t'ree, four, maybe five run wild to grow up with America, while she ran a hunky boarding house.

John Bobic's woman was a wonder. We called her Mother Bobic. A strapping creature. Broad of back, straight of hair, black of brow, with high cheek bones and small dark eyes and a nose flatter than most Caucasian noses. Hardly a beautiful woman, but unmistakably good-looking; one to make you turn around and follow her with your glance. Her eyes, likely. The high cheek bones made them seem small and deeply set; deeply set from below, not from projecting brows above, as with Caucasians. Oh, she was Caucasian, right enough; but it did seem, once in a while, that her eyes slanted ever so little; and her lips were wide, not thick, and very red.

Her kitchen was a thing of shining cleanliness, and, in the wintertime, of gloriously stifling heat. A place of savory steaming pots and richly gurgling kettles; and, *ganz natürlich*, as our Heinie carpenters would say, a never failing source of men. A hundred times, in emergencies for labor, we had stormed that kitchen, to find the dozen men we wanted loafing comfortably in it, puffing long pipes, tilting beer-bottle bottoms at the ceiling, steaming contentedly in sheepskin vests and felt-top boots while the next meal went ahead.

"Hello, Mother Bobic. You got maybe ten—maybe twelve men here like work extra turn tonight?"

"Sure got," from Mother Bobic. "Sure. Right away I give'm little bit 'nother dinner. Right away I pack'm buckets."

And she'd dish out our twelve a platter of some hot stew against a cold night's work, which they'd absorb while she loaded up their pails. Good, that stew. I know.

"You like eat little bit, meestair?" Mother Bobic would always ask. And many's the steaming plateful of that elegant mystery we downed. Some kind of a ragout. A sort of cross between a Hungarian goulash and a Spanish *olla podrida*, if you can conceive a human being surviving that. Bay leaves to flavor it, onion to give it strength of character, garlic to lend a delicacy of soul, dumplings as tough as leather into which to stick your teeth, ten of them guaranteed to sink a garbage scow, rice that would stick against your ribs for days, paprika that would lift a man to heights of great endeavor, horse meat. God knows what else, except that the whole mess was bound together with some kind of noodles too golden-yellow to be Dago *tagliarini*. We found out later that Mother Bobic made these noodles herself. They held that mess together like

goat hair holds wall plaster. Man food. Sustenance. A bellyful of that stuff and a man could wear a pick down to the eye by lunchtime. No wonder Bulgars from John Bobic's boarding house could work!

Mother Bobic was a wonder. How she got all her work done no man could tell. Of course, for one thing, she never had any beds to make. As fast as one shift tumbled out of bed, another tumbled in. Then, too, a healthy Balkan fear perhaps lent speed to all her efforts, for she was afraid of her good lord. John Bobic was a shrimp for size, and Stassa Bobic was an Amazon, that's true. But your Balkan male is king, and knows that nothing will so surely preserve unswerving faithfulness in women as a frequent bust across the ear.

But even granting her the seemingly inexhaustible capacity for labor of a Bulgarian peasant, and granting her the stimulus of an occasional wallop over the ear from her good lord John, and allowing also that the rearing of one, two, three, four, maybe five, is a mere spare-time occupation—still, the lady was a marvel, for it would have taken the entire time of any woman of ordinary working capacity to mend John Bobic's clothes.

Not only did John still have the first dollar he had ever accumulated in America; he also had the coat and hat and pants in which he landed on our shores. John believed in getting all the wear out of his garments, and he had. There was in fact mighty little of the original garments left, what of repairs. Joseph's coat should really not be mentioned in the same sentence with John Bobic's; and the same thing goes for Joseph's pants, if any. And I think that nothing will go further in demonstrating Bobic's right to coin-clutching honors than to say that his hat was patched.

I have seen disreputable hats aplenty in my time, having got a Met. E. degree at that tough engineering institution, Valley Tech, during the period when no true collegian would appear on the campus unless clad in a hat which he had rescued from the ash man's cart. To say that Bobic's hat was worse than Teddy Yangle's would mean nothing to you unless you were a Techer of about '05; but it was, and if you miss the beauty of that simile, it's only one of a myriad of beauties that you've missed through not having entered Valley. But maybe you have seen a bridgeman's hat, or a rolling-millman's hat, or a concrete-puddler's hat, or one of the sievelike lids of Bessemer men. John's was much worse. However long a man stays loyal to a faithful hat, whatever state of disintegration that hat finally achieves, the idea never, never comes to him to patch it. That is not constancy, but mere parsimony. But that was the gentleman's name—John Parsimony Bobic. His hat was patched. Judge for yourself as to his pants.

And so we find ourselves back at the start-off of our story: for it is Mrs. John Bobic herself who sits with fingers weary and worn and with eyelids heavy and red.

Mother Bobic had put in a day. She had peeled enough murphies to feed the entire Ancient Order of Hibernians. She had mixed enough dumpling dough to make armor-piercing projectiles for the whole United States Navy. She had lugged home fuel for the kitchen stove, an old tie under each arm and a bag of coke balanced on top of her head. She had picked the coke herself from the cinder-dump refuse and had sawed up the ties when she got home. She had made the fires and kept them up, and cooked the stew and scrubbed the kitchen table and the kitchen floor till either one was fit to eat from. She had washed dishes and pots and pans, and made fresh noodles to tangle tomorrow's stew together, and set fresh bread to rise, and had done what she could meantime for the one, two, three, four, maybe five—and now at midnight, or thereabouts, she was putting a bright blue patch in the seat of her lord and master's pants.

Her lord and master was asleep, stretched out, full of dumplings and horse meat, on a bed in the room where she sat and sewed.

Patch, patch, patch! Till over the breeches she fell asleep and sewed their seat in a dream.

Whango! With a thud that rattled the window weights Mrs. Bobic fell out of her chair.

John Bobic came up on an elbow. "Dah!" said John Bobic. "Will it take you all night, my love, to put a patch on my pants? Will I go to a hard day's labor tomorrow sleepless because you fall lazily to sleep in a chair at your work, and then out on your head, disturbing my rest? Be done, sweet wife. Get the light out. Or must I take you a wallop over the eye?"

John Bobic rolled over and slept again. Mrs. Bobic picked up herself and her true lord's pants. Patch, patch, patch! And slowly, strangely, as she sat there and sleepily patched, there came to her the first faint ideas of revolt.

Came the dawn. Smoked the stove. Caught the draft. Roared the fire. Cooked the Java. Boiled the mush. But long before any of this, up-and-at-'em'd the heroine of this tale. She wouldn't have had to do it except for John Bobic. It was a Sunday, and we had laid off the labor force for the day. A hard winter rain had set in on Saturday afternoon and the weather man said it would stick at the job for a day or two. So we had called the grind off for a Sunday. We needed an unmolested day in the office, anyhow. "Six days shalt thou labor and do thy work" is the construction engineer's commandment, "and on the seventh come down to the job and catch up with the office work."

Snored the men, therefore, while we humped over pipe and field book and blue prints and schedule sheets, and the corps boys adjusted theodolite and level and scoured steel tapes, soiled with a week of rust and mud, till they were readable again.

Snored the men—all but John Bobic. Bright and early, Mrs. Bobic up-and-at-'em'd so as to get the brute male fed. And presently appeared the brute male, clad for the villainous day ahead of him in more layers of clothes than would patch hell a mile, outermost being that pair of pants over which Mrs. John had taken a nose dive but a few hours before.

Patch beside patch is neighborly;
Patch upon patch is beggarly.

So goes an old saw, which seems to have about as little sense as most old saws. But if there is any glimmering of truth to be found in that idiotic couplet, it establishes John Bobic prince of mendicants. A bright blue patch of overall material overlapped, on all four sides, previous patches

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"Me, I No Sleep All Night Fix'n One Pants"

Classics of a Ring Recollection

As Told to Charles Francis Coe

Jim Jeffries and His Backers, Tommy Ryan, John Pollock and Jack Jeffries

IN A GENERAL sense, the greatness of a fighter is estimated by his conduct during the short time he is seen in the ring.

To those who really know, who have wallowed on raw courage through the days of incessant training, that is entirely without fairness.

There is infinitely more to fighting than mere hooks and jabs. There is vastly more courage required properly to prepare for a fight than there is to make the fight itself. It is a rarer type of courage too; a moral rather than a physical bravery.

I stated before that I never really suffered what might be called physical pain in a ring. Nothing ever hurt me until a fight was over and I had let down from the tensity of battle. I now want to repeat that vehemently.

But I did suffer tremendously in training for big fights. I knew the pangs of hunger for rich food and for the pleasures that appeared to me to constitute most of the ordinary world's life.

I was but a youngster and fired by all the appetites that are apt to be a part of vigorous youth. The depths of deprivation I plumbed in prolonged training séances are the greatest pride of my recollections. The triumphs of the socking séances pale into mere incidents by comparison.

The desire to drink deep of life is an attribute of youth. Rich food, theaters, wine and romance all beckon industriously to the lad whose body is filled with a superlative strength and in whose pocket jingles the coin of the realm through which all his dreams may be realized.

You must remember that the ring great are but youngsters. The age that brings stability steals away ring dominance. You must also reckon, if you would follow the climb of a lad to the pugilistic pinnacle, that hero worship is more than sweet to the lips of immaturity. There was plenty of that.

A Dulcet-Toned Diamond Digger

LOOKING back, I wonder how I ever avoided some of the myriad pitfalls that yawned for me. I once fell madly in love with a burlesque chorus girl who later proved to be forty-odd years of age. Another time I was convinced that life held for me nothing that came not from the founts of love showered upon me by a bareback rider whose brevity of costume was offset by glistening spangles and a truly wonderful way of calling me "Scrapper." However, when she whispered in dulcet tones that the completeness of her life was dependent upon possession of a diamond like Stip's, even my brief years screamed a warning and summoned the courage to plunge me into a life of despair because of the collapse of true love.

But somehow I kept straight through it all. I sensed, I think, the hollowness and insincerity of the handclasps and back whackings that fell to my lot wherever I went. I placed my profession above everything else, even temptation. I would do nothing that threatened physical condition. Night after night I stood about while liquor flowed in unending streams and declined each invitation to drink. I make no claim that it was high morality that held me; I feel, rather, that it was fear. Perhaps it is one more good thing that boxing achieves. Whatever it was, I thank fortune for it.

But tell me not that fighters can show yellow in a ring! Fighters with a streak of saffron never weather the rigors of training sufficiently to climb into a ring. If the courage to train properly is in a man, the courage to fight to the last ditch is there too. There are, of course, exceptions—in preliminary bouts, and now and then in main bouts, where a fighter is getting by without a real training siege. But, in the main, I stand pat on the broad assertion.

In all my career there is no one thing that has carried me to such heights as the roar of the deep-voiced mob, the acclaim of the crowd. Can you believe that outside the ring that acclaim meant nothing, and inside it I was impelled to superhuman effort by the steady roar? If you can I will go a little further and state that I never cared a hoot for the feelings of the crowd, even when in the ring, lest those feelings hint that I was a coward.

It would have galled me to madness had I felt the crowd was booing cowardice on my part. What they thought in other directions meant nothing to me.

Benny Leonard, Lightweight Champion 1917–'24

The point is this: In training, which is more rigorous than the fighting itself, the roar of the crowd is not there to sustain one through hardship. There remain but the solitudes and an endless labor. Many a fighter has foundered upon this rock.

An amusing evidence of this—and the manner in which one fighter conspired to avoid the grind of training—is the following:

A lad who later learned to work and won a championship was training in a large camp where others were also conditioning themselves. He placed himself under direction of a man already training four other fighters, whose time was so absorbed that he could give no personal attention to each individual fighter's road work.

He Who Doesn't Run May Read

"GO OUT," the trainer would say each day, "and reel off five miles along that hilly road to the south of the camp."

The fighter of whom I speak saw no sense in the grind. He was firmly addicted to the reading of dime novels, and quickly formed the practice of taking his little dog out with him for the road work, pausing to buy a dime novel; then stretching under a tree and, with the dog at his side, reading the novel during the time he was supposed to be grinding out arduous miles on the road. But he soon found that, though he returned to the camp breathing deeply and with his head and face wet from a recent application of water to represent the sweat of honest toil, he was not fooling the trainer.

"Now," the latter would say, "go on out and do that run! You ain't kiddin' me a bit!"

The fighter was nonplused. How could the man know? For three days he worked honestly and the trainer greeted him smilingly. Then the fighter realized that it was not his own condition that told the man of his deception—it was the condition of the little dog!

After a day of stretching comfortably under the tree, the dog practiced no trickery upon their return

to camp. When they truly worked, the condition of the little dog instantly proved it.

"Aha!" said the scrapper to himself. "So that's it! We'll fix that smart guy!"

Accordingly he stopped at the news stand the next day and procured one of his favorite dime novels. Then he found a stick and stretched under the tree. As he read he threw the stick out over the green meadows and the delighted dog chased it with blind devotion and, retrieving it, brought it back to be hurled again. Man and dog staggered back into camp, the trainer glanced appraisingly at the little animal and all was well. The quadruped was virtually exhausted. Fighters are ingenious.

To return again to the trend of my story, Stip and I reached civilization after our Canadian sojourn, about convinced that our problem was to keep in shape for a championship battle that loomed in the immediate offing. We went to New York and talked about it with various promoters. The general opinion was that my title chance would have to come ultimately, but that the time was, perhaps, not exactly ripe for it. I would like to stress that point to show that big fights do not take place when the fighters are ready to do their best fighting. They take place when the promoters see financial success for them.

More Head Work and Less Hand Work

SOME said three months, others six. Some even said a year, the fight to take place in the West, where we could work out-of-doors and draw a big crowd.

Here again comes an angle of which the professional fighter must think. Ten years as a fighting career is a long time. The average fighter sees perhaps three successful years, and when he is done, unless possessed of faculties not often given fighters, he is through as a money getter.

To what field may a scarred veteran of the roped battleground turn when he is through as a fighter? He must make the earnings of a lifetime in about five years. I believe it is commonly accepted that three years are required to establish a new commercial venture.

Think then of what the fighter faces. In the time that other professional men are merely laying the foundation of success, he must complete his life's career and lay away his life's profits. Tell me not that purses are too large!

I counsel all men contemplating a ring career not to overlook that particular feature. It meant to Stip and me that we could not wait three months to a year without working. We must keep fighting and earning, though, I confess, we found it impossible to save as we earned. Stip's diamond grew steadily enough, but that was distinctly his, of course; hardly to be called business.

Knowing then that we must fight to earn, and knowing, too, the hazards of fighting even dubs, we were faced by the risk of injury that would deprive us of the big title shot. A broken hand, torn ligaments that would not heal, battered eyebrows that ever reopen quickly and form a frightful handicap—all these things had to be considered.

We boxed once in New York, the first of the seven bouts between us and the championship affair. For the initial time I entered a ring worried. What a difference!

Where in the past I had whaled away merrily and to good purpose, it now seemed to me that every man I met was all head and elbows. I pulled punches for fear of hitting a head or an elbow and fracturing a hand that later I wanted to ease gently under the chin of the champion. The world was a highway of problems and doubts.

Though I lamented this at the time, I can see now that it served a good purpose. It taught me the tenets of true ring care. It taught me more than ever not to hit until I saw just where the blow was going to land. It steadied me, matched my wits against those of others and taught me to lay a plan of battle that might easily run rounds past the point where I could have stopped my man by the use of violent effort.

For do not forget that I must still win fights. The slightest setback at that stage of the game meant another loss of the championship bout. My heart was set on meeting the champion, too. I knew that I could beat him. More than ever I grew to trickery; little things that nagged an opponent, such as blows that seemed to land clean and true, but which actually carried no particular power, became a stock in trade. These often led men to take a chance on swapping with me because they believed they could take my best punch and shake it off. I won a few fights on that trick alone.

Rather than outsmart a fighter by fighting him, I would pound the muscles of his forearms at every chance; batter him thus until his gloves would weigh tons on his hands and his arms would lower a bit and lose the muscular elasticity arms must have to hit sharp and true.

I could not break a hand on a forearm, you see. It was but another and longer and safer way to an end. When I was ready to throw the finishing punch, I aimed it, planned it to a mathematical certainty, then sent it with all I had.

An Early Photograph of John L. Sullivan

Usually the sockee went down, for I had learned to hit. But now and then they would come back up inside the ten count, and then the outlook was bleak indeed, for there is nothing so discouraging to a fighter as to see another man walk through his punches.

Knocked Down But Not Out

WILLIE LEWIS recently told me of another fight he had with a great ring man. Exactly that situation arose. Willie was playing it carefully, planning the big shot. He thought it out to perfection, timed the big punch with the precision of a mechanical device, shot it over true and hard to the mark.

"Down he went," Willie told me, "like he had stepped on a trapdoor—but he got up! Got up, he did! Now how the hell you going to reason with a guy like that?"

There is the true fighter's angle on the man who gets up. More fights have been lost, I verily believe, by seeing an opponent get up than in any other way. Discouragement [redacted] at such a moment. He is apt to try too hard to finish his rival and miss the big chance. Then comes the growing belief that he has lost his punch, that something is wrong with him, and it reflects in his fighting.

Such is the highway to a belt—replete with fears, doubts and problems. I write it in the hope that the

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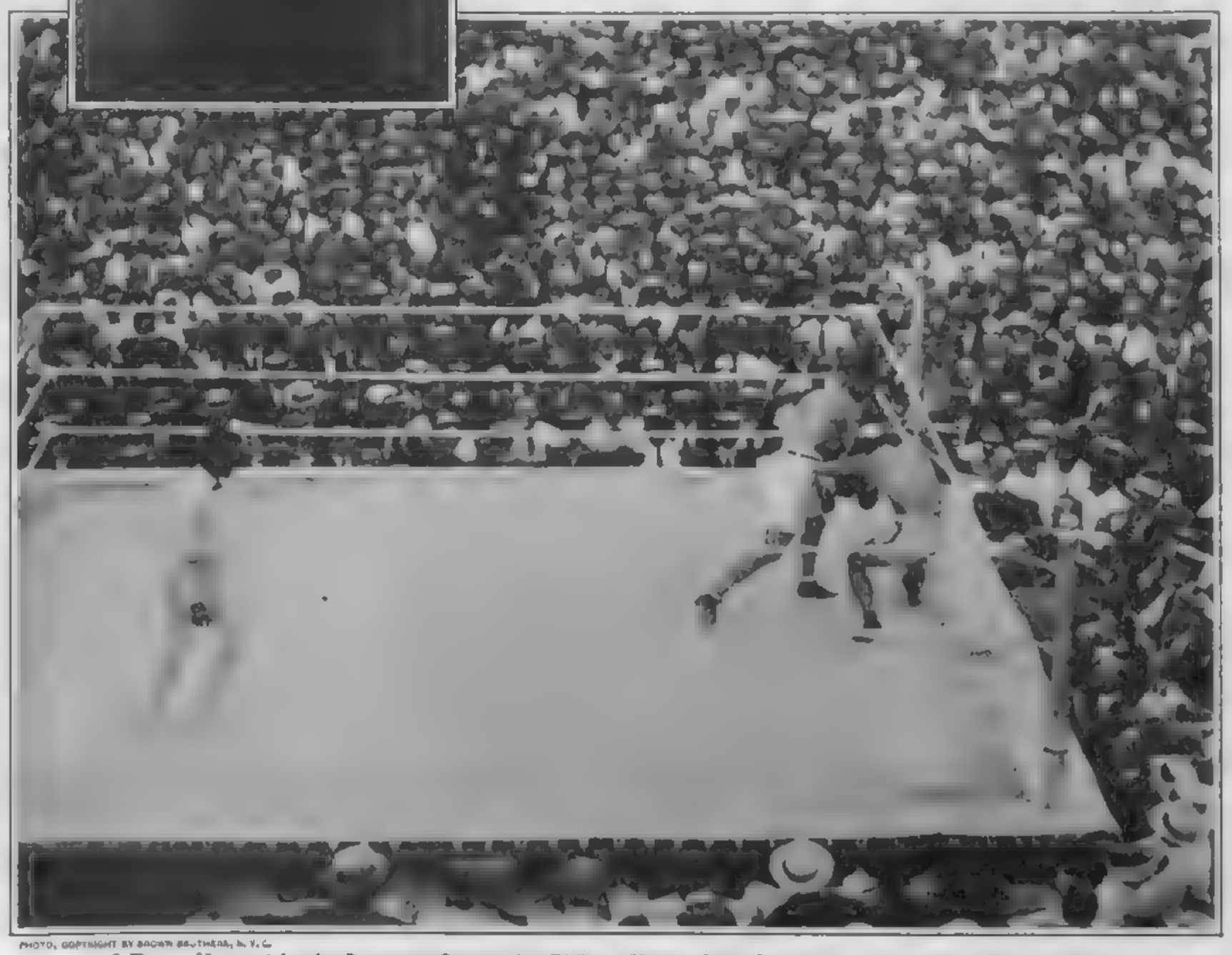

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A Tense Moment in the Dempsey–Carpentier Fight. Above—John L. Sullivan as a Temperance Lecturer

AS SUGGESTED

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"How Did You Happen to Choose Churchill Valley for a Home, Mrs. Hawes?" Lucia Inquired Conscientiously

IT WAS the first of October, and the season was over in Churchill Valley. October was the valley's loveliest month, but few of the summer cottagers stayed for it. Old Madam Stewart had withdrawn to the city with majesty on the day before, as she had done on every September thirtieth for forty years. Few had the spirit to outstay her.

It seemed even a little light-minded of nature to smile on Churchill Valley for a golden interval, with Madam Stewart, foundress and president of the Stewart Home for Impoverished Gentlewomen, chairman of the hospital board, chairman of the Children's Home, and central pillar of St. Bees in the Valley, retired to New York and metropolitan committees on which even Madam Stewart found her peers.

The thought that it was October made Lucia Grey, who was walking up Stewart Avenue, a little sad and very cozy feeling, as though being safe in her job were going to be very desirable when winter really came, though it was somewhat depressing for the instant. Lucia was never able to feel about her job quite as she thought she should, since her mind told her she was in great luck to have it. Each heart has its limitations, and the ability to glow with constant enthusiasm at the privilege of being allowed to twitter in print for fifteen dollars a week seemed to be beyond Lucia's.

Lucia wasn't a native of Churchill Valley. She had only come there summers in her youth and she had loved it with holiday passion—loved it as one can love only places which do not possess one.

Lucia's father had owned the delightful stone house on Churchill Square, which his father had built. It was his only piece of real property, because Mr. Grey didn't like to be tied down. He and Lucia lead an enchanting life wandering about in the winters and coming to Churchill Valley in the summers when it pleased them and staying there as long as they pleased, through October almost always—a proceeding of which Madam Stewart disapproved and for which she had never quite forgiven Lucia—and once even through Christmas, though that had proved rather chilly with only open fires.

As Lucia had vaguely planned her life that was what she would do always. Of course her father would live till he was an old, old man, but he'd always travel; they'd get about somehow. Money Lucia had simply taken for granted, not a lot of it, but plenty.

She hadn't wanted to marry, and her father had been glad, because her marriage would have intruded on their companionship. Of course, Lucia admitted to herself, even then if Gregory Benson had tried he could have made her want to marry; but Gregory fitted in so well just as things were. Gregory's lack of initiative in a hysterically bustling world was part of his charm.

When her father became ill Lucia had realized that financial matters weren't as simple for them as she'd thought. Instead of income seeping in at the first of every month, as she'd imagined it did, bills poured on them, and Lucia had to make trips to the bank to borrow a little more. Lucia's father in his last talk with her had said he was afraid things were in pretty bad shape, but in what bad shape he had had no real idea. "Thank God," Lucia always said when she thought of it. "Thank God."

The hollow fabric had crumbled on his death and left Lucia at thirty-three with nothing, and no practical training, and not even the sort of friends who are useful in a material sense. She'd gone into a shop in New York.

The wife of Nelson Webb, owner and editor of the Churchill Valley Times, had run into her there and been sorry for her—she looked so wretched—and had remembered what lovely thank-you letters and bread-and-butter letters Lucia had always written. Mr. Webb had been troubled for a long time about the society notes in his paper. At the price he could afford to pay he hadn't been able to get anyone who did general reporting and yet could make Churchill Valley Chit-Chat what Mr. Webb considered worthy of the summer colony. Mrs. Webb had a conference with her husband, and Lucia was offered the job, at a figure slightly less than the one Mr. Webb had been paying. To get back to Churchill Valley had seemed a promise of heaven to Lucia, if for no other reason, because lovely, ineffectual Greg Benson was there.

And it had been nice, even though the stone house belonged now to the Herbert Kelleys, and Lucia boarded meagerly at Miss Gilford's. The valley was always beautiful, and there wasn't the sense of pressure which had made her feel bruised and deafened when she went home after a day's work in New York. If she ever got worried about the future the Stewart Home for Impoverished Gentlewomen was a very comforting feature of the landscape, and Greg Benson, if not a tower of strength, was another reed whispering comfortingly as he, too, bent to the winds of circumstance.

But with all those advantages to Lucia, nowadays the valley was a prison—a prison which in summer was very charmingly disguised to seem like the great world, but which revealed its inescapability starkly during the long winter months. It is, however, quite possible to be fond of one's prison in a temperate way, and Lucia was fond of the valley, as was Greg Benson.

Greg was an architect who hardly ever had anything to do but tell someone how to put in an extra bathroom or a clothes closet, and who didn't do that very well; but who, when the Finches had commissioned him to remodel their tiny cottage, had performed a miracle. A miracle which, incidentally, no one in comfortable old Churchill Valley but Lucia Grey appreciated.

With another temperament it would have been easy enough for Greg to escape, Lucia often thought, but he wasn't a person who could file bars and let down rope ladders for himself. He would be certain, just at the crucial moment, to fall into one of his long meditative pauses and lose the chance. The metaphor became so real to Lucia that, in the very center of Stewart Avenue, she stopped and laughed out loud.

She had seen a jailer thrust his head into Greg's cell and shout:

"Hey! What are you doing?"

And heard Greg, looking like a very distrait archangel, reply, "Oh, hello! I was just trying to get out."

Lucia was on her way to call on a Mrs. S. E. Hawes who had bought a little house on Stewart Avenue. The Churchill Valley Times liked to encourage people to buy. Churchill Valley dreamed of Florida booms. Mr. Webb's idea of encouragement was to give space in his columns to new residents, but a new resident named Mrs. S. E. Hawes could hardly have expected and certainly didn't get much space during the season. Mrs. S. E. Hawes, though presumably an estimable woman and a desirable landowner, was so far as the season was concerned, a mere garret relation.

"Tell her we intended to have a write-up of her before, but things have been so crowded," Mr. Webb had advised Lucia. "Kid her along. As a matter of fact, I would have had a line or two if Oscar Warner hadn't told me that it wasn't worth while. He had some dealings with her and says she's pretty common."

To have Oscar Warner quoted as an authority irritated Lucia, as almost anything connected with Oscar Warner did, and the fact that, just as she had stopped laughing at the ridiculous thought of Greg Benson in wide-eyed colloquy with a jailer, Oscar Warner appeared from a side street and fell into step beside her took any poetry it may have contained for Lucia from the October sunshine.

Oscar was a local lawyer whom the summer people sometimes asked in when they were desperate for a person to fill out their dinner tables. Because he had met her on such occasions in the days of her prosperity he regarded himself as a great friend of Lucia's.

He was a bald little man finished with too high a gloss, and though he didn't wear strange lodge symbols in his buttonhole or on his watch chain, Lucia felt that it was only because he'd taken them out and laid them, with a pivot tooth or so, on his chiffonier just before he left home.

"How doth the little busy bee," he inquired of her that afternoon, "or aren't you plying your craft today?"

Oscar always spoke a strange lingo with Lucia, and as he was accustomed to refer to "people who don't speak our language," she had come to think of it as "our language" and loathe it.

"I'm going to interview Mrs. S. E. Hawes," Lucia replied.

"The ponderous female who's installed herself in the Williams house?"

"Yes, and thank heaven for her. Churchill Valley Chit-Chat needs every word it can get these days."

"Why not suspend that oracle of aristocracy rather than stoop?" Oscar inquired. "There's no class of Vere de Vere about Mrs. Hawes, I assure you. Not a snitch. You should have seen the fuss she kicked up because I sent her a paltry bill for four hundred dollars for making a search of her title."

"Wasn't it rather steep?" Lucia inquired.

"Well, she made a mistake anyway," Oscar replied with a waspish little laugh. "I've kept at least half a dozen of our local lights from pushing her doorbell."

"Did she pay it?" Lucia asked.

"Oh, I let it go rather than fight a woman."

"You flower of knighthood," Lucia called him.

"But," he said, "if you're the good little girl I know you to be, you certainly will carry on the good work and dismiss her from your column with a haughty snub."

"Oh, I guess I'll let you pick out any eyes or teeth you think are due you for yourself," Lucia remarked.

"I'm the one who can do it, too," Oscar informed her, with the somewhat-male counterpart of a flounce; "but wait till you see La Hawes, and I bet you won't give her more than a real-estate note even apart from your affection for me. She's terrible. You know how she got her money, don't you?"

"No," Lucia said.

Oscar didn't tell, he merely laughed again the laugh of a very superior wasp this time.

"Well, it's no ancestral fortune, you can bet."

They had reached the house where Oscar lived. "We must pick a festive chicken together one of these nights at the Churchill Grill," he told her, holding out his hand.

Lucia suspected that he was dangling the invitation before her as a reward for the possible ill treatment of Mrs. Hawes. "I'm not open to bribes," she said.

"You'll do as I want, though," he told her coyly. "And I'll telephone you some day when impresario Frink offers some special temptation at his *palais de cinema*. Would that suit?"

"I adore movies." Lucia avoided direct reply and moved on.

Oscar Warner had not only aroused Lucia's interest in Mrs. S. E. Hawes. It was, very possibly, that lady's contrast to his pastry elaborateness which made Lucia like her on sight. There was nothing fancy about Mrs. S. E. Hawes. She was large and immaculate and good-tempered appearing, and though she carried herself well, it was, Lucia realized, the natural carriage of abundant health and not a studied acquisition of pride. She was efficiently clothed in tight, black satin. Trig and beaming, she held out a big hand.

"Well, I'm glad of the pleasure. Are you one of the neighbors?"

"Not exactly," Lucia answered. "I'm on the newspaper and I want an interview, if you'll be so kind. You know the sort of thing, beginning with 'How do you like Churchill Valley?'"

"Well, it's not awful friendly, is it?" Mrs. Hawes opined. "I don't know."

"It's hard getting acquainted in a new place," Lucia sympathized.

"And I suppose just sitting around is worse for me than for most people."

Remembering Oscar Warner's hints, Lucia thought it an incautious remark for a woman who was making a mystery of some occupation she had engaged in, but Mrs. Hawes was making no mystery. That was a small device of Oscar's.

"You see for years I've had the shop," Mrs. Hawes went on. "That's kept me busy and taken up every minute of my time. But they kept making offers for it, and finally they made such a big one I couldn't afford not to take it." Mrs. Hawes laughed. "I bet they lose money on it at that price."

"What kind of a shop was it?" Lucia asked.

"Dolls. Dimples, the waltzing doll. Did you ever see one? They're awfully cute. I loved her. Mr. Hawes invented them when he was sick. They were just like babies to me."

"Was Mr. Hawes in the toy business?"

"Lord, no. He was a traveling man. Then he got sick and he fussed with these just to amuse himself. There wasn't any money at all. When he got them kind of perfected I sold them. Went around with a basket at first. Then I rented a counter in a candy store. By the time he died three girls were making Dimples too. With the insurance I rented a store. First thing I knew I was making money hand over fist. Whew, it was fun!"

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"Oh, Did She Come to You, Greg?" "She Did. Although I Must Admit That She First Asked Me if I Knew Where She Could Get Hold of Christopher Wren"

ANCESTRAL VOICES

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

HE WAS blond, languid and ornamental. His gray shirt hung open over a rosy chest and he leaned too gracefully—on the green wall beside the carved doorway. When I said, "*Et vous, monsieur?*" he seemed to detach himself from the faded panels with an air of condescending to approach my desk. An old woman who'd been trying to sell me some kine shot a look at this character and hoisted her shoulders in an elaborate and condemning shrug.

"My name, lieutenant," he said slowly, "is Jimenez. I reside upon the property of my wife next to the inn of the Silver Horseshoe. I have come to request that the soldiers of the headquarters cease to bathe in the river from our pasture. We are deranged, monsieur, and inconvenienced."

"I am desolated," I said.

After fifty-nine hours in France, my French was returning to me, and I could guess that Jimenez had not been born with this language in his mouth any more than I had been. But the sun immensely pouring through long windows of the naked room displayed the young man's left eye and that distracted me. Certainly something had violently hit his left eye, and not so long before his appearance in the suddenly established division headquarters.

"We are inconvenienced," Jimenez stated, languidly and tenderly taking one of my cigarettes from the case on the desk, "and it is excessively bad for the morale of my stepdaughter to behold nude soldiers in the river."

Private Evander O'Brien lay back in his chair, abandoning his typewriter, and remarked, "Tell that Dago that his stepdaughter ain't got to look. We were swimmin' easy a hundred yards from his house. Cash is what he's after, lieutenant."

"I fear so, O'Brien. Can you speak French?"

"Yeh," O'Brien said, and went to work again on his keys. His clumsy big hands fluttered once more and he resumed his demoniac typing. I looked for a minute at his sunburnt neck and his gorgeous curling hair.

"The matter, monsieur, could not be adjusted?"

"Ah," said Jimenez nobly, "it is to be expected that the soldiers, having so uncomfortably traveled from Cherbourg to this place, would wish to bathe. Yes, that is to be understood. As to an arrangement ——"

"Give him a hundred francs," O'Brien suggested across a shoulder, "and the boys'll make it up to you, sir."

"It's extortion," I said, but my typist simply shrugged; and so I told Jimenez, "I am prepared to rent the use of your wife's pasture, monsieur, for the sum of one hundred francs."

Jimenez lighted a cigarette and pondered. He distinctly was amused by his success, and he was too much the winning European to keep that amusement quite masked. He said finally: "That will be adequate, monsieur. Yes, that will be well enough. Monsieur requires a receipt? Let him, then, wait while I return to my wife, who is the proprietor of the land—with the money—and I shall bring back the receipt."

I asked O'Brien, "Was this thing in sight this morning when you people went in swimming?"

"Yeh," O'Brien grunted, "it was round. . . . Hey, what department is this, lieutenant?"

The Girl Stamped a Wooden Heel on the Stone Tread and Yelled at Me, "I Care Nothing for the Mayor! What Is That to Me?"

"The Charente-Inférieure. Why?"

"I thought it was, but the chief of staff's got it Supérieure on these notes. Shall I change to Inférieure?"

"Certainly. . . . Very well, then, monsieur. Here is a hundred francs. I shall expect a receipt presently from Madame Jimenez."

"It will be sent," the pretty Spaniard said, and tucked the bill into his sash. Then he bowed magnificently and went wandering down the room, passed the sulphur uniforms of the orderlies at the door and vanished.

"Nice fella," said O'Brien.

"Handsome is as handsome does," I yawned.

"He offered to take any of us that had the money down to Bordeaux and show us a lotta night life," my typist explained. "A friendly guy. . . . Gimme a cigarette, lieutenant? Unless they open us a canteen here pretty quick, some of us'll die of French tobacco."

"All the luxuries arrive from Bordeaux by truck this morning, O'Brien. . . . Where did you pick up French?"

The ugly young soldier grinned at his hands and said briskly, "*Effectivement, mon lieutenant, je suis un Français.* My folks are French."

He edged some paper straight in his machine and began to type again. I sat determined not to ask him what he meant by any such nonsense. His hair was almost scarlet and he came from Mount Halcyon, New York. True, in the course of censoring his letters to his wife—whom he addressed as Dear Snake—I'd noticed that the brute was a Unitarian, a Republican, and that he grew flowers for the New York shops when at home. All that was unsettling, in the case of a man named O'Brien, but he could not be French. I chose to ignore his remark.

"You speak French very smoothly," I said.

"I'd oughta. Pop never chucked a word of English at me to the day he died. He died year before last. I guess I'm not outa practice yet."

"O'Brien," I feebly argued, "is not a very French name."

"Neither is Viviani nor Zola nor MacMahon nor Bonaparte," O'Brien observed. "This fella Napoleon had five or six thousand Irish in his Grand Army. Pop could remember his grandfather tellin' about that run they made outa Russia an' showin' where he'd got two toes froze off. . . . Yeh, he was French. . . . Who signs the indorsement on this trash?" He had no more respect for official correspondence than he had for me.

"I do. . . . And were you born in France?"

"Hell, no! But I missed it," he meditated, "pretty close. I got born in a car barn in N'York. The folks were comin' up from the pier to see a friend of pop's that had a grocery in Harlem. He'd lent pop the money to come over on. I'm named for him—Evander. That's gratitude!"

He took another of my cigarettes and slid down in his chair to brood on the wrong done him twenty seven or eight years ago by his parents.

"Evander," I said, "has a certain elegance, O'Brien."

"Not if dames call you Evvy, it ain't. . . . Well, pop was a good gardener. He put three bully roses on the market. They thought a lot of him at Mount H., even if he was an atheist and dyed his mustache after it went white on him. . . . Hi! Listen to the trucks!"

We both abandoned the tiresomeness of letter-writing for the broad warm sills of the windows, which showed how empty this high room was, from inside, and how fine the chestnuts of the Place Admiral Coligny were when one looked across the sunny cobbles on which a river of trucks was sliding upward out of the misty valley. Our supplies had come! The drivers flashed their teeth and bawled improprieties at men of the headquarters troop, loitering on the sidewalk or under trees. A small French girl in a black smock yelled her interest in the procession to a friend somewhere:

"*Ils auront du sucre pour nous, Madeleine!*"

"Good kid," said O'Brien, and then showed his emotion by shouting down to a driver who needed a shave, "Hey, Rusty, got lotsa tobacco?"

"Why, some, friend," the driver said, out of Georgia; "some. . . . What kinda town's this?"

"Dead," said O'Brien, lolling on the sill; "and French."

The trucks jolted more slowly on and passed into the Rue Des Arbres. Dust had been plentiful on the road from Bordeaux, and that obvious fact gave a topic to two French voices on the sidewalk below us.

"It is dry for the first of September."

"As you say, monsieur," said a lad on a bicycle. "They are well dusted. . . . I suppose it is for the supplies that they have taken Madame Herlin's empty stable."

"I did not know that they had taken her stable, Georges," the man in black said sonorously; "but it might be for this purpose. My child, where are your shoes?"

The boy watched the last truck and grinned. "On the feet of my stepfather, monsieur."

"But that is—but that is tiresome of Jimenez," the gentleman said; "yes, that is deplorable. I shall walk down and speak to him."

"Do not give yourself the trouble, monsieur," the boy answered. "He has my shoes, evidently, but he also has a black eye."

The gentleman chuckled. There was now no noise in the Place Admiral Coligny, and this conversation, twelve feet below me, was distinctly amusing. I sat on my window sill and listened placidly

"Georges, it is all very well to poke your stepfather in the face, but it comes to nothing. Jimenez destroys your mother. . . . Tell me, what has she in the bank?"

Georges lifted his shoulders in a faded blue jersey and lifted the jersey out of his corduroy trousers at one side. Having tucked it back with a thumb, he said cheerfully, "Not a sou, monsieur."

"But that idiotic Spaniard," the old gentleman cried, "is not spending five hundred francs a month!"

"Oh, no! Mamma pays her taxes honestly," said the amiable Georges, twiddling his left toes on the curb; "so he does not spend all her allowance, monsieur. You are very kind to concern yourself with the matter."

"I have pleasant recollections of your father," the gentleman mentioned. "But, Georges, I think it time to inform your brother of this. Come, get me his address from your mother and I shall write him a note. After three years, this silly Spaniard has you down to nothing. . . . It was a very bad marriage, my boy!"

"Evidently," the boy grinned. "As to my brother's address, monsieur, it is no good to bother him. He sees that the allowance is paid and that, I think, is all he cares about the matter. When one does not see people, one does not bother about them. No? That is logical. And he has not seen mamma for sixteen years. I wrote to him three months ago and there is no answer."

"He is perhaps in their army," said the old gentleman. "But at your age it is shocking to talk of logic. You grow up too fast."

"Ho!" Georges sniffed. "If it were not for this"—he flourished his right hand—"I would be old enough to be killed in a few months. I have to be logical, monsieur, or the pigs would get nothing to eat and our figs would spoil. . . . Will you excuse me? I have to trim the pastor's garden this morning. Oh, have you heard? Influenza at Gémozac. Three cases. They knew at the station this morning."

He smiled, put a finger to his blue tam-o'-shanter and pedaled down the sloping street a hundred yards, dismounting at the white gates of the Protestant pastor's house beside the temple of pale granite.

"Lost his thumb some place," O'Brien murmured

"Was that it? I couldn't see. Makes him ineligible for military service. His friend is coming in to look at us."

The old man in black was climbing the three steps of this vast house. It had been the headquarters of an American division now for twenty-four hours, and before that it had been empty for a century, baked by the sunlight of middle France through its many windows and mellowed yearly to dimmer shades of green and gray paint in those wide, gracious rooms. So when the ancient gentleman came bowing into my office, towed by a scared orderly, he seemed to advance through his right setting, and the gigantic Minnesota boy who guided him seemed a clumsy intruder, something too new, too big, too young.

"I guess this is the governor or someone like that, lieutenant. The French down in the hall acted like he's a god."

"I'll try to take care of him, Anderson."

The old gentleman was amused, and turned around to watch Corporal Anderson retreating.

"You produce very large boys in your country, lieutenant. . . . I am calling to make an impertinent inquiry. Is some officer of the staff perhaps acquainted with your civil code?"

"I was formerly an amateur lawyer, monsieur, and I am at your disposition."

The small old person bowed. Then he handed me his card, which was cruelty to the inoffensive, because his name rang off the pasteboard as though a trumpet brayed in the room

"We had not heard that you lived in this town, monsieur."

"Oh, the people take me as a matter of course, you see," said he who had been cursed by the Emperor of Austria, applauded by Émile Zola and denounced by half of France. "I have always lived down here when not employed in our political paper chases. And for fifteen years I have made no figure in the journals. I was revived for a moment when they remembered one of my prophecies in August of 1914. In the meantime—you know our poem?—to live happy, let us live hidden. Down here one does not bore oneself at official receptions to generals and all that.

"My little business is simple. We have two children here who were born of a Frenchman naturalized in the United States. Their mother brings them home at an age

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"My Name, Lieutenant, is Jimenez. I Have Come to Request That the Soldiers of the Headquarters Cease to Bathe in the River From Our Pasture"

NEW ORLEANS DIVERSIONS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

The Old Absinthe House

ENTHUSIASM, when properly handled, is one of the most pleasing of all the emotions. Like all things, it can be overdone, as in the case of the individual whose eager belief in his own prowess is so developed by a few drinks of synthetic gin that he wishes to fight a policeman, or of the newly hatched and damp-eared college graduate whose youthful enthusiasm for himself leads him to disseminate the idea that the world is his oyster and that he is a champion oyster shucker.

The mother who is overrapturous about her child frequently moves the cold-eyed bystander to hope that both mother and child will soon be the victims of some sort of violent catastrophe. The overfervent dispenser of Armenian embroideries is apt to cause the gorge to rise high enough to break all altitude records; while the real-estate salesman, the automobile agent and the antique dealer who wax overenthusiastic about their wares inspire their victims with little besides a desire to indulge in mayhem, assault and battery, garroting or manslaughter. The more detached enthusiasms, however, are exciting, cheering and stimulating, and consequently should be encouraged.

New Orleans is a town of enthusiasms—possibly because of its Gallic origin and possibly because of its location and possibly because of a blend of the two things. Since the city is located below the level of old Mr. Mississippi, in whose lap it reclines, there may be some sort of peculiar warm moisture in the air that fertilizes and encourages the growth of enthusiasms in the brains of Orleaneans. There may be an air pressure on their brains that gives rise to mental activities and enthusiasms occasionally encountered in Paris, but almost never elsewhere.

Boundless Enthusiasm

ANYBODY is at liberty to explain the peculiar and generally pleasing enthusiasms of New Orleans in any way that gives him the greatest amount of satisfaction, and the amiable Orleaneans will probably assure him enthusiastically that his explanation is doubtless the only correct explanation. Meanwhile the Orleaneans themselves refuse to explain anything at all or to indulge in gloomy and fruitless self-analysis of any sort; and as a result their enthusiasms retain their original fluency and freshness, and travelers of experience are so affected by them that they continue to declare portentously that New Orleans is one of the two best cities in America.

Whether they are explained or whether they are not explained, there is no question about the existence of strange and unusual enthusiasms in New Orleans. The enthusiasms, furthermore, are not restricted to large and important matters, but apply to small and insignificant matters as well.

Take, for example, the small matter of numbering houses. Nowhere in all the civilized world, probably, are house numbers hidden from the general public with as much enthusiasm as they are hidden in New Orleans. House owners place the numbers in unexpected and unusual places, where the eye of the passer-by would not naturally encounter them. Some house owners make matters more difficult by leaving off one of the numbers.

Misguided

HAVING placed the numbers in a secret place, they paint them the same color as the house, and frequently swing back a blind in such a way that the number is entirely hidden. Consequently a stranger in New Orleans who plans to keep an appointment at eight o'clock at night should start hunting for his destination around half-past six o'clock, as he will be obliged to ask about the location of the house for which he is looking at nine or eleven houses on the same street, and will be forced to listen patiently to the polite and enthusiastic directions of each house owner that he queries.

As an outgrowth of this little Orleanean enthusiasm, the taxicab drivers of the city have evidently entered into a secret but none the less enthusiastic agreement to pretend to know the location of all house numbers. One is driven to a residence, for example, and urged to descend by the driver.

"Here's your number, mister," he remarks.

"I wanted 2011," you reply. "Is this it?"

"Yes, sir," says the driver; "this is 2011."

"How do you know?" you ask.

"I've been here before," he replies.

So you trustingly pay him and walk confidently to the house while the taxicab departs rapidly and noisily; and at the house you discover that instead of being Number 2011 it is Number 685—only fourteen blocks out of the way. In this, as in most other things, the Orleaneans are whole-hearted in their enthusiasms.

When the citizenry of New Orleans indulged in the gay pastime of dueling, in bygone days, their enthusiasm for it prevented them from limiting it to mere fights in which honor was satisfied; they went out and punctured one another with swords, pistols or shotguns because there happened to be a nice moon and nothing else to do. When they dallied with the Louisiana Lottery they trampled industriously on one another for the privilege of tossing their lifetime savings into it. When they looted their own city during the Civil War to prevent its supplies from falling into the

Green-Winged Teal in Flight Over the Louisiana Marshes

hands of the Union troops, they looted it with a thoroughness that would have done credit to a large aggregation of Chinese bandits. When they wiped the scars of the Civil War from their minds, they removed them with the same effectiveness with which a plastic surgeon removes a double chin and two moles from a wealthy patient.

In more recent times there has been no noticeable deterioration in their enthusiasms. Some of the streets of New Orleans were named after Napoleon's victories—Jena and Austerlitz and Berlin and Marengo, and so on. In their fine enthusiasm, during the late war, they apparently overlooked the fact that Berlin Street commemorated a Napoleonic victory and changed its name to General Pershing Street.

When they produce slogans they produce enough slogans to equip five Balkan kingdoms. When they go in for horse racing they go in for it as seriously as Parisians go in for raising glossy black whiskers. When they indulge in a carnival they make other carnivals look about as gay and colorful, by comparison, as a cross-Channel swim on a rainy day.

In this connection it should be added that a carnival is a farewell to fleshly things—*carnevale*—before the fasting of the Lenten season; and the farewell of the Orleaneans is as enthusiastic and as long drawn out as though they expected to see no more fleshly things until the year when Senator James Reed, of Missouri, is indorsed for the Presidency by the Anti-Saloon League of America.

When their enthusiasm has an opportunity to express itself in conjunction with a cookstove and a bevy of Creole cooking recipes, the result brings a fawnlike tenderness into the eyes of the hardest hop-head. When they venture forth in search of the elusive wild duck they tell duck stories that are twice as big as any that can be told by duck hunters from any other state, and they return with about four times as many ducks.

When they deny with the utmost enthusiasm that they place any credence in the intricate and puzzling arts of the voodoo experts, they have been known carefully to examine their front door steps to make sure that nobody has put a voodoo curse on them with three chicken bones, two feathers and a piece of string.

Ducks Come Up Like Mosquitoes From the Louisiana Marshes

Yum-m-m!

THEY are enthusiastic, with more or less justice, over the tooth-loosening sweets known as pralines that are peculiar to New Orleans. They are enthusiastic—and seemingly rightly so—about the ability of Saint Roch to exercise a beneficent influence over their frequent and enthusiastic love affairs. They display more enthusiasm in the purchase of gloomy and slightly depressing Empire antiques than do the citizens of any other American city.

They are, in short, as full of enthusiasm as an onion is full of smell; and though nobody knows exactly why either the smell or the enthusiasm should be where it is, there are very few who can't see that there is more reason for it to be there than for it to be anywhere else, if the meaning is clear.

In the matter of restaurants and public and private cookery alone, New Orleans has an asset that is equivalent to three or four important art galleries, two ruined castles, five birthplaces of famous men, a winning baseball team and several United States senators—if not 90 per cent of them.

Travelers have a habit of saying that New Orleans is the most civilized city in the United States so far as food is concerned. That statement can be amended, without damaging the truth in any way, by saying that Paris is the only city on the Continent in which one can find as many good restaurants as New Orleans possesses.

In Paris one can find more good restaurants, but no restaurants at all in which one can order, obtain and engulf with low sighs of sensual satisfaction such Creole dishes as court bouillon, oyster jambalaya, soft-shelled turtle with sauce piquant, crawfish bisque or any of the ravishing gumbos chicken, duck, quail, crab, shrimp or rabbit.

In New Orleans these dishes are produced in every Creole home and every good restuarant, and by nearly every colored cook, with the same unfailing success with which restaurant cooks all over the United States, including Boston, are able to produce a disheartening burlesque on genuine baked beans.

A great deal of raving has been done at various times by sundry prominent foreign epicures on the subject of dishes that would probably be examined closely and dubiously by the best Creole cooks and then unhesitatingly deposited in the rear of the ice chest and supplanted on the dining table by a large and fragrant gumbo.

I have had a commodious and intimate acquaintanceship with widely advertised European foods, from the glutinous yougaht of Turkey—which makes better throwing than eating—to the fragrant borsch of Russia, not forgetting the stomach-distending knüdliche of Czecho-Slovakia, the adhesive suet pudding of Merrie England and the depressing and dough-incased ravioli of sunny Italy.

The Leading Indoor Sport

It is true that these dishes are better than some foods that could be named; but it is my firm and unalterable belief that if all these dishes, with several other European pièces de résistance thrown in for full measure, should be traded for one good big chicken gumbo as glorified by the cooks of New Orleans, it would be as advantageous a trade as though one had swapped an old pair of trousers and a ready-made tie for the wardrobe of the Prince of Wales.

The eating of a prime gumbo ranks high among the diversions of New Orleans. One may possibly get more of a thrill out of playing the races or indulging in some game of chance, or even out of that essentially Louisianian pastime of attempting to ride in a pirogue without losing one's balance and jamming one's head and shoulders into the muddy bottom of a Louisiana bayou; but for sustained and soothing diversion the absorption of a gumbo makes most of the other diversions of New Orleans seem slightly frivolous, not to say fatuous.

The genuine gumbo of New Orleans bears only the faintest family resemblance to the gumbo that is dispensed in Northern cultural centers, and at times the trained observer is led to suspect that the bar sinister has crept into the coat of arms of the Northern variety. One of the peculiarities of the

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The Mardi Gras Crowd Makes Merry in New Orleans

These Commissions Consisted of Five Warriors—Magnificent Specimens of Men

BACK OF BEYOND

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIX

OF ONE thing there could be no doubt, and that was as to Maclyn's courage; though to how great an extent this was the valor of ignorance Breck was never quite able to make out. It must not be forgotten, however, that there is also a cowardice of ignorance, and one chooses between them according to his temperament.

Maclyn was, in the first days of his stay, very keen to shoot a lion. "How can I go home as the great African explorer without a lion skin to trip people up with?" he demanded. "So I want a lion. But I want a good safe lion."

"There are no safe lions," Breck assured him seriously.

"That makes it difficult," said Maclyn. "If one of the darn things roars at me face to face I'll all turn to junket inside. I'm leery of those boys. My parents didn't even christen me Daniel."

Breck gave him careful instructions. Maclyn learned that a charging lion is no joke. It swings into its stride with incredible speed. It wastes no time indulging in spectacular bounds, but comes on with much the scrambling rush of a terrier chasing a ball. Only when within a few yards does he break this gait into two or three tremendous leaps that bring him on his prey. Furthermore, he comes very fast. He can cover the distance of forty yards, for example, in from three to four seconds. Therefore the experienced lion hunter gets into action just as quickly as he can. Unless he checks the beast with the impact of his first bullet, he will have barely time for two shots—if he is expert at manipulating his weapon. Furthermore, it is extremely desirable for the sake of accuracy to get busy while the animal is still running more or less smoothly.

As sometimes happens, though there were literally hundreds of lions within a few miles of their village, for more than a week they encountered none. They were out early on the plains; they followed the shallow dongas, stoning the likely lying-up places. Several times they caught sight of one or more of the great beasts at a distance; but always, by the time they had come up to the place where they had seen them, they had vanished, after the uncanny fashion of lions.

Then one morning the luck broke. The two white men and the gun bearers had hunted out thoroughly one of the isolated bowlder-jumbled *kopjes* far out on the plains, and were resting in the cool morning breeze. About two hundred yards distant stood a solitary tree that attracted Maclyn's interest because of the fruit it bore.

"They look exactly like Bologna sausages," said he. "Are they good to eat?"

"They're solid wood fiber and they weigh about five pounds apiece," Breck told him.

"Golly! I'd hate to have one drop on me! No place for a man to take a nap on a breezy day. I'm going to take a look at them."

"All right," agreed Breck. The country was flat, and apparently there was no cover.

Maclyn, followed by Mavrouki, sauntered down toward the tree. When they were within thirty or forty yards, two black-maned lions rose to their haunches from an unexpected grassy depression beneath it and poised, staring at the intruders.

"Stand still! Don't move!" said Breck sharply.

Maclyn stopped. One of the lions stared for a moment, then turned and slouched away down the shallow donga. The other crouched flat, his great head low between his paws, his tail whipping from one side to the other like a flail.

"My God!" groaned Breck, and began to run as hard as he could to one side in order to get Maclyn out of the line of his own fire, shouting as he ran in the vain hope of distracting the beast's attention. Then a cry of horror burst from him, and he stopped short. He was too late. With a savage roar, the lion rushed at Maclyn.

Apparently forgetting all Breck's careful instructions for such an emergency, Maclyn made no move to fire. He stood in the attitude of ready, his eyes fixed on the beast, but seemingly held in a paralysis of the unexpected. Breck started forward with the vague idea of getting in as soon after the tragedy as he could. He shouted frantically at the top of his voice.

"Lie down! Lie down! *Lala!*" Then, realizing the futility of his effort, he stopped short, throwing his heavy rifle forward to take desperate advantage of the smallest opening. Mavrouki crouched low with the second rifle. He was an old gun bearer steeped in the traditions of his caste, and Breck realized with despair that he would do nothing unless the lion actually got the boy down. Then, and not until then, his training had taught him, he might shoot. Breck cursed himself that he had not instructed the old man for such an emergency.

All this occurred in a mere flash, but the vividness of the impressions gave them each a rounded and separate value as though they had been molded by passage of time.

Maclyn seemed paralyzed, as though he were going to stand frozen thus until seized by the beast. Then suddenly he laughed in a note of relishing amusement, raised his rifle swiftly, paused for the fraction of a second and fired.

The lion, in mid-air in the last of its great bounds, was only a few yards away. Breck saw its massive head droop between its outspread forepaws. But so well started was it in its spring that its body did not otherwise change its posture, but swept on through the air in the outstretched attitude of seizing. Mavrouki jerked Maclyn one side. The lion hurtled by them, hit the ground, rolled over and over, stone-dead.

Maclyn turned a grinning face to Breck, who hurried up. "Golly!" was all he said, and drew a deep breath. He was obviously tremendously keyed up and excited, but his color was good and he seemed not at all scared.

Breck's habitual imperturbability had instantly recovered with the passing of the crisis. He had seen too many close calls to bother about them once they were by.

"Congratulations on your first lion," said he. "It's a fine beast, too—one of the best I ever saw."

"Is it?" Maclyn took another deep breath and stretched himself tall. "That's good." He surveyed his hand, which was shaking. "Well, I'm glad I don't have to shoot another like him right away. Look at me! I'm scared to death."

"Well, I must say you didn't shoot like it," said Breck, who had been examining the lion's head. Maclyn's bullet had entered the lion's mouth, penetrated its roof and entered the brainpan.

"I knew I had to stop him then or never," said Maclyn simply.

"Well, next time—if there is any next time like that, which God forbid—you get into action quicker, my lad. You can't wait like that. I thought you'd never shoot. And what in the name of heaven did you find to laugh at?"

Maclyn began to chuckle. "I had to laugh; it was so darn funny. Do you know what that lion looked like when he started my way? Exactly like my governor! He was the very image of him when he has on his tremendous directors' meeting expression. It made me feel so at home. Honest, it didn't seem respectful, somehow, to take a crack at the old beggar!" He lifted the dead lion's paw and shook it formally. "Well, I didn't expect to see you here, sir!" He turned to Breck, his excited, whimsical manner sobered for a brief instant. "You mustn't think I don't appreciate the governor. I do. He's had a mighty hard time bringing me up, and I'm a great disappointment to him. I know that." He laughed again. "Think of me running an international business!"

The native boys were crowding around him, trying to shake his hand, shouting congratulations, filled with the effervescent excitement that always overtakes these people on the death of a lion. Maclyn shouted back at them in his broken Swahili. The conventional barriers were broken down for the moment. Mavrouki was whetting

"Extraordinary! Extraordinary!" Breck Kept Muttering, Half to

his skinning knife. He was calm, but with a subdued pride. He had nothing to contribute by way of conversation, but he was singing a little song, humming the burden of it under his breath, but breaking out into a swell of shouted phrases every once in a while. The words of the song were improvised. They had to do with the details of the incident, glorifying Maclyn.

"The lion looked upon my *bwana* with war," he chanted. "My *bwana* was not afraid. The lion made a great noise of war. My *bwana* was not afraid. Like thunder in the high hills spoke the lion. My *bwana* was not afraid," and so on.

From time to time Maclyn snatched at a nonchalance he felt appropriate to the occasion, but he was tingling with a belated overcharge of excitement. He had to do something, say something, or blow up.

"Well, we've got him; now let's take him home," he burlesqued. He tried to lift the body as though to carry it. He was very strong, but the beast was heavy and hard to get hold of.

The natives were shouting with laughter.

"Golly, he's a slippery old devil," panted Maclyn. "How much do you suppose he weighs?"

"Close to five hundred."

"Then you take him," and he made as though to offer the beast to Breck.

But Breck had had enough of fooling. "*Toa n'gozi*," he commanded sharply.

The men sobered down and began the skinning. Maclyn looked on a few moments in silence. "He certainly will make a beautiful rug," he commented at last. "But it was almost a pity to kill him. He was so much more amusing alive."

"So are you," said Breck dryly.

"Yes, there's something in that," agreed Maclyn.

That night, around a leaping fire, the men danced the lion dance before Maclyn, enthroned. Mavrouki capered about, shaking a borrowed spear, chanting again his song, the words of which gained in color and melodrama with each repetition. He exulted in his *bwana* as a mighty lion hunter, and he bragged in advance of the hundreds of lions they would undoubtedly kill together.

But though Maclyn did shoot several more lions before finally he left Africa, he never deliberately went lion hunting again. Having proved to himself that he could do it, he did not seem to care to do it repeatedly. "They are so much more amusing alive," said he.

xx

NO TRIBES lived within reasonable visiting distance of the camp. For some reason they shunned the hither side of the low mountains as a dwelling place. Nevertheless from time to time various and sundry strangers drifted in.

These fell into different categories. Most were merely visitors, people come out of curiosity to see the sights of the great city. They wandered in in little groups of a half dozen or so, carrying gourds of water and rolled mats of skin, but without provisions or visible means of support. They generally stayed over a day, chattering with the men of the camp or standing in wide-eyed dumb groups, staring at the white man and his activities; then vanished as they had come, generally with a small gift of the meat they prized so highly. Several times delegations of a more official character appeared—commissions from Masela, the sultan of the Watassi over the mountains.

These commissions consisted of five warriors—magnificent specimens of men, more than six feet tall; bronze-naked except for towering headdresses of ostrich plumes and glittering armlets, carrying painted shields and long bright spears. They accompanied always a suave oily individual, jet-black of skin, dressed in a red tarboosh and a long white robe like an old-fashioned nightgown. This was the sultan's head slave and personal emissary. With him Breck held long pointless conferences about nothing, couched in the deliberation of high diplomacy. The sultan could not sleep nights for his anxiety to know about the health of the *bwanas*; he sent herewith a pot of wild honey and some yams as evidences of his burning friendship; he would have come himself, but at the present moment he was overwhelmed by pressing cares of state.

That was about what it amounted to, and it was invariably the same. Then, as an afterthought, just happening to occur to the suave emissary—the sultan was himself not in too good health; he found himself unable to digest his *muembe* without meat.

Breck pressed for details. "Oh, Mac," he would call when the said details were forthcoming, "the blighter says he wants two zebras, a wildebeest and a topi. Get him a couple of wildebeest or topi, whichever is handiest. That'll be enough." And he returned wearily to his slow, formal, afternoon-tea making of conversation.

At first Maclyn was interested in the visitors; but they were all alike, and soon he came to the point where he paid no attention to them. He wondered how Breck survived the boredom of the repeated official visits. Breck took them as part of the day's work. From Masela's kingdom came men and *potio*, which he must have.

But one day they came into contact with somebody quite different. They had started early in the morning for a long cast out across the plains, and shortly before noon had arrived at the *kopje* near which Maclyn had shot his first lion. Here they rested idly in the shadow of the rock, lying on their backs and blowing smoke upward. M'bogo and Mavrouki, however, as was their custom, continued to scan the landscape. M'bogo touched Breck's elbow. "People, *bwana*," said he.

All Available Men Were Sent Out Along the Projected Route

The two hunters sat up and directed their glasses. A file of seven or eight men were walking along the edge of a bushy donga. "Why, they are white!" cried Maclyn, as his binoculars focused on them.

"Painted white," said Breck. He was examining them attentively. "One of them is a woman," he added. He passed the glasses to Mavrouki. "What are they?"

The old man applied his one eye to the lens. "*Sijui, bwana*—I do not know."

"Well, they're a queer lot," muttered Breck, "and what can they be doing away out here? See if you can make out a weapon or scrap of provision or equipment among them. I can't."

"No," corroborated Maclyn, after a moment. "As near as I can make out, all any of them are carrying are white staffs; and they seem to be even shyer of clothes than the average. Funny thing the woman has on her head. Looks like a huge gourd cut in two."

"I think we'll just go look them over," decided Breck.

"All right, let's go," agreed Maclyn, and would have got to his feet, but Breck pulled him back.

"If they see us we'll never get near them. They'll vanish in the blue. Wait until they cross the donga."

This the file of travelers shortly did. Breck led the way rapidly, taking pains to remain concealed from view, but in such a direction as to intersect the line of march. Mavrouki and M'bogo whispered together uneasily and appeared to hang a little back. Indeed, so marked was their lagging that at last Breck spoke rather sharply: "What is the matter? It is the *easi* of the gun bearer to be near his *bwana*. You aren't afraid of these *shenzis*, are you?"

They reached the donga, crossed its thin brush and sat down to await the travelers. The latter shortly appeared some little distance below, caught instant sight of the white men and stopped. Two of the men seized the woman by the arms and dragged her down out of sight.

"It is a gourd," said Maclyn interestedly; "fits right down over her head. I don't see how she can see."

"*Jambo*—we are friends," Breck called out. "Come near."

The group had stopped, hesitating. At the sound of Breck's voice all but two disappeared as though by magic. The two, however, without replying to Breck's salutation, advanced steadily and with great dignity, and stood before him.

They were tall men, well formed and erect. As Breck had surmised, their bodies had been painted from head to foot with a whitewash of some sort of pipe clay. Except for a broad flat armlet worn above the left elbow, they were stark naked, and they were empty-handed save for long white staffs. They drew

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Himself, Half to Maclyn. "The Elephants Would be in the Forest Around the Mountain Yonder"

THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

A Hand Was Clasping the Central Pillar. They Stared at it Fascinated. It Did Not Move

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

PENELOPE made her preparations for a night of adventure with care and deliberation. She set her gray list bedroom slippers exactly at the angle beside her bed which would enable her to shove her feet into them as she sprang from the covers. She hung her dressing gown over a chair, folded. She refolded it several times, so that she could snatch it easily, and right side up. She laid a candle end and a box of matches on the table beside her.

"I wish I had my flash light from home," she said.

"Oh, no," answered Clara. "I don't really think you ought to go hunting treasure in a castle like this with an electric flash light."

Penelope got into bed—there was often an extraordinary lack of grace about her movements—and sat erect with her hands clasped about her knees. "It's a funny thing," she observed, "what it is that grown people take as a joke. It's so plain what is going to happen tonight, and yet because it isn't a usual thing everyone wants to pretend it's just a childish prank. That old villain would get away with it if it weren't for me."

She looked so determined sitting there in her spectacles with the corners of her mouth tucked in that Clara felt suddenly rather alarmed. "Really, I wouldn't go roaming about this castle in the dark if I were you, Penelope," she said. "In the first place you might fall down the well."

"Well, I promise you not to go near that," returned the child, "for I think it's about the most terrifying spot I ever saw."

"In the second place," her governess continued, "if there is really anything in all this idea, Leopold would not enjoy having his secret discovered, and thieves are apt to add murder to their other misdeeds."

Penelope nodded. "Yes," she said, "that's the risk of it. But of course I shan't let him see me. I'll just spy on him without being seen. Aren't you going to bed now?"

"No, I'm going to read awhile, if it won't disturb you."

"Disturb me!" replied Penelope. "It's exactly what I want. I can get a few minutes' sleep while you're on watch, and when you come to bed you can wake me up." She lay down with a final flounce, and like Wellington at Waterloo, was almost immediately asleep.

Relieved from the necessity of appearing to read, Clara laid down the admirable work about the Medici, with which she was preparing her mind for a month's stay in Florence. What, she wondered, was Ferdinand doing; what was he contemplating doing? What a strange power was the human will, keeping two people who loved each other apart on the last night they would ever spend together under the same roof.

She blew out the lamp, and stepping upon the little wooden platform that ran below the window in the thickness of the wall, she looked out at the castle court. Everything was absolutely silent and deserted. The moon was high, and Clara wanted to remember every detail of the scene, for she knew she was going to live on the recollection for the rest of her life. Very seldom does it happen to anyone that the essence of all romance molds itself for an instant into the semblance of real life. It had happened to her and she had refused it. She stood leaning limply against the framing of the window. The most terrible moments were still to come—the moments when she would passionately regret what she had done, when she would want to undo it, when she would recall Ferdinand's words and agree with them—as in the depths of her being she did agree.

There was a long grating sound over her head, causing all her nerves to tingle as she grew rigid; then she remembered it was the sound of the tower clock preparing to strike. It was twelve o'clock.

She thought about ghosts, and how she did not quite disbelieve in them. They were said to haunt places where in life they had suffered. Suppose she took to haunting the castle. She smiled, imagining the little Liensterberg saying in future years to Ferdinand: "Really, my dear, I saw her face again looking out of a window on the courtyard—that American girl who was so terribly in love with you." She thought about the feeling of his lips on hers. She thought about a future meeting—"You! You!"—and again the feeling of his lips on hers. Do what they would they would still be linked if they met again; when they met again—"I don't think you know His Serene Highness ——"

But why should she feel so sure they would meet? Her future was to go on teaching. She had had an offer from a school in Chicago. She would grow old and withered, and in that case she would not want to see him again, even if he came ever again to America.

Perhaps she would be sent out to walk with his children. "We have some little guests with us—little Prince Ferdinand and Princess Anna. If you will keep your eye on them, Miss Wellesley ——"

Somewhere in the castle there was the sound of an opening door, a footstep. What had he meant when he said "You know I shall follow you." Her heart began to beat, and suddenly she found herself repeating one of the collects

which had been a favorite with her father, the bishop: "Grant unto thy people that they may love the thing which thou commandest." . . . "That ye may so live together in this life. . . ." No, no, that was the marriage service She did not want to think of that.

The step was on the little stone stair. She had imagined Ferdinand's coming to the other door—of a knock, of his voice saying: "I must speak to you. I cannot let you go like this." She had thought of it deep in those almost unconscious areas of the mind, but she had not thought what she would answer. She would soon be obliged to know, for the step was coming nearer. She turned toward the little arched door. Pad-pad-pad—— Could that soft low step be Ferdinand's? She closed her eyes to listen better in the darkness, and then when she opened them she saw that the little irregular aperture under the arched door was illumined by a faint moving light.

But the light was going down the stairs, not coming up them, and as she watched, it passed on and disappeared, and the soft padding footsteps went down out of hearing.

So it was not a love-sick prince, but a greedy old man going down to his treasure. If she should follow him; if she should find it—what a magnificent gesture of farewell that would be. She bent forward listening; not a sound in all the world.

A treasure! What nonsense! The old man was probably going down to find his trunk. She would go to bed and try to sleep.

Again that sudden creak overhead—the castle clock striking once. Her wrists pricked like nettles. She was suddenly afraid. Of course she must go down. But the decision led to no movement. She was afraid, not of any bodily harm but of action. She asked nothing but to be allowed to stand there indefinitely, alone in the darkness, frozen, hardly breathing.

The moonlight came through the little window enough to allow her to see Penelope's outline in the bed. She wished that the child were awake, for with Penelope thought and action were one. She could have clung to the child, leaning on that practical disposition. She would have liked to wake her, but she said to herself, "A grown woman and governess." No, she must decide for herself; to go, or not to go

If she did not go, in the morning Penelope would ask her: "Did you hear anyone moving about in the night?" Should she say no? Should she lie? But if she said, "Yes, I heard Leopold on the stairs," what a contempt for her the child would feel, and rightly. This was cowardice. She must go down. She had no choice. She must go or despise herself for not going.

She took off her little high-heeled slippers. She felt actually sick with distaste for the adventure. She put on a coat so that she could have the advantage of two great pockets. She picked up the candle end and the box of matches, and felt her way to the door. The bolt slipped back silently, just as Penelope said it would. She stepped out very cautiously upon the stairway, cold as death to her stockinged feet. A colder air charged with the smell of damp earth from the cellar floor came to her, but no light and no sound.

She began to descend, balancing slowly from foot to foot, finding her full poise on one foot before she moved the other, always strained to hear or see. She herself made not a sound. It was not easy to keep track of that slow spiral progress downward. At last a faint light filled the cylinder of the stairway, and dimly she saw the floor of the cellar and the squat columns that held up the whole vast mass of the castle overhead

Reaching the ground she saw that a faint light was coming from behind the masonry wall in which the winding stair was built. If she wanted to see more she must peep out from this safe shelter. But a still paralysis of fear was on her.

The cellar seemed to her a very different place from that which she had inspected so gayly that morning. The velvet blackness under the arches seemed to stretch away into infinite space out of which came strange unaccountable puffs of moldy air. She herself felt helpless, remote, as deep underground as if in a tomb. The light appeared to her eerie, supernatural. Why had she assumed so easily that that soft padding footstep had belonged to a human creature? Surely the flickering shadows were shadows of hooded figures. If ever specters came back, the monks would come back seeking the treasures they had buried. No, no, indeed she did not entirely disbelieve in ghosts. At the moment she believed in them with every pulse.

She crept along the wall, but she was afraid to look out. Her mind began measuring the distance back up the stair. If she should look out and see pale cowled men in a light that came from nowhere! It was as if she had seen them, did see them before her. A faint chinking sound reached her and for some reason gave her confidence. The worst panic—the panic that the imagination enlivens passed. Something of flesh and blood was there. She peered cautiously out.

A brass candlestick was standing on the ground, and old Leopold, dressed only in an undershirt and trousers, was kneeling with his back turned to her, while his hands seemed to be working at the base of one of the columns—not the one that they had examined so carefully that morning.

The columns, round, heavy and Romanesque, were set on square bases, rather unusually high bases, as Clara had noticed before. Leopold had a slender knife in his hand, and he was busy trying to insert it in the perpendicular edge of the square base. It seemed to be no easy task. She stood there a long time shivering with cold or fear behind the sheltering wall. And then at last she saw the face of the base move a little, saw Leopold draw out a great wedge of stone, leaving a black aperture under the column, perhaps three feet long and ten inches high. He reached in his hand—that yellowish old hand that had tendered her so many dishes.

She never knew whether she drew a longer breath, or whether the very concentration of her attention reached him and told him that he was watched. But suddenly he scrambled to his feet—an enormous wavering shadow and said over his shoulder, "Who is there?"

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Then It Was She Made What She Recognized Afterward Was Her Great Mistake

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Those Who Make Our Laws

IN A RECENT effective and temperate article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Chairman Green, of the Ways and Means Committee, came to the defense of that much abused institution, the Congress of the United States. Nor is he the only member who has felt called upon of late to present its merits to the reading public. Another representative has written an entire book of explanation. Evidently there are congressmen conscious that the public is at times a bit critical.

Mr. Green brushes aside as a mere petty annoyance the cheap oratory and demagogic appeals so often heard on the floor of House and Senate. These are mere attempts to influence public opinion, he says, or at the worst a form of ventilation, a small price to pay for freedom of expression. The real government, he hastens to point out, is that by committees, and it is a well-known fact that on every important committee are to be found experienced and devoted public servants.

Mr. Green declares that there is a wealth of good material for the committee assignments—more competent men than places for them. This assertion we are not in a position to controvert, nor would we wish to do so. But it is a matter of simple common knowledge, too widespread to make its repetition either ungracious or a slur, that with occasional exceptions the best men in many communities do not run either for the state legislatures or for Congress.

Slurring the legislator is at once popular and fashionable, but perhaps nothing is to be gained that way. In every state law-making body—and in Congress, of course—there are intelligent, disinterested men who labor through mountains of work. The results have not always been wise or for the public good. Now and then measures are passed which bear the stamp of small, narrow, cheap minds, and these are not lacking in the make-up of our legislatures.

But railing at them accomplishes nothing. Reform must begin at the other end. It is a common remark that if the state legislature would meet only once in many years the state would be better off. This is a questionable position. One of the real difficulties is that state legislatures meet too seldom. In a state where there is only one session in two years, and for a few months, at that, more than two thousand bills had to be considered in a month's time at the last session.

In justice to the members it should be said that most of these bills were introduced at the request of constituents. The average of intelligence of such bodies is admittedly rather mediocre, allowing for exceptional ability here and there, and it is manifestly impossible for such men properly to dispose of so much legislation in such a short time. Indeed, if the best men in the state were at the capitol it would be but little better. Possibly legislatures would function more effectively if in continuous session.

Mr. Green rather effectually disposes of the argument that Congress would function more satisfactorily if its numbers were reduced. He maintains that it is steadily improving in working methods.

All of us admit tacitly, and sometimes openly, that public service is far too apt to be secondary as a career to business and some of the professions, or less than secondary. If one of the brightest graduates of a college class declared it his ambition in life to be a state assemblyman, he would risk being rushed off to the observation ward of a local infirmary, the suspicion being that overstudy had unbalanced his mentality.

Literally this is no exaggeration of the present condition. How utterly childish of us to complain at what the lawmaking bodies are and do when such are the prevailing standards of careers.

Investment Guidance

THE practice and experience of those who make a wholesale business of investment must be of value. All of us learn from others; it is natural to try to profit by the other man's success as well as by his errors. What rules, then, do the largest investors follow?

At the last annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, Mr. Frederick H. Ecker, vice president in charge of investments of one of the largest companies, presented a twenty-year review of life insurance investments. Obviously the individual cannot follow all the rules and methods of a great institution. The needs, processes and resources are different. No close analogies should be drawn. It is self-evident that even the average fairly successful man cannot give the thought and care to his stock and bond purchases that are devoted to the subject by those who perform no other function.

Yet if we do not strain a moral out of Mr. Ecker's figures they may contain suggestions of no little worth. At the end of 1926 all the legal-reserve life-insurance companies of the United States had assets of nearly thirteen billion dollars, an increase of four and a third times in the twenty-year period. Of the entire admitted assets, 16.5 per cent was devoted to farm mortgages as compared with only 9.3 per cent in 1906. In the same period, mortgage loans on city properties had increased from 19.2 per cent of the assets to 26.3 per cent.

In 1919 the companies held 11.5 per cent of their assets in bonds of the United States Government, as compared with less than one-tenth of one per cent before the war. As new financing on the part of the Government diminished, insurance funds flowed into other channels, so that at the end of last year the companies had only 4 per cent of their assets in such securities.

The ratio of railroad bonds held has fallen from 34.8 per cent to 20.5 per cent. But total investments in such securities are more than double what they were, and the life-insurance companies have met the demand for funds on the part of the railroads to a greater proportional extent than at the beginning of the period.

There are superficial thinkers who believe that investments in railroad securities are less helpful to the country than investments in farm and city mortgages. Farm products and city industries are dependent upon transportation. The recent increase in railroad efficiency is no doubt one reason for the present state of prosperity. New utilities have, however, grown up in the past twenty years, and 6.9 per cent of the life-insurance assets are invested in public utilities, as compared with an earlier ratio of 4.7 per cent.

But the most striking showing concerns foreign securities. In the twenty-year period investment in Canadian Government securities increased from less than 1 per cent to 2.2 per cent. As regards other foreign securities during years in which the country has been flooded with them, the life-insurance companies have actually reduced their investment from 2.3 per cent of assets to the insignificant figure of one-fifth of one per cent. In other words, these great investment institutions radically scaled down their holdings of bonds with other than North American security at the very time when the small individual purchaser was being told that his duty lay in going to Europe's support.

Warning against carrying any analogy too far must be repeated. For one thing, these institutional investments are governed by state laws. But such laws in the long run are sure to reflect the mature judgment of disinterested authorities. Possibly some of the laws are too rigid. But they have not prevented the insurance companies from bringing their vast pools of savings to the aid of most of the growing and more essential American industries. The individual investor can do no better than seek essential activities and wholesome growth. Speaking in a broad sense he is lost if he directs his savings by any other guidance.

Large Crops and Low Prices

SOUTHERN farmers raised some eighteen million bales of cotton the past season. This time again, as so often in the past, a large crop will bring in a smaller gross return than has been received for smaller crops. There will be increased revenues for railways for hauling it out, increased income for hired cotton pickers, all the distributive agencies that are paid for services per bale will profit. But the growers will receive less for the big crop than for a smaller crop. It is an old story, told also for other crops.

The farmer wonders why this should be. These products are forms of wealth. Cotton is durable, relatively imperishable. It is a fiber valuable to the world. For a decade the world has been depleted of cotton goods. The uses of cotton are being expanded all the time. It cannot be a loss to society to have so much of this form of wealth, to be able to have all classes use it freely. If a bumper crop of cotton is a benefit to society, why should it not be a benefit to cotton growers?

That is precisely the point in our competitive system. An excessive production may be a benefit to society and a detriment to the producing class. This holds equally true of other producing classes than agriculturists; but we do not observe it in this striking manner, because the nonagricultural producing classes rarely perform after this fashion. But involved in every panic are producers of other forms of goods than farm products who have turned out bumpers and gone into bankruptcy as the result.

Coal is a good. But when coal mines turn out coal in excess of demands, what is the result? Ask the owners of coal mines all the way from Illinois to Pennsylvania. Ocean ships are a good. But they are tied up almost by the hundreds in ports all over the world—or were, until the British coal strike gave some of them an abnormal occupation. The men of the country wear out so many shirts a year. We might like to have a larger assortment, but we would not buy ten times as many to save the shirt factories of the nation. The countries of Europe need new and numerous locomotives; but if they could not buy them it would be folly for manufacturers in this country to make them. When industries make more than they can sell they use their reserves to carry them over, or the carrying is done by the banks. When agriculture produces more than it can sell it has no reserves of moment to fall back on; and the banks find it difficult to carry the agriculturists on, because they are just as likely to overproduce again. Manufacturers are controlled, agriculture is uncontrolled.

Of course control of production is more difficult for agriculture than it is for industry, because of climate and parasites. But because control is more difficult is no reason why it should not be approached; and certainly, if relatively uncontrollable, the reason for the collapse of prices with bumper crops ought to be understood, and not talked of in terms of enigmas. We are told so often that agriculture has ceased to be an occupation and become a business. Then why not try to apply to it the first rule of business?

WHAT HAPPENED TO JAZZ

Rejected Corner Stones

By GILBERT SELDES

IF A FRENCHMAN had come to America in the middle of 1914 and constituted himself an amateur inquiring reporter, picking his men and women at random, according to tradition, and asking them certain questions about American life, we can imagine that his report would be somewhat as follows:

Q.: What name do you put on the popular songs of today? What type of music are they? A.: The name is ragtime. It isn't music at all, just ragtime.

Q.: Hasn't it any musical importance? A.: Yes. It is heard and sung by millions, and it debases popular taste for great music. In fact, the great masters are being robbed and ruined to make popular tunes.

Q.: But isn't anybody creating real American music? A.: Well, there is MacDowell—and Nevin, maybe. And sometimes Victor Herbert is said to compose for the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Q.: Then what is this jazz I have heard mentioned? A.: Jazz? I don't think I've heard of it. Or, wait—yes, they say that out on the Barbary Coast, or in New Orleans, the negroes have little bands with mouth organs and cowbells, and what they play is called "jass."

Being thus satisfied in regard to music, the inquisitive Frenchman might ask further questions about American peculiarities:

Q.: It seems to me that in the past few years America has made great strides in the cinema. Of course, the great films will always come from abroad, but you seem to be developing a distinct knack with the camera. A.: Oh, yes, the movies. They are only in their infancy.

Q.: You think then that they will grow to be an art? A.: Art! Oh, no. They are, essentially, vulgar entertainments for children and half-wits.

Q.: When I was in Great Britain I heard many complaints against the way you Americans are treating the King's English. Is it true that you are developing a language of your own? A.: Well, of course we say "freight car" when they say "goods waggon," and so on ——

Q.: No, I mean the popular tongue, the way the not educated people talk. Haven't I heard of a man named Lardner —— A.: Oh, he puts down the speech of baseball players and other roughnecks—it's just slang. That's vulgar too.

Q.: But you just used the word "roughneck." Isn't that pure American? A.: I suppose so—but it isn't important. There is no such thing as an American language. It's just an American variation of English.

Perhaps the most illuminating way to indicate the value of the above answers is to allow the foreigner two more questions on another topic:

Q.: What do you think of the prospects of a general European war? A.: Absolutely none. A small, localized war, possibly; but the era of universal warfare is over . . . the Hague Court . . . the bankers wouldn't . . .

Q.: But if there were a great European war, could the United States keep out of it? A.: Keep out? Why, we wouldn't even know it was going on!

Events which have given the lie to the average American's ideas about European politics have no less decisively put an end to his illusions about his music, his language and his own ways of amusing himself. In the past two years 500,000 American men and women listened to Paul Whiteman's orchestra in 400 programs of jazz—in regular concert halls, not in cabarets. The unheard-of thing in 1914 became the significant type of American popular music.

America's Change of Art

"I AM convinced," wrote John Alden Carpenter, the Chicago composer whose work is played by symphony orchestras and appears in the great opera houses of the world, "that our contemporary popular music—please note that I avoid labeling it 'jazz'—is by far the most spontaneous, the most personal, the most characteristic and, by virtue of these qualities, the most important musical expression that America has achieved." And as for the despised ragtime to which in 1914 hardly a serious composer or critic gave a thought, the same authority adds, "I am strongly inclined to believe that the musical historian of the year 2000 A. D. will find the birthday of American music and that of Irving Berlin to be the same."

The same process which has changed the status and the nature of jazz has operated in other fields. Consult the vast and authoritative work in which H. L. Mencken, the pioneer in the field, establishes The American Language, and you will find that one of his most important sources is that series of stories known as You Know Me, Al, by Ring Lardner. Come to New York and you will find, side by side with three of the largest theaters in the world showing moving pictures, several smaller houses devoting themselves to the moving picture as art, and preparing for a Little Movie movement paralleling the Little Theater movement of a decade ago. You will discover that even the despised and rejected comic strips of the newspapers are being collected, and originals are framed and guarded as future treasures of art; you will run across critics and producers in the theater who believe that the future of the American drama lies in a close study of the methods of burlesque and vaudeville.

Open any magazine of the intellectual or semi-intellectual order and you will find glorifications of the circus, of the acrobat and trick dancer, of the slapstick, pie-throwing movie which used to be held the lowest form of entertainment in the world. Biographies have been written of Irving Berlin and of the Four Marx Brothers, high lights of Tin Pan Alley and vaudeville, by Alexander Woollcott, otherwise employed as dramatic critic of The New York World, and famous for his championing of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, whose work is at the other end of the artistic scale. At the same time you find George Gershwin, the composer of Swanee, appearing as soloist in a concerto of his own composition with the great New York Symphony Orchestra.

Al Jolson abandons blackface for an afternoon and gives a concert which fills Symphony Hall in Boston. Zez Confrey's Kitten on the Keys becomes a familiar number on pianists' programs in the concert halls, and a *Lieder* singer is as likely as not to offer Always or Tea for Two. You can find books analyzing the appeal of old popular songs from Who Are You With Tonight? to Alexander's Ragtime Band, comparing the merits of clowns, discussing the art of the fox trot and tango; in the magazines Robert C. Benchley writes about Joe Jackson—the tramp cyclist, not the baseball player—and Franklin P. Adams about Joe Cook, the one-man vaudeville show. Essays on the art of Charlie Chaplin, by this

THE PEA SHOOTERS

(Continued on Page 102

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Querulous Quatrain

A LIFE guard saved a lady's life
From out the wild waves, rough and rude;
And later she became his wife.

Some women have no gratitude.
—Alice A. Peck.

Rather a Nasty One

IT ALL happened on an out-back Australian railway line, when the old lady put her head out of the window and inquired of the young railway porter what the train was stopping for, as the young man was inclined to be facetious.

"Engine was out late last night, ma'am," he remarked with a smile, "so she's got a thirst on her this morning. They're givin' 'er a drop o' water."

"Sure it's water?" queried the old lady.

"If you'll wait a minute, ma'am, I'll inquire whether they're givin' 'er port wine," he grinned.

"Never mind, young man," came the answer. "I dare say you're right, but I thought, perhaps, by the way we have been getting along she was run on aloe gin."

The Pioneering Novelist

THE pioneering novelist, out where the West began—
He must have been a hardy and courageous kind of man;
A tough and hairy hombre with an appetite and thirst,
Who could win at odds from Nature, at her best and at her worst.

His brain, I guess, was horny with the moiling, grilling toil
Of building situations on the harsh and arid soil.
His hokum had to be his own, for always, through the years,
They say originating is the job of pioneers.

The pioneering novelist, he took his verbal ax
And split his own infinitives and piled them up in stacks;
He hewed the gnarly similes, he trapped the untamed word,
And chinked the leaky paragraphs with idiom he heard.

He built a sturdy drama of the growing pains and tears
Of an epic wonder country in its young and awkward years;
And the worst he has to answer for, I think, is not his kind,
But the troop of imitators who've come trailing on behind.
—Hazel G. Sullivan.

On Every Family Tree

DRAWN BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

AUNT LIBBY and Freddy Simpson are the family's hopeless love affair. They have been engaged since Freddy came around on a tandem bicycle and Libby was known as a Gibson girl. Everybody in the family, including Libby's mother, approved of the match at the time and still does. All Libby's mother asked was that they put off the wedding for a while because Libby was needed at home. And just last week the photographer from the newspaper came around again to get mother's picture and a short interview as to what she thought contributed to her longevity record. Freddy hasn't missed a Wednesday night or a Sunday afternoon call yet, though lately he is considerably out of breath from walking up the steps of the front porch.

Old Grandma Sykes says: "I certainly hope that I will be spared to see the day when the happy pair are wheeled up the aisle to the altar—the bride carrying a huge bouquet of calla lilies."

When Love Grows Cold

A True Confession—or at Least as True as the Average

AFTER four years of married life I realized that Genevieve's love was growing cold. In despair I called on Mrs. Prendergast, who reads a great many psychological novels and who is said to know a great deal about the human heart. Mrs. Prendergast replied to my entreaties, "The fault, my dear suffering friend, may be yours. Every woman is at heart a cave woman. She really admires and loves the dominating personality, the master type. If you would hold a woman's love you must rule, subdue and master her. It has even been said by many profound novelists that no woman really loves a man until he has beaten her."

Reader, have you ever beaten your wife? Have you ever subdued by violence a lady who is the local tennis, golf and swimming champion? If not, let me tell you that it is not a pastime for an idle hour.

I lured Genevieve down cellar on the pretext that something was wrong with the furnace. "Just get down there," I said, "and take a look at that grate." She crouched down obediently, and I hit her smartly with the coal shovel. I then retired promptly to the bathroom and locked myself in. Genevieve was following close behind me. What spurred her on was not, so far as I could judge, a surge of affection.

(Continued on Page 48)

ROBINSON CRUSOE—As on the Printed Page—

—and the Silver Screen

Slow-cooked
Digestible

Their full rich bean flavor is due to slow-cooking!

No wonder Campbell's Beans are so popular!

You sit down to a plateful of Campbell's Beans. The very first forkful is a delight to your taste. As you go on eating, you decide that you never enjoyed such mellow, richly flavored, meaty beans.

And just as long as there's a bean on your plate, your appetite is eager for it. That's why Campbell's Beans are considered so "different"—they always taste good.

It's the steady users who make the reputation of a product. We take great pride in the fact that so many thousands of housewives the country over, always insist on getting Campbell's as their favorite beans.

They have learned to realize the superior flavor and the real wholesomeness of slow-cooked, digestible beans—especially in families which include growing children.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By CORRA HARRIS

THAT cannot be said of me which is sometimes said of the recently departed: "She never murmured or complained. She was always cheerful and bore her afflictions with Christian fortitude." It depends entirely upon what kind of afflictions mine are, how I bear them. If they are the ordinary adversities one may meet standing up face forward, I can do very well, without shouting about being the captain of my soul. But I have no becoming gifts of endurance when I am seriously ill and my afflictions consist of sharp pains in the body. I can behave no better than a man under these circumstances. So far from "murmuring," I speak with formidable distinctness and complain furiously of everything. I lose my manners, scorn fortitude, and practice an acid use of words unbelievable in a former Christian woman. The hospital records I have made in living have been brief, but lurid. Years and years ago I had a series of these experiences in the old Saint Thomas Hospital in Nashville. If they kept charts of my behavior as well as of my temperature, they have some filed there with my unhappy name attached that must read like those of a damned soul.

The first time was when I submitted to an appendicitis operation. And the record will show that two nurses resigned from my case in high dudgeon. There were other similar occasions when I weeded a wide row among them. And during the eight days after a dreadful gallstone operation I retired four nurses in quick succession and was at my last gasp when the fifth took to her heels, due entirely to the powerful capacity I developed for personal and damaging criticism.

The only praise that can be bestowed upon me as a patient is that I always made a hasty and complete recovery and sailed forth in a good humor with the firm determination never to go back. Thus fifteen years passed before I was laid low again in 1925. It was on the Fourth of July that I was obliged to go to this little hospital in Los Angeles, suffering a severe relapse of the heart trouble that had merely kept me peacefully in bed for two months at Santa Barbara. It was a place devoted almost exclusively to the treatment of heart patients—that is to say, those disorders which lead to dilated hearts and kindred troubles. It must have been founded on purpose only about six inches from the ground, one story in height. There were only twenty beds in it for patients and about the same number of nurses.

I was very ill this time, and correspondingly incorrigible, passing in swift succession under the ministration of all the nurses in that hospital.

Three new ones were taken on, and it may have been only coincidence that each one of them in turn was put in charge of my case.

The first four days were the worst. After that I began to mend and make short intervals of peace with the nurses, until presently I was so far recovered as to refuse to allow one of them in the room longer than necessary to perform her duties, because this is one thing I cannot endure—someone watching me recover. These people were very kind to me.

I remember one little scene, scarcely worth recording here, but for the fact that it released my mind along the trail of bright memories, and because, if ever my mind escapes the body of me, it rides back to health and cheerfulness.

Through no more than a keyhole, so to speak, in the shrubbery beyond the window, I saw a little boy sitting beside a small table in front of a soft-drink stand on the street. He was consuming ice cream with the piety and earnestness of the very young, whose appetites for sweets make a religion of their innocent little bodies. An old man sat on the opposite side of the table, smoking a pipe and vicariously enjoying the child's solemn greed. I inferred that he was the benefactor who had furnished the ice cream. But it was the little boy who riveted my attention. His hair was red, rumpled and shining like gold, his eyes were blue, tip-tilted nose, forward chin, wide mouth, long upper lip—obviously Irish, no matter what the nationality of his parents might be. But the entrancing thing was his freckles. His face was dusted bright with freckles exactly the color of his hair.

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Westlake Park, Los Angeles, California

The moment he had the last spoonful of cream, he nudged the world with one thin shoulder, cocked his head to one side, obviously making a wink of himself at the old man. Then he capered to his feet, took aim at the ground with a practiced eye, turned himself bottom upward, thin legs and bare feet waving as he jiggered around walking on his hands. Quite as suddenly he reversed himself and went capering out of sight accompanied by the old man, though for a time I could still hear the high tenor of his voice, talking very fast, probably bragging, telling a great tale.

How many of these little red-headed boys I had known, I reflected, recalling them like bright little Johnny-jump-ups through all the years of my life. In school when I was another child, in the street before the parsonage, fidgeting in Sunday-school classes. Never have I been more than a short time anywhere that one of them did not show up—never two. Apparently they do not hunt adventures in pairs. Always scrawny, thin-legged, with that same piercing tenor voice. I do not remember one of them who was more than ten years of age. But he was always impishly witty, ready to show off at the slightest provocation, ready to laugh, ready to quarrel, and ready to fight without malice or gain in the fray, and invariably to be in a high good humor; defeat sitting as lightly upon his head as victory does upon the bravest. There was no such thing as diminishing their heads. They glowed in the very dust, and I do not recall ever seeing one in tears. What becomes of them? What happens to silence and steady them, to give them that air of reserve all the red-headed men I have ever known wear like an invisible armor? I do not know. The light goes out of them. No matter how much they achieve, it is done in quietness. The world seems to snuff the bright flame of their spirit as it never does that of little red-headed girls, or the women they become.

I had no visitors in this hospital. Nothing seems to have happened during the weeks I was there. Yet, by referring to my mind's sketchbook, it seems that I went on thinking, as usual, and recording my reflections. I am venturing to copy some of them here, not as one betrays his diary by his various systems of philosophy worked out to meet the situation of that day or even that moment. My thoughts must have been dwelling on happiness, which has become a dear obsession with me, when I wrote this:

JULY TENTH. Happiness is not a gift. It does not depend on temperament, or the lack of temperament, or even on wealth or health, but it is a sort of diplomatic relation we maintain toward ourselves and other people. I have had to live a long time to learn that this is a very delicate matter, which we treat roughly, never realizing that every man is the ambassador of his own desires at the court of honor and conscience. I must learn to treat myself with more respect, as I do any other worthy person, instead of taking so much pains to command the respect of others—a foolish waste of effort. I am the chief one to please. So, if the nurse bolts in tomorrow morning and wakens me by throwing the morning paper down on my bed, I will not reduce her to tears by telling her that she has missed her vocation and should take a position in a roller-skating contest, where she can make as much fuss as her peculiar nature demands, without disturbing other people. This is a form of shirt-sleeve diplomacy which will not add appreciably to my happiness. I might have done much better in the world if I had smiled more and been less truthful under provocation. One should censor the truth she speaks even more than the scandals she tells, because it is easier to get away with the scandal. There is something frightfully personal about the truth, especially if one signs it with his own name. I have known strangers a thousand miles away to take umbrage at some little duodecimal of veracity I published. If only I could write a tale that was a lie out of the whole cloth, not one sentence of secret wit in it to search the conscience of the reader, I might become a popular author. Or, if I could write a bessie-bug romance of sweetness and light, showing the hero and heroine reciting themselves prettily as ordinary people, when they are thinking up for you what they want you to think of them, I might produce a best seller! Sour grapes, my dear—addressing myself. The damning truth is that such writers have more genius than you have. They are the real interpreters of what men and women want to believe they are, while you are an old vulgarian of the

(Continued on Page 118)

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Praise for one Buick model is *praise* for all - -

Whenever motor cars are discussed, you are certain to hear Buick favorably mentioned.

Notice that no particular Buick model is singled out for this praise.

This is significant. It points to the single standard of Buick chassis design.

Every Buick feature belongs to every Buick chassis, regardless of wheelbase or selling price.

Every Buick today has the engine that is *vibrationless beyond belief.* Every model has Thermostatic Circulation Control, Vacuum-Cleaned Crankcase and many other vital advancements lately added to Buick efficiency.

Buick can do it because the savings of enormous volume are put back continually into Buick value.

Buy any Buick with confidence, and with great expectations. It is supreme in value at its price. Its performance and high quality will win your warm approval.

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THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

MILE-A-MINUTE MEN

895

I WAS just drowsing along on the old iron mule that sunny afternoon, holding a lazy forty an hour and wishing rather idly that something exciting would happen. Before me stretched the new state highway, broad and white and lonely where it curved through fields of green and yellow-brown toward the low foothills in the west. There wasn't a car or a truck in sight as I slung both legs over one side of the saddle to ease the strain of solo riding and lifted my hands from the bars to open a fresh pack of gum—for they won't let you smoke on motorcycle-patrol duty, and a man has to do something when he's bored.

Then, suddenly, over the smooth hum of my motor, I heard a familiar sound. It was the deep drone of an eight-cylinder car, racing somewhere beyond a curve that shut off my view. With a twist of my wrist I cut down the throttle, then dragged my left foot for a quick turn, just as the car flashed by me at sixty an hour or more. She was a beauty—a long, low roadster with a fat man at the wheel pushing her so hard he never saw me as he blurred past.

But her speed didn't worry me. The well-equipped state highway patrolman can do ninety an hour on the best machines, and mine was fresh from an overhauling in the shops. I pivoted around quickly, went through the gears in a few yards, and in a minute or so was touching my maximum gait, banking over at a forty-five-degree angle when I skated the curves. I didn't whistle the driver down. Only a rookie does that and, besides, the car was hitting so hard a pace I couldn't have been heard anyhow. Instead, I lay low over the handlebars, opened the throttle wide and prepared for a few minutes of the most thrilling sport in the world—the pursuit of a fast car over perfect roads, with a furious wind tearing at the unprotected face and body, and the sonorous hum of two high-speed motors sounding a rhythmic accompaniment to it all.

Turning Down a Bad Bet

SOON—too soon for the fun of the game—I pulled up alongside. Then, with a quick jerk of my right thumb, I ordered that amateur Oldfield to the edge of the road. He pulled up with a screech of brakes, jammed on his emergency and sat there grinning broadly as I kicked the stand under my rear wheel and approached with the stiff-legged strut of authority.

"I'll bet you ten dollars," he said when I reached the car—"I'll bet you ten dollars that I'm pinched."

That was a good line—once! My play was to say "You lose," pocket the ten-spot and wave him on. There are motorists—and cops, too, I suppose—who can play that game and salve their consciences by calling it betting instead of bribery. But the policemen who do it never last long in the modern highway patrols.

Until that time I hadn't intended to run him in. All I had wanted to do was curb a reckless driver and send him on with a warning. I couldn't, however, ignore an attempt to fix me, so rather reluctantly I pulled a snappy phrase from the manual which every policeman knows by heart. You may have heard it yourself, if you prefer speed to safety. "You're under arrest," I said. "Follow me."

He growled and came along to the nearest justice of the peace. But he had spoiled my day, for, amazing as it may seem, the new type of highway patrolman hates above all things to be forced to arrest a motorist. It isn't what he's there for.

Within the past two or three years you've probably seen many men like me, solo riding the modern state roads on their big red motorcycles. They are the newest type of policemen—members of the state highway patrols brought into existence by the recent developments in road construction, by the increase in pleasure car and truck production and by modern knowledge of highway management. Their methods, like their organizations, differ widely from those of the more familiar city police or rural constables. They don't push semaphores or lurk in speed traps. They don't wear plain clothes or false whiskers to gumshoe on the trail of chicken thieves and alimony dodgers. They don't carry handcuffs or night sticks. Instead they chaperon the broad highway, by day and by night, each man equipped only with a fast motorcycle, a prominently displayed revolver and a little tin whistle. They have three major duties—to save the roadbeds from destruction under the wheels of overloaded trucks; to educate, assist and protect the motorist; to curb the reckless driver. By protecting the roads from damage they save their states many millions of dollars annually. By aiding the motorist they increase both the pleasure and safety of driving. By warring on the road hog, in either truck or passenger car, they reduce the accident rate and often remove an incapable driver from the common highway.

They are trained men, those mile-a-minute riders, rigidly schooled in methods of enforcing such laws as fall within their line of duty. Semimilitary in organization and equipment, they are bound to a code which demands unfailing courtesy and dignity, along with efficiency, at all times and under all conditions. They will, if you are in trouble, direct you on your course or send you a gallon of gas—all with the manners of a Chesterfield. They will, if you are flagrantly and persistently violating the law, haul you before the nearest magistrate with the same cold and impersonal courtesy. And between times they flit up and down their beats of fifty miles or more on fast red motorcycles, flashing guardian eyes over all that happens along the highway.

Pennsylvania has these riders, and New York too. You'll see them in Maine and Massachusetts and Connecticut, in New Jersey and Delaware and Maryland, in Virginia, in Michigan, in Illinois, in Oregon, and probably in still other states. As this is written, Wisconsin, Ohio, Nebraska and Rhode Island are organizing such forces, and many others are contemplating similar experiments. In some states, as for instance Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Oregon, the patrolmen are under the highway departments. In others they are units of the state police organizations. But whatever their organization, their duties are much the same—to enforce the law at thirty, at forty, at fifty, or, if occasion demands it, even at ninety miles an hour.

Like all policemen, they know both the high flare of adventure and the routine of average patrol work. In one twelve-hour patrol such a uniformed rider may slow down a score of wild drivers and speed up a score of others who are delaying traffic; he may enforce parking provisions, compel the correction of improperly focused headlights, the unloading of illegally burdened trucks, the replacement of missing license tags, the elimination of noisy cut-outs, and top it all off with a thrilling midnight chase of a bandit gang relying on fast cars and deadly gun play to escape over the state's far-stretching roads.

Those state governments which maintain them insist that the highway patrols more than pay their way. "It costs our commonwealth $50,000 a mile to build the best type of improved road," William H. Connell, head of the Pennsylvania Highway Department, once told me. "For $150,000 a year—the cost of three miles of new construction—I could add 100 men to our present highway patrol. The economies these men could effect in repairs and maintenance costs by enforcing the provisions against overloaded trucks, by reporting surface breaks or threatened damage, by increasing the safety factor on our present roads, would amount probably to millions of dollars. And we could do all this by simply postponing three miles of new road construction for twelve months and diverting the appropriation to the highway patrol."

A Life Full of Adventure

THOUGH the economic aspect of the work is the thing that interests the businesslike highway chiefs, it's the adventure itself, I'm convinced, that appeals to the average policeman. Usually he's young, and always he's extraordinarily sound and sturdy, or he couldn't pass the rigid medical examination that precedes enlistment. I remember, for example, the awe and envy with which a group of us, in my rookie days, regarded a twenty-three-year-old veteran one midnight, just after he had completed an unusually daring and successful chase. He was the corporal in charge of our substation established at a lonely little hamlet not very far from the state line. Shortly before midnight our telephone bell jangled, and over the wire rasped the excited voice of the county's sheriff, reporting that a particularly tough convict had slugged the warden of the county jail unconscious a few minutes before, then stolen his keys and car, and was speeding toward the state line. We knew his nearest route. It wouldn't be over the concrete state highway, but, instead, over a dirt road that ran its course not far from our station. The corporal—whom I'll call Kelly, although that wasn't his name—went out on the job alone. He opened the old boat wide, swerved to the dirt road and in a short time saw the warden's car before him. It was an open job, with the top down, and Kelly could see the convict's back as he leaned over the wheel pushing his motor to the limit. He pulled up close and, in this case, whistled for a stop.

The runaway looked back, recognized his pursuer and answered only with a further attempt at speed. He knew the state line was near and that once across it his chances for escape were good.

Then Kelly tried to pull up alongside. The convict was watching for this and met it with a familiar maneuver. He began weaving the car—swinging it from side to side of the road so nothing could pass it. The corporal made one attempt, and at sixty-five miles an hour was slung into the ditch as a rear wheel sideswiped him. It didn't hurt much, for our men are used to that trick and know how to take a fall. He jumped up, found his motor still barking, and laid down to the pursuit once more. Again he whistled and again the car began its dangerous weaving movement. Then Kelly dropped back some twenty-five feet, kept his left hand on the handlebar grip which regulates the throttle, and with his right pulled his revolver.

The Chance of the Unexpected

HE MIGHT have ended the chase right there by sending a .38-caliber bullet between the broad shoulders of the convict, but that isn't done on the highway patrol. Instead, he sent the bullet into the right rear tire. This would have stopped most drivers, but not an escaping convict. It helped him rather, for the car began the weaving of its own accord and, even with the slackening speed, it was impossible to get past. Kelly pulled his gun again, and blew a hole in the left rear tire. The car slowed down a bit more, but continued its weaving course toward the state line, which by this time was less than five miles away. The corporal lay back for a minute or two hoping the punctured tire would pull off and jam into the running gear, forcing the car to a standstill, but luck was against him.

With the state line only a short distance away and all sorts of complications attending an arrest if the convict once crossed it, Kelly finally resorted to drastic means. He pulled up close, drew his gun a third time, and emptied the rest of his clip into the gas tank. Then, holding forty miles an hour behind a crazily moving car with a desperate man at the wheel, he took both hands from the bars, reloaded again, and with six more bullets turned that tank into a dripping sieve. Five hundred yards from the line the carburetor of the convict's motor sputtered for lack of gas and the car came to a standstill. There wasn't a chance to escape on foot, for the corporal was two yards behind with a freshly loaded gun. There Kelly held that prisoner until the sheriff and a deputy, hot on the trail, relieved him. The warden's car looked sick, but he had his prisoner back, and Corporal Kelly had had a thrilling ride, so everybody was satisfied—with the possible exception of the convict.

That arrest was typical of some of the bright spots in the game—checkered interludes with their touch of danger to lighten, occasionally, the weeks of drab routine. No highway patrolman can expect a thrill like that on every trick, but the fact that he knows it will come unexpectedly, at any time of day or night, helps hold many an adventurous spirit on the force.

Consider the average day of a highway patrolman in one of the states that maintain this new type of police organization. In my state, for example, he may be assigned to any one of four details. There is the patroling detail, which rides the highways on the lookout for infractions of the motor code. There is the weighing detail, which either establishes roadside stations or prowls the roads with portable scales to check up on overloaded trucks. There is the headlight-inspection detail, which works at night, stopping cars whose lights are glaring too brilliantly or are improperly focused. And there is the licensing detail which conducts examinations of new motor drivers to determine whether or not they are qualified to operate a car on the public highways.

We'll discuss the patrol detail first, for to that work the majority of the men are assigned. In a typical state they work in groups of two or three from substations scattered strategically along the most important highways. The average patrolman's duty tour begins at noon and ends somewhere between ten and eleven at night, for it is in those hours that the motor traffic is heaviest, except near the big cities, where there's often an earlier traffic peak. His beat is approximately fifty miles in length—a 100-mile run for the day. At the far end he presents his report card to the postmaster and gets the town postmark on it. This is the check-up on his run. In some districts which admit the possibilities of short cuts, he may get several postmarks, verifying his reports along the entire route.

(Continued on Page 32)

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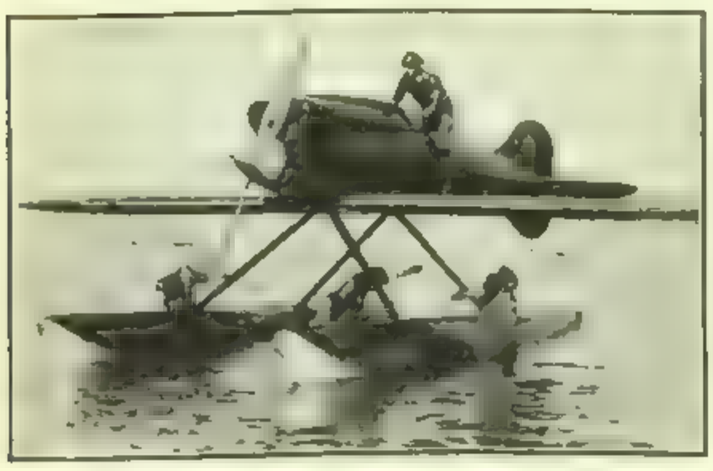
INSTALL A FULL SET



The Macchi-Fiat sea-plane shown above attained the remarkable speed of more than 272 miles per hour—actually four and a half miles per minute—while driven by Major Bernardi, of the Italian air force, recently at Hampton Roads. The plane was equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

When you need new spark plugs, install a full set—and be sure they are dependable Champions. Your garage man or dealer will tell you the advantages both of a full set and of Champions. Their sillimanite insulators for strength, their two-piece construction for easy cleaning are important reasons why they are so dependable, and why two out of three motorists the world over invariably choose Champions.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

Why Spark Plugs Should Be Renewed Every 10,000 Miles

Hundreds of thousands of motorists enjoy better engine performance and more economical car operation by installing new spark plugs every 10,000 miles, or at least once a year. • All spark plugs, even Champions, ultimately lose some of their efficiency under the continued stress of 600 to 1500 explosions per minute. • Pitting of electrodes eventually checks the free flow of current. Carbon burned into the insulators will, in time, cause current leakage. A weakened spark is the result. • Under these conditions the instantaneous ignition necessary to cause complete combustion does not take place. Gas is wasted. Power is lost. • *That is why it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles.* • *Champion X*—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—60 cents. Set of four—$2.40. • *Champion*—for all other cars—75 cents. Set of four—$3.00. Set of six—$4.50.

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As he glides along that course he casts a roving eye over every car that passes, watching for a variety of things. When, for example, a collegiate flivver coughs by, he must see that flaming youth has not piled too generously into the front seat. Four or five sophs and coeds crowded in a seat that was built for two means danger, because it hampers the driver. He must see, too, that this, or any other car, remains within the speed limit; that its tags are clearly visible fore and aft; that its headlights do not glare; that it doesn't cut unreasonably into line or flash by at the crest of a hill. He must observe that no car is parked illegally, or in a dangerous position, such as on a sharp curve, where it is hidden from approaching drivers. He must note whether the brakes are in proper order, whether the driver is of age, whether the proper signals are given. He must check racing between rival motorists and needlessly slow going in a crowded line by the so-called hearse driver, who often, on a busy thoroughfare, will greatly increase the danger of traffic by forcing all other cars to cut around him.

Trucks and commercial cars must be watched just as carefully. The patrolman must see that they do not carry burdens wide enough to endanger passing cars, that they are equipped, under certain conditions, with rear-view mirrors, that they are not flagrantly overloaded. The actual determination of the overload rests with another police detail, but the patrol rider can report or stop any suspicious-looking vehicle. He must watch, too, such tractors as venture on the road, to see that they are not damaging the surface with illegal cleats. These are but a few of the law infractions, serious and trivial, that the patrolman corrects as he rides his daily course over the broad highway.

Pedagogues of the Broad Highway

IN THE performance of those duties the rider exercises perhaps a greater discretion than is permitted most policemen. His purpose—and it is continually impressed upon him—is not to harass, but to assist and educate the motoring public.

"Don't forget," ran one early order from the captain of my organization, "that we are more interested in seeing, at the end of the month, that your patrol beat has been free from accidents, than in learning that you have made a record number of arrests. Your work will not be measured by a contest of the latter kind, but our large accident map at headquarters will show you up. Get the speeders, of course, but use your heads! Sometimes thirty-five to forty miles an hour is not reckless driving, while at other times fifteen miles an hour is too fast. Warn a driver, but never threaten him."

In our state the road cop could not even resort to the time-honored trick of the speed trap. "Hiding in lanes, behind buildings or trees, in an effort to apprehend violators of the motor-vehicle law is forbidden," ran the order. "The sight of the uniformed men patrolling the highways will have a greater tendency to curb the careless or reckless driver than any attempt at trickery."

Sometimes, in spite of these orders, the patrol rider cannot avoid arresting a speeding motorist. There is a pronounced similarity in all such arrests. First comes the chase—always an interesting feature of the procedure—then the outstretched arm to signal a halt and the carefully practiced patter which accompanies it. When finally the car has been stopped, out of the line of traffic, the policeman leaves his motorcycle and strolls over to the driver. He adjusts his goggles over his cap, glances quickly up and down the road to see that traffic isn't blocked, and makes always the opening demand: "Let's see your cards."

If the operator is without them he should be arrested immediately. If he shows them and they agree with the tags and description of the car, the next question is in order.

"How fast were you going?" it runs.

"Oh, about thirty," is the reply, nine times out of ten. The tenth driver frankly admits that he doesn't know and throws himself on the mercy of the patrolman.

"My indicator—a set speedometer—read fifty," the policeman answers, trying to be stern and frigid and polite all at the same time. That's harder than it sounds. Then he continues with a well-rehearsed admonition.

"Do you know that four cars have been wrecked and two lives lost along this stretch within the past few months by just your sort of reckless driving?" he begins.

The motorist can be depended upon to say that he doesn't, so the policeman tells him more about it, improvising a bit on the gruesome details to make the lesson effective. Frequently, if the motorist shows the proper spirit, he is waved on. But sometimes the driver feels that his dignity has been outraged. In such instances he remembers that he delivered seventeen votes to the local organization at the last election, or that the county leader always calls him by his given name on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Then he pulls a line like this:

"Listen, my boy! I've heard your argument, now you hear mine. I say I was doing thirty and I stick to that, no matter what you say. And what's more I've got friends in the capital—friends who can take your job away before breakfast any morning they want to. So lay off, or you'll be looking through the want ads soon."

After that bit of self-expression the driver is generally arrested, and the slow procession starts toward the office of a magistrate, or justice of the peace or squire, as the case may be, with the influential driver still growling as he trails a respectful twenty-five feet behind.

Occasionally the highway patrolman has a fellow motorcyclist to overtake. This, if the law violator actually wants to get away and has a fast machine, means a long stern chase. He may know as many tricks as the policeman. On concrete roads, for example, he will know how to bank far over on the turns, depending on the grip of balloon tires to prevent a skid. On a dirt road, always more dangerous, he may know the racing cyclist's trick of taking a curve at high speed. That involves throwing all the rider's weight forward on the handlebars at the turn to give the front wheel traction. The theory is that the front wheel is headed the way the rider wants to go and must be made to hold that direction. The back wheel, relieved of the weight, may skid, but it must follow.

I recall such a cyclist who gave one of our men a most interesting chase. Both the joy rider and the policeman knew every trick of the game and used them all as the race continued. Like most hard chases, it occurred late at night. The motorcyclist, finding he couldn't lose his pursuer, took advantage of the darkness and, hidden for an instant by a curve, made a quick turn into a little-used road that crossed the main highway. But for one thing he would have escaped. He had forgotten that he was using as a lubricant castor oil, which leaves a pungent, easily detected odor. The patrolman flashed by the crossroad, then, after a few hundred yards, stopped. He had missed the scent of castor oil. Immediately he guessed what had happened, doubled back on his trail, picked up the odor again and followed it down the lonely crossroad, then over several open fields to an empty barn, where he found the cyclist hiding, confident that he had shaken off all pursuit.

Always the highway patrolman must be careful in making arrests. He knows that if he hales a motorist before a justice of the peace and fails to substantiate his charges, there will be an investigation from headquarters, for the modern highway department, like the motorist, hates the tyranny exercised sometimes by the type of county official or rural constable who regards traveling drivers as liberal though unwilling contributors to the costs of local government.

Yet, occasionally, in spite of rigid schooling and constant caution, the policeman makes a false step. I remember one long chase of a particularly gaudy limousine that was violating every speed law ever written. I caught it, of course, and waved it to the side. As I stalked over to do my stuff I suddenly realized that I had a new type of violator in hand. Inside the car sat two elderly men, grandly imposing behind monocles and the most impressive whiskers that ever drifted on the free breezes of our state. Those two I passed up, to talk, instead, to the chauffeur, who flaunted only a mustache bristling skyward like the Kaiser's in his prewar photographs. To him I gave the usual line, then waited for the alibi. It came—explosively. It may have been perfect, but on me it was an utter waste of good oratory. Even the twenty words of doughboy French I knew couldn't help me. Then I guessed what I should have realized before I stopped the car. I glanced toward the license tags again and saw the tag that marks the motors of the Diplomatic Service. Not even the highway police can arrest and hold an accredited diplomat from a foreign country. Sadly I grinned as I waved the limousine on.

Punches on the License Card

I KNOW another patrolman who got himself in a still more embarrassing jam on his first job of patrol duty. He had been assigned to a substation near the state border and had set out on his new machine, determined on bigger and better motor-law enforcement. After an hour's riding he timed a car exceeding the legal limit. Impressively he pulled up, slung out his arm for a stop and walked toward the driver with the proud step of a man performing a great public duty. But the driver seemed unimpressed. He looked puzzled, instead, as the rookie laid down the law. Finally in the midst of that harangue the driver interrupted.

"Say," he demanded, "what's your authority for stopping me on the highway, anyhow?"

That was a fine opening for the rookie. Dramatically he pointed to his badge, which carried the state insignia. "There it is," he announced. "Look it over."

The motorist complied and a slow grin spread over his grizzled features. "Son," he asked, "what state do you think you're in?"

The rookie told him.

"Well, you ain't," announced the motorist. "You're five miles over the border and we don't recognize you motorcycle boys here. Now run along home and ask your schoolteacher to let you look over her geography books again. You'd better hurry, too, because I'm the sheriff of this county and I've got half a mind to pinch you for reckless driving on that there sewing machine."

In some states, my own for example, there are methods other than arrest and fine for punishing the reckless or incapable driver. Probably the most effective of these involves punching the operator's license card. The punch marks may be so placed as to constitute a code decipherable by any highway cop. One state, I know, marks the upper left-hand corner for reckless driving, the upper right-hand corner for illegal parking, the lower right corner for illegal headlight devices, the lower left for irregularities in the license. The system has several advantages. It avoids arrests for minor infractions; it leaves a constant reminder to the motorist not to repeat the offense; it supplies indisputable evidence of former lawbreaking when another policeman stops the car. If the card begins to show too many punched holes the license may be revoked.

Next to actual patrol duty, the greatest number of highway police in those states which have given serious consideration to the problems of road construction and maintenance are assigned to the so-called weighing details. The job of these men is to watch all trucks and commercial cars to determine that they are not carrying a greater weight than the law permits on vehicles of their type.

(Continued on Page 134)

Photo from the Pennsylvania Department of Highways

Staff Officers of the Pennsylvania State Highway Patrol

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ANCESTRAL VOICES

(Continued from Page 17)

of two months, or something as small as that. She returns to inherit the farm of her father. She stays in this country. Ancestral voices, you know, sounded in her ears and she was homesick in your country. So she remains. Her husband—once one of my gardeners—invokes me to persuade her to return to him. She declines. He finally gives her a divorce—he was an amiable man—and makes her an allowance of five hundred francs a month, and that is something handsome in this countryside, you may imagine. Their firstborn remains in America with him and he was content. He is now dead. But his son continues the allowance. Am I plain?"

"Perfectly, monsieur."

"Good! But Madame Obrien," he went on, "casts about for little excitements. She makes eyes at this and that established man—a widower or a suitable bachelor—and then succumbs to one Jimenez, a Spanish tramp, whose exterior formed of rose soap takes her eye. She married him, which was excessively rash, however respectable, and her domesticity is now that of a mad cat."

Private Evander O'Brien slowly stooped and gathered up a paper from the floor, then sat motionless

"This Jimenez destroys her. He treats her"—here came a superb shrug that fairly lifted inferences into written statements—"as handsome young dogs treat women past forty years. The twins, Louison and Georges, can do nothing. The money goes into the pockets of their stepfather. And where it goes after that one can only suppose. And there is a considerable scandal in the town, as Jimenez is at once a foreigner and a nuisance.

"Now these children are American citizens. Their brother, I assume, is a prosperous person. He inherited his father's establishments in the state of New York. There is also a sum of five thousand dollars due to Georges and Louison—each—when they become twenty-one years old, under their father's will. I am interested in the case, you see, sentimentally. The little girl is charming and the boy is a good lad. Their brother is probably in the army of your country. I desire to make, somehow, an inquiry about him. His attention should be strongly invited to this matter. In case he will receive his sister and brother, I shall pay their passage to the United States. A note forwarded through your headquarters here to the military bureaus at Washington might ——"

O'Brien glanced sideways at me.

"If you will address a statement to our general, monsieur, it will be instantly forwarded to—to the right person."

"Good! Then I shall not take up more of your time. Good day."

I reflected, as he walked down the room, that he had shown the graceful clarity of statement which lifted him through the Chamber of Deputies into fame and turmoil. Then I was too embarrassed to think about anything at all and merely sat. O'Brien's camp chair creaked three times. He tapped a key with one finger and the noise faintly spread under the old ceiling. An emotion gathered weight. After a while I dreaded what he might say when he spoke. He said, "T'hell with her!"

"O'Brien!"

"Yeh, t'hell with her! And it's no good tellin' me she's my mother or none of that sent'mental stuff! I ain't seen her sinct I was twelve years old, anyhow. Spendin' all her money—our money—on her Dago doll baby! I'm gonna get the kids on the nex' boat home! Did she write pop she'd got married? Not a word! That's a woman! She's got as much brains as a tulip!" A hard fury shook him on his chair. He became odious to look at, and said in French, "Ancestral voices! She was always too good for everybody at Mount H., and too good for pop. And that two-by-four dump down by the creek there is *la belle ferme de mon père* she useda keep talkin' about. An acre of bum grass and a house that ain't bigger than a post card!"

"Homesickness," I said emptily, "is homesickness. This was her town."

"Some town! Four thousand people when they're all here, and nothin' to look at but the old tower over there, and this place, and it's nothin' much. . . . The kids go home to Grace. That's all!"

He took my last cigarette and jammed it into his mouth. The match wabbled its flame an inch to the left, then to the right of the white tube.

"Keep your temper, O'Brien. . . . Suppose your brother and sister don't want to go home to Mount Halcyon?"

O'Brien let some smoke out of his nostrils and lay back in his chair. He was suddenly ashamed of making a fool of himself. His face relaxed and he presently chuckled.

"S'pose they don't. . . . I dunno. Damn silly mess. . . . But I wrote her, care of the bank here, that pop was dead. And she never said a word about bein' married when she wrote back. Just signed, *Ta Mère*. She's—pretty amooth!"

"Your stepfather," I said, "may have had something to do with that, O'Brien."

He looked at me through the smoke sharply and drawled, "Yeh—an' that's a fine investment she has on her hands! Made outa pink soap! Why didn't she get a grown-up man when she was gettin' married? . . . Any more letters, lieutenant?" He had shut me out of his private affairs with that flat sentence.

"Yes, these two. I'm going down to my quarters for a minute, if anybody wants me."

"All right, sir."

We had become again an officer and an enlisted man. O'Brien turned to his machine and his fingers were thudding steadily as I walked into the hall. I walked down stone stairs brushed by the soles of several generations, and observed a thin female rushing up at me while some orderlies watched her from the floor of the lower hallway. She came at me and there was no dodging her. It occurred to me that I had better run before she took me by a sleeve.

"Say, then, is there a doctor in this place?"

"Madame," I said officially, "the mayor of the town has requested our chief surgeon not to meddle with the practice of your doctors."

The girl stamped a wooden heel on the stone tread and yelled at me, "I care nothing for the mayor! What is that to me? Say if there is a doctor in this place! They tell me there is a colonel who is a doctor. He is billeted at Madame Huet's house and she says he has his place here. And my mother is ill, I tell you, and we have not a sou—and I cannot find Georges!"

Her hair was coming down in an amber snake that twisted around her neck, and her neck, above a black blouse, was inordinately white.

"I cannot find Georges to run to our friends and borrow some money, and we owe the doctor money. . . . And I am an American, like you! Monsieur, in the name of ——"

She put her hands over her mouth. I suppose that the apparition of a major general and three colonels from various doors of the green hallway meant something even to a scared girl of sixteen.

"Mademoiselle, your mayor has asked us not to interfere with the practice of the civilian doctors. . . . The girl's mother," I said to the general, "has been taken ill. She's scared stiff. That was all."

The general touched the wall with an edge of an envelope in his hand and looked at the division surgeon.

"Ask her what's wrong, lieutenant."

It was something very terrible. She coughed. She had not been well last night, or yesterday. She had fever, plainly, and just now she had fainted; and Georges was out at work; and there was no money and they owed the doctor money.

"Oh, go see about it," said the gray general. "The child's too frightened to talk straight. Go and see what's wrong, colonel."

This girl had destroyed us by simply gasping out words through her fingers over her mouth. We were ruined by her tears and her hair falling over her neck. The division surgeon dived back into his office, yelling to his Canadian sergeant, "Here, Landry, come along quick! Chuck me my case!" And then we were all in movement down the stairs. The girl kicked me on the shins getting into the motor car nearest the doorway, and a rabble of boys on the sidewalk chattered around us. Then the car rolled down sunny cobbles and we sank from the height of the climbing town.

"All the people in this town are pigs except a few," the girl panted, trying to wind her hair. "And I shall make Georges take me to America to our brother! They are pigs! It is because mamma married this Jimenez that we have no money and nobody is amiable, and I wish I were dead! How can one be good-tempered when one has such a stepfather as Jimenez? It is enough to make anybody lose their manners. . . . We were washing Georges' clothes and she fainted. It was so sudden. She said, 'Oh, Louise, catch me!' and then she fainted. And Georges had gone to trim gardens and I had to run all the way up the hill. And I am sick of this place!"

The lean Sergeant Landry said softly in his Canadian French, "Mademoiselle is discomposed. When one is frightened, everything seems black."

"But everything is black," the girl gulped; "yes! We have no money any more and she married this brute of a Spaniard and I wish myself dead! And it is tiresome in this town. Once we used to go to Bordeaux and shop, and once we went to an opera, and now we are so poor that Georges has just one pair of shoes, and that swine of a Jimenez is wearing them. One day Georges will run off and be a prize fighter. He is extremely strong, and a prize fighter in America is as good as a general. They have motor cars and all those things and one sees them in moving pictures. . . . Tell that fool to turn to the left. It is the red roof beside the river. Oh, what a long way!"

The plump colonel observed across her head, "She ought to be on the stage. It's the best voice I've heard in years."

"Right, sir. But she doesn't know it."

"About three flirtations," the surgeon mused, "and she will. Pretty hair too."

We turned a corner and shot back along the road flattened in meadows and orchards beside the river. The girl stared ahead and jerked her shoulders from side to side in a kind of seated dance. Dust came in puffs on the glass of this cage in which we jounced, and I scarcely saw a man on a bicycle coming up alongside of us. But when we thumped over some stones in a row under a gateway, the machine was abreast my elbow

"Your brother, mademoiselle?"

"Yes. He saw us passing somewhere. . . . Oh, Georges, she fainted!"

We had stopped before her mother's whitewashed house and the boy tumbled from his bicycle to open the car's door. "Why did she faint?"

"How do I know? She fainted —— This way," the girl said, and ran into the house.

I sat down on an ancient bench cut here and there with initials and lighted a cigarette. If the surgeon needed me, he could send somebody out, and it was peaceful here among fig trees taller than any I had ever seen, with a hen giving herself a bath in some convenient dust. The white town rose as a mound of walls and tiled roofing to the central dazzle of foliage on the high square—a plate of earth and chestnut trees rimmed in stone. It was lovely, and restful after the storms of the O'Briens. They had an appalling capacity for emotion. It might come from their Irish blood. I looked nervously at Georges O'Brien coming out of the doorway and saw, alarmed, that his blue tam-o'-shanter had covered curling red hair.

"What does the colonel say?"

"Oh, monsieur speaks French? . . . He says that it is exhaustion and a bad cold. It was good of him to come with my sister. I hope," said the grave, plain lad, "that she did not make a scene in your headquarters."

"Not at all," I lied.

The girl and he were twins, but the looks of the combination had gone to her, and he was rather like Private Evander O'Brien. He sat down on an old keg marked in Spanish, Fine Olives, and looked soberly at me for a time.

"You have a fine situation here."

"It is a pretty view," he admitted; "and, with a bicycle, it is not so far into town. . . . Monsieur is a lieutenant?"

"Merely a lieutenant."

"Oh, but," said Georges O'Brien, "they kill people so rapidly up there"—he shrugged northward—"that you may get to be a colonel in no time, monsieur. I am no good for military service, you see, because I poisoned my right thumb last year and had to have it removed. But it must be interesting to be a soldier. You find it interesting?"

"Extremely," I said.

He was politely pleased to be talking to an officer. He rubbed his dirty ankles together and asked me funny little questions. Were our men paid every week or at the end of the month? And did they get homesick crossing the Atlantic Ocean? They seemed so amiable. He had spoken to a corporal from Louisiana who talked French. It was awkward to speak no English. One was taught it at the school, but had not got far yet, and the accent was so hard to pick up.

"But you were born in America?"

"My sister told monsieur? Yes, at Mont 'Alcyon, near New York, in the valley of the 'Udson. My brother resides there. His name is Evandre Obrien and he cultivates flowers on a large scale. . . . Monsieur by some accident might have heard of an Evandre Obrien?"

I thought once, and then I said, "Yes, I have heard of an Evander O'Brien who grows flowers at Mount Halcyon. But it might not be the same man."

"That is true," said Georges O'Brien, wriggling his feet in the dust violently. "It might not be the same one. Obrien is an Irish name and there are so many Irish people in the United States."

We became silent. Bells faintly announced high noon from the town's four churches, and then there was a stir inside the house. The Canadian sergeant began to translate directions on the doorsill.

"Tell her not to have any disturbance. Absolute quiet and rest," said the colonel, lighting his pipe; "and the medicine every two hours. . . . A damned shame," he told me. "Fine woman. Can't be more than, say, forty-six or seven. Nothing left of her. Worn out."

"What from?"

"Hard work and nerves. Says she wishes she were dead. She might have her wish without much effort. Who's this Jiminy, or whatever his name is?"

"Her husband."

"That girl seemed to be cursing him just now."

"He's a disagreeable stepfather," I said.

"Oh! One large welt across the lady's shoulder and a bruise on her cheek. . . . Well, let us go home to lunch and discuss the manners of the French agricultural class. . . . Tell the boy where to find me if she gets worse."

Sergeant Landry stopped looking at Louise O'Brien and told her to send her

(Continued on Page 39)

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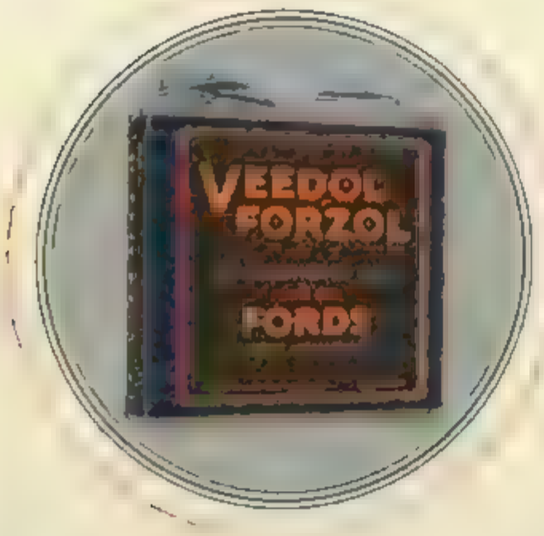

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Cold mornings . . . drifted, rutty roads . . . constant driving in low gear through slushy traffic. No ordinary Ford lubricating oil will stand up under these terrific conditions. As a result of the failure of ordinary motor-oils to lubricate the Ford, hard starting, over-heating and repairs are all too common in winter.

Yet Veedol Forzol, an oil made for Fords exclusively, has stood the bitter test of 4 winters. It is the *accepted* oil for the Ford car, endorsed by over a million Ford owners. They have tested this *different kind* of oil under every conceivable condition. And they have definitely proved its superiority.

The cause of most winter troubles

POOR cold-weather lubrication in a Ford car is most frequently due to crankcase dilution. The ordinary motor-oil, recommended for Fords, which is simply a light motor-oil, soon loses its lubricating qualities through even a slight admixture of raw gasoline.

Yet, in your Ford, in winter, gasoline dilution is a common condition brought about by the necessary use of the choke in starting and warming up.

Raw gas is sucked into your cylinders . . . unburned, it seeps past the piston . . . drops into the crankcase. Ordinary oil, weakened and thinned by this gasoline, fails as a Ford lubricant—a failure that means repair bills.

But one oil, Veedol Forzol, because of its heavier body, retains high lubricating efficiency *despite* excessive gasoline dilution.

The answer to winter troubles

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First, it protects your engine and bearings with a tough film that does not break, even under the added strain of winter driving.

Second, it keeps your transmission bands soft, pliant and responsive to the foot pedals. Not a slip—not a chatter.

Test this economy oil

USE this oil in your Ford car this winter. Start today by driving to the dealer nearest your home who displays the black and orange Veedol Forzol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled. (Correct quantity 4 quarts.) *And be sure to ask for Veedol Forzol by name.*

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(Continued from Page 34)

brother to Madame Huet's house in the Place Émile Zola if her mother felt more vile. Georges O'Brien opened the door of our car for us and ducked his red head with the necessary murmurs.

"Have you any money at all?"

"I earn something, monsieur. . . . Many thanks."

"But you have no money, and your mother is ill. Permit me?"

His sister said from the doorway, "Georges, do not be silly! Send me your wash to do, monsieur, and give Georges twenty francs. I am a good laundress, and right now our stepfather has cleaned us out. There is not a sou in the house." She beamed at us in a perfectly Irish manner, and Georges shrugged.

"Very well, monsieur. Everybody in town knows our affairs. . . . Thanks."

The colonel said reflectively as we rolled out of the place, "Nice kids. . . . But that woman won't last long, I think. Her heart's bad. Childish type too. Probably doesn't know how to take care of herself. Might be good for five or six years."

"The young lady," Sergeant Landry said, "says her mother is often sick. . . . She is a fine girl."

"Her hair," the colonel mused, "does her ancestors credit. It's pretty near vermilion."

We ascended through a crack in the clambering town, past houses old when torches cast bloody flares on steel corselets here, one night of 1579, and swords rang, and the next morning men were hung in a row of eighty along the edge of the Place Admiral Coligny, then the court of a citadel. We passed the images of seven saints carved in a niche of pale rock and the monument of the worst Protestant poet of the sixteenth century. Our machine, a year old, bore us under the chestnuts and stopped again at the door of the vast house. O'Brien was taking his cap from the corner of his desk when I came into my office and he sullenly told me, "Going to lunch, sir."

"All right. . . . O'Brien, your mother's ill, down at her place. She had some kind of fight with Jimenez this morning and he beat her. She fainted and your kid sister came here for a doctor because they're broke. I went down with the colonel. You've a very nice sister and your kid brother's a fine boy. Go down there and be decent. You can have the afternoon off."

"Thanks," said O'Brien. "I'll be back here at one. We got plenty of work. The chief of staff sent in a ton of junk. . . . I ain't interested in Madame Jimenez."

He walked out of the room and tramped downstairs. I had caught the infection of a philosophic race and shrugged. It was none of my business.

O'Brien, in the hot street, did not feel hungry. His head ached a bit. It was always like that after he'd been mad. The time he had that row with the bohunk that stole tulip bulbs from the frames at Mount Halcyon, and thrashed the son of a gun, his head ached all night. He walked along, though, and blinked at the flash of mess kits from the doors of the courtyard where the headquarters troop was lodged in a huge naked stable that hadn't been used in a couple of decades save by some pigeons. And then it tired him to think of food. He spun around and strolled back into the Place Admiral Coligny.

As for getting sentimental about mamma, nothing doing! He might stick some of his express checks to her account in the bank here and look Georges and Louise over. But this fool woman who married a thing like Jimenez and fed it on money out of the place at Mount Halcyon—why bother about her? She had never made his father much of a wife, and ——

He leaned on one of the chestnut trees and stared out over the valley. The river was not seen from the middle of the park, but only the hills on the other side of the wide, vague depression. The old town! And the hell of a place! And this was what she wanted to come back to! Pretty enough, but how was it better than looking down at the Hudson from the roadway beyond the greenhouses at home? This was what she was always talking about. Lot of good it did her to be here! O'Brien lighted a cigarette and kicked one heel on the French sod. So she'd been back here for sixteen years, and all the good that had done her was to make a fool of herself over this pink Spaniard, and now she was a joke. That old man with the ribbon on his coat had said so. She was like Mrs. Cooper at home, who married that Italian boy and had the town laughing at her until she got rid of him. People always laughed at women who took young guys for second husbands. Tough on the kids too. And of course Jimenez had not let her write home that she was married, either. The pup was afraid the allowance might be cut off. . . . And all she wanted was to stay here and be French, and have her ancestral voices around her, and not have to cook when the hired girls left at home.

"Does monsieur," a voice said, "interest himself in works of art?"

"No," O'Brien snorted.

"Not in very amusing post cards?"

"We can buy improper post cards in America," the soldier growled. "Run along. I am twenty-eight, not eighteen."

"Monsieur speaks French admirably." "Many thanks. Good day."

The shadow on the grass at his feet did not move. O'Brien yawned, and then looked at Jimenez.

"Perhaps monsieur would be interested in some anisette. It is Spanish anisette and very old. The French anisette is not so strong. Some of your comrades have allowed me ——"

"Go to hell!" said O'Brien, in English, and straightened up.

It struck him that he might have a bad time trying to thrash Jimenez, but that it would be fine to try. The lean, easy man was as tall as himself, and not at all soft to look at.

"Pardon," the Spaniard said slowly, "but I have annoyed monsieur?"

"You are right. Your face does not please me. I detest pink men."

"Monsieur is not civil," said Jimenez.

"I do not mean to be. . . . You," the soldier stated, getting his hands from his pockets, "have married Madame O'Brien. You live on money I send from Mount Halcyon. I do not like you—no." He suddenly found that he was thinking in fast French. Funny! "And my mother has not informed me that she is married. Perhaps you persuaded her not to tell me, Monsieur Jimenez?"

Jimenez stepped back and his eyes made a little flutter of light. He dropped a hand on his sash and kept it flat there, as if his middle hurt him.

"You are—Evandre Obrien?"

"Precisely!"

The man walked away another yard, and his shoes—they seemed tight—made a patter on some leaves, yellow and fallen early from the trees. Then he halted again and looked at O'Brien with something of a smile. "So you are the son in America who sends the money!"

"Precisely!" It was not worth while to start a fight with this man who wanted to run already. But it was worth while telling him what a skunk he was. "You have no great amount of pride," the soldier said, "if you live on a woman. And I hear that you spend the money as fast as she gets it."

"I am a poor man," Jimenez mentioned, with the same little smile, "and my family, who were of noble descent, did not teach me to work, monsieur. I live as I can. Incidentally, I am always open to the voice of reason. It is an old, wise voice. We might have a talk?"

"On what subject?"

"On the subject of matrimony. . . . If it is disagreeable to have me dependent on your mother, I might—it is possible—be persuaded to leave her."

"Oh!"

"For a thousand francs," the man said very slowly, "I might get on the train and vanish. In any case I prefer Bordeaux to this hole. And south of Bordeaux is my own country."

O'Brien looked down at his feet and then at Jimenez. It was pretty good! And mamma had always talked about how sensitive and amiable men were in Europe, and how considerate of women. She used to tell pop—O'Brien was thinking in English again—that he was getting all American when he bawled at her about the cooking. And this was Europe! Then everything began to get yellow around him. A voice commenced in his head. The fellow was insulting his mother, and he was grinning. And he was nothing but a dirty Dago kid with a sash instead of a belt.

"You—you would take money to go away?"

"One thousand francs is nothing to an American. You are made of gold! The world knows it. Yes, monsieur. I annoy you, and your mother is tired of me and I am tired of her," said Jimenez. "*Gastados*—it is all over."

"Not much it ain't," said Evander O'Brien, and forgot every word of the French language; "not much it ain't! She may be kinda lightweight in her head, but you ain't gonna say you're quittin' mamma! Stick your hands up, you pup!"

"*Monsieur se fâche?*"

"Quit that talk! I'm done bein' polite! Put your hands up!" O'Brien yelled, walking at the pink face. "Come on!"

Then something happened very swiftly and stung along his forehead. There was a funny chanting in O'Brien's ears and he gave back against a tree. Blood came down in a scarlet veil over his eyes. He had to wipe his face, and then he looked distractedly at a knife whose silver hilt trembled beyond the dull blade caught in the bole of the tree behind him. Huh! But the man was running away. He was running straight at the sky beyond the white parapet that rimmed this high park, and he seemed to walk through the low wall. He'd run from the crest of the hill into space—or he was falling down the steep hillside beyond.

O'Brien ran, dropping his head back. More blood kept filling one eye and the trees jumped around. But he ran and came to the parapet. Oh, there was a staircase on the cliff's sloping face! And Jimenez was loping down the stone treads at a fine gait. That was it!

"Hi!" O'Brien yelled, and started down after him.

The steps were all crooked and caved, because God knew how many French had climbed up and down them. O'Brien thought that concrete would fill in the holes pretty well. But these people just kept things as they were. Wasn't even a gas plant in the old town, and no electric light of course! What a place to come down at night too! But he missed three steps and nearly spilled himself on a tiny landing where the stairs turned, and now he wasn't so far behind Jimenez. And then he was rushing down a terrace past some bushes, and the man's gray shirt wasn't twenty yards ahead of him.

"Hi!"

Jimenez jumped a low wooden gate and darted through some trees and then hurtled over a fence. O'Brien shed his coat as he ran, and knocked more blood from his right eye. The river sparkled and there was a whitewashed house. In an orchard of trees with spade-shaped leaves the Spaniard whirled and held up a hand. Then, without speaking, he turned and ran on. Got him scared! O'Brien jumped a scuttering chicken and stretched a hand for the gray shirt—missed it, and gulped, "Nex' time, fella!" But now he was pounding close to the river and Jimenez was heading, you bet, for a little bridge of stone a hundred yards away.

"Hi!"

The gray shirt was still ahead. O'Brien lifted his legs in longer strides and kept an arm stretched out. A man in a blue smock on the other bank gaped over. A dog barked. . . . Oh, got him! And then there was a lot of water all around O'Brien, heaving up silvery in a vast blossom of spray. He went to the bottom of this French creek and jarred a hip on a stone in the mud. Jimenez had spilled him. The fella was pretty smart, at that!

But the voice had stopped roaring in his ears as he crawled up the bank again, and his head was cool. He sat fingering the cut along his right eyebrow and water dripped pleasantly from his soaked shirt. . . . And there was Jimenez, a far, moving point on the green pastures beyond the creek, and no use trying to catch him again. But that voice had been funny. Now that it was gone, he thought it had sounded like drums, many drums.

"Monsieur has cut his head?"

O'Brien looked up at the thin girl in a black dress and felt foolish, because she was smiling politely, as if he had dropped his gloves in a street car or some little thing.

"Yeh—*oui!*" It took a minute to remember the French language. "Yes. A man threw a knife at me."

"That was wrong of him."

"I was going to knock him down," said O'Brien. "He—he annoyed me."

"He is a very annoying man and a bad character," said the girl, sitting on the grass. "He is a Spaniard, and brutal. Do not quarrel with him again, monsieur. . . . Let me look at your head."

"Thanks. I shall go back and have it bandaged. Do not trouble."

"But I am concerned about your head, monsieur. . . . So Jimenez tried to throw a knife at you?"

"Yes. . . . He is known as a bad character?"

"Yes. . . . Monsieur has hair as red as mine," the girl said. "My mother, eating some broth, saw you running after Jimenez among our trees and she said, 'It is your brother Evandre. I know his hair and how he runs.' She is ill, you see, and fancies —— But it would be curious if monsieur's name was Evandre Obrien."

He got up and stood staring down at the girl's hair, red above her white, thin face. Then he looked down the river at the whitewashed house among the fig trees. He was weak and cold, suddenly, and wanted to be petted.

"I —— No," he said in French, "not for me! She left my father. She—she did not write me that—that she was married again. I ——"

"She is not a wise person, Evandre," the girl said, "and she has been sorry. She walks to and fro at night when Jimenez is not there, and cries. And she tears up letters she has written. One can see the writing on them. And she says often that our father was kind, if he was rough and had no sentiments, and she is glad that Georges looks like him. Come and speak to her."

"No; but I must see you and Georges—and make plans."

"Come and speak to mamma, Evandre, and tell her that Jimenez is chased away. He beat her this morning, and she is ill."

"No! But ——"

"Men are idiots," said the girl, getting up. "I tell you to come and speak to her! She is so sick of this place that she is ready to die and she wants to tell you so! Come, or I shall certainly slap your face!"

"No!" said O'Brien, looking past the girl at the white house; "I do not want to come, and—and I shall give her money and—and I shall write to her, but ——"

"Come," said his sister, and took his wrist in her hands.

At five o'clock I went over to the quartermaster depot to buy some cigarettes and stood for a moment watching O'Brien, with his head bandaged, loading cans into a basket on the arm of Georges O'Brien. As it was not my business, I said nothing to him when he walked past me. He was telling his brother something about prize fighting in the United States. The clerk who sold me some thousands of cigarettes to relieve famine in headquarters said O'Brien seemed to be setting up housekeeping.

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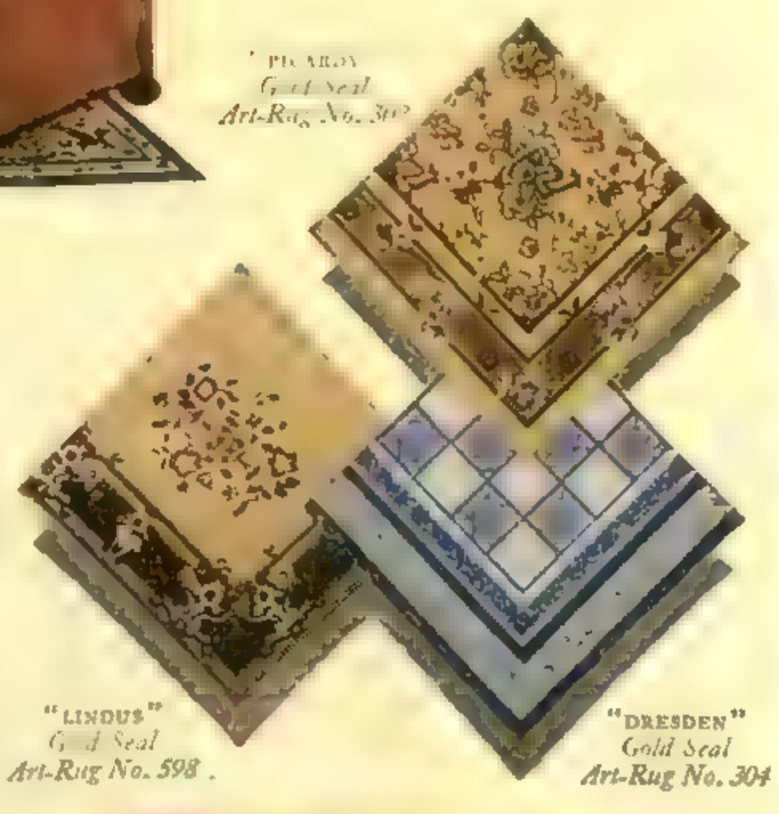

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THE STRONGEST TIE OF ALL

(Continued from Page 7)

These expositions of power to hold the empire together and to protect it give more emphasis to the geographical perplexity than to assurance that it is being overcome. And although the representatives of the dominions took a coöperative attitude, there is no convincing indication that they were fanatics either about the air or about the protection offered them by the navy. Indeed, so far as defense measures are concerned, there was said to be a general tendency behind closed doors toward colonial self-defense and a mild reluctance to contribute to various air and naval expenses proposed by the home government.

Australia wanted a new naval base at Singapore. The Labor government in England in 1924 shelved the Singapore scheme and Australia felt obliged to increase her own defenses. Now it is intimated that Australia, which depends on the navy but keeps up her own fleet, New Zealand, which supports her own naval unit, and India will not loosen far the purse strings. Even between the colonies there is inequality of contribution. Premier Bruce took pains to point out that the population of the British Isles contributes about thirteen dollars per capita for defense, Australia nearly seven dollars, New Zealand about three dollars, Canadians about one dollar and fifty cents and South Africans about sixty cents. The Minister of Finance of South Africa said that his country's participation in preparation for war and in war itself "would depend upon the extent of her interest at the time."

In spite of the heralded Formula of Empire which finally came forth from this conference, with its declaration of autonomous equality for the dominions and its flavor of new cement for the imperial whole, the actual trend of feeling and agreement was toward independent action. That amity was accomplished no one will deny, but that unity of action has any definite assurances no one can assert.

In foreign policy there is not only a new recognition of independent action but a probability of it. The French were clever enough to see that the presentation of the Geneva Protocol to the British would be rejected. If rejected, the French had gained doubly. It was well recognized that the control of the League of Nations was wholly in the hands of Great Britain and France whenever they chose to act together; it was inevitable that one would have the initiative of proposals and the other the veto power.

Left With the Blue Pencil

When the initiative in European diplomacy had been left in the hands of the British, and the French began to feel the stigma of obstructionists by having constantly to use the blue pencil and say no, they and the buffer states, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania—the so-called French Corridor down Central Europe and on Germany's flank—got together to put up a Continental bloc which the British, because of the reluctance of their colonies, must refuse to join. That move put the initiative in the hands of the French group and left Austen Chamberlain holding the old blue pencil.

The Locarno move was the next strategy. It was engineered outside the League, and was only shown in the League window when it was baked and the frosting was all on. Locarno would have been impossible without the kind of mind represented by Sir William Tyrrell, who succeeded Sir Eyre Crowe in the post of permanent undersecretary. These permanent figures in the Foreign Office are the men who more than a Foreign Minister work out real foreign policies. Tyrrell is big enough in vision to have said: "We will make the Locarno Agreement and will pledge our aid against aggressor nations, drawing some of that old fever of fear from France; and we will tell the dominions that, having gone ahead alone, we have not committed them at all."

This broad British view, above all else, made it possible for the League to exhibit something in its empty show window, even though the goods were not made on the premises. But there is another significance found in the Locarno Agreement—the British Empire did not make it. Great Britain first made the commitment, and the timid or reluctant dominions were temporarily, at least, outside and standing apart.

No question has so profoundly affected the problem of political cohesion in the British Empire as that of foreign policy. None at the opening of this Imperial Conference promised greater difficulty. There is no political constitution for the British Empire, and the attempts to write one would, as this Imperial Conference discovered behind its closed doors, be a wedding between discord and futility. But foreign policy constantly raises the question of independent or noncommittal positions of the dominions and Great Britain.

The Informal Way

The change of situation has been great, indeed, since 1887, when the first Imperial Colonial Conference gave opportunity for the expression of hopes that the home government "would uphold colonial foreign policies." From then and from the Ottawa Conference in 1894 the current has turned the other way, and the question now is not so much of the support given to the colonies as it is to the support they are prepared to give to home policies. This is in spite of the fact that Australia, and, indeed, all British Oceanica, is still more open to that bugaboo of a yellow peril than our own Pacific Coast has ever been.

"To define in a written document the right of Great Britain to make a foreign policy binding on the colonies, or of the colonies to carry out a foreign policy binding on Great Britain, was believed to be impossible," one of the guiding spirits of the Imperial Conference told me. "We will end by leaving that informal. It is our way. Our constitution at home is unwritten. It grew. The constitution of the British Empire will grow too."

At present there is no such thing as an empire government. The Parliament on the Thames has no supreme power over the empire, and the King, who is nominally supreme, as Dean Inge and the Round Table point out, would be perplexed to find himself constitutionally straddled and hopelessly and constitutionally on both sides in case two dominions were in dispute. There is no power to draft soldiers from the dominions or mobilize even contributions of money. Nor did South Africa constitutionally compel England to fight the rather humiliating Boer War. That was fought because the South Africans wished it. The whole imperial system is less a constitutional system than an informal system, less authoritative than voluntary. Many a matter-of-fact German mind, says one English statesman, "with a liking for written formulas and binding rules, would regard the British Empire not only as a geographical anomaly but as a burlesque on orderly political organization."

If geography and the conditions of the homeland since the war, and political status and constitutional considerations and problems of defense contribute little to the ties that bind the empire, economic conditions contribute little more.

With an all-powerful central management able to give orders and have them obeyed, the British Empire might be welded, in spite of its far-flung locations, into something approaching an economic empire. But Mr. Amery, Secretary of the Dominions, and Mr. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia, both indicate in their answer to the economic problems of the empire that coöperation is easier to wish for than to dictate, and easier to dictate than attain.

It became clear as the Imperial Conference proceeded in its discussions that two ways to empire coöperation could be taken: One by a policy known as formal imperial preference, with an attempt to create something like mutual preferential treaties, and the other to accept a policy of research, fact finding and suggestion, an empire marketing agency and a voluntary preference which would tend to balance the empire's economic welfare. Particularly that welfare could be served by science and research in tropical and semitropical countries.

Lord Balfour urged the constant exchange of information between the separate dominions and Great Britain as to what each was producing, and coöperation between all the research agencies of the colonies. But in the last analysis, something approaching the imperial-preference idea must be the hope of keeping the empire in economic unity. It is artificial, no doubt, and subject to the objections always made to regulatory interference with economic laws. So also are our own tariffs. It is no wonder therefore that the British Islanders and some colonials are shocked to find that instead of imperial preference there is a tendency to erect tariff barriers against one another.

Mr. Runciman, a free-trade member of Parliament, spoke with some candor on this subject and revealed some extraordinary conditions. He said: "The dominions do not welcome British goods in competition with their own. As Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, is always appealing for plain speech, he should have it. The Australian tariffs were designed to help Australian manufacturers as against British manufacturers. Why should the representatives of Australia be so shy about admitting that fact when they came to this country? The tariff on iron and steel is at this very moment under consideration in Australia, and quite possibly when Mr. Bruce goes back proposals will be made by the Australian Government to put a higher duty on iron and steel as against the iron and steel manufacturers of this country."

Men, Money and Markets

"The main object of these tariffs is to overcome in Australia the competition of all the countries of the world, British as well as foreign. In so far as preference is a gift, it was a gift to individuals—to particular exporters of British goods to Australia—and not to the British nation as a whole. I have no intention of belittling British trade within the empire. It is of the utmost importance. But so is all trade. Foreign trade in fact is more valuable to us than empire trade. If we measure our trade in terms of export, we find that two-fifths of British exports go to the dominions, as compared with three-fifths to foreign countries. It would not be sensible on our part to injure the larger for the sake of the smaller."

Mr. Bruce, Premier of Australia, in a session of the conference, pointed out rather sadly that much of the dominion's production and market depended upon the purchasing power of Great Britain; that no matter how fine a struggle Great Britain had put up toward regaining commercial supremacy, to reëstablish the gold standard and pay her debts, nevertheless unemployment and strikes considerably lowered that purchasing power. He found himself obliged to face certain facts. He was speaking, as we Americans should remember, on soil where there were then more than 1,500,000 unemployed workmen, exclusive of the 250,000 who had ceased work in the coal strike.

He pointed out our American competition and then gave a warning against a vicious circle which would mean in empire

Watch This Column

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REGINALD DENNY in *"The Cheerful Fraud"*

One success after another has placed REGINALD DENNY on the pinnacle of screen fame, and now here he comes with still another clever production, with a novel plot, romantic atmosphere and an element of mystery which create a most delicious comedy.

"The Cheerful Fraud" is from the well-known novel by K. R. G. Browne, laid in England in modern times. Sir Michael Fairlie (DENNY), returning to England to settle his estate, meets Ann Kent, of gentle birth, who, because of circumstances, takes the position of social secretary to a newly-rich woman. Sir Michael, in order to be near Ann, disguises himself as a commoner and becomes secretary in the house. This leads to a score of amusing situations and complications.

This is really an action-drama as well as a DENNY farce and a thrilling encounter between the hero and a social highwayman in a speeding automobile adds luster to the picture. William A. Seiter directed and his ingenuity is seen in many of the laughable situations. I have been told by those who claim to know that this is DENNY'S best effort. Let's all see if it is.

The cast is fine. You all know GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD and appreciate her beauty and animation. She plays the part of Ann and she does it mighty well. OTIS HARLAN is the newly-rich man and EMILY FITZROY is the newly-rich wife. CHARLES GERRARD and GERTRUDE ASTOR have good rôles.

The lists of favorite classics that have already come in response to my request have been very helpful. But I know there are still some of you who have postponed writing your lists—and that you undoubtedly have a cherished favorite or two that you would really delight in seeing in a Universal-made picture. I wish you would sit down right now and write me that letter. List five favorites, in the order of preference.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Reginald Denny

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Week of January 24th

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Spades 8, 6, 4
Hearts 7, 5, 2
Diamonds . . . . K, 2
Clubs . . . . K, J, 9, 7, 3

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—
Spades . . . . Q, 10, 5, 3
Hearts . . . . A, 10, 9, 8
Diamonds 10, 9, 7
Clubs 10, 2

Milton C. Work, New York, North—
Spades 9, 7, 2
Hearts . . . . K, 6, 4, 3
Diamonds 5, 4, 3
Clubs . . . . Q, 8, 6

E. V. Shepard, New York, East
Spades . . . . A, K, J
Hearts . . . . Q, J
Diamonds . . . . A, Q, J, 8, 6
Clubs . . . . A, 5, 4

Tues., Jan. 25, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

Set papers for broadcasting time of following

WGY	Gen'l. Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WFLA	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSUI	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KJR	Seattle Times	Seattle
CFCF	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CFRB	[illegible]	Toronto
CKAC	[illegible]	Montreal
CKY	[illegible] Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	[illegible]	Saskatoon
CFCN	[illegible]	Calgary
CJCA	[illegible]	Edmonton
CKMD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CFAC	[illegible] Free Press	London, Ont.
CFCH	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.

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trade that the lessening purchasing power in Great Britain would lead to a lessening development in the dominions. He said:

"Looking at the position as we can see it today, we still believe that the great problem of the empire is the one which I put into the three words—men, money and markets; but we believe Britain's is almost entirely a problem of markets; that if Britain can solve her problem of markets, then the difficulty she is faced with industrially and commercially must disappear.

"The reason I suggest for Britain's failure to share to the full extent in the improvement in the world trade is that she is today subjected to a tremendous amount of competition. At the 1923 conference I pointed out that by 1913, the immediate prewar year, Britain had lost to a great extent her supremacy, and the actual competitive situation today is even worse than it was in 1913.

"America is recognizing that it is necessary for her to build up her oversea market if she is going to maintain her rate of increase of production. During the last four years the value of the export of finished manufactured goods from America has increased by 60 per cent; that is a fact which we must look at when we are considering the markets for British production. I would like to stress one fact, and that is if America, which today is exporting only 4.1 per cent of her manufactured machinery, increased that by 5 per cent to 9.1 per cent, it would mean she would be exporting £60,000,000 worth of machinery, against £39,000,000 worth which we are exporting in Great Britain. I think that fact is one we have to bear in mind.

"What we are trying to see today is where are the markets for Britain in the future, since the development and progress of the dominions—certainly of Australia—absolutely depend upon the purchasing power of Britain, and that purchasing power can only be insured if Britain is maintaining her commercial position, if her people are in employment, and if her purchasing power is increasing in relation to the increase of the production that we have to dispose of.

"Then there is the position in Europe. There has been a very big expansion in the export trade of most of the manufacturing countries of Europe during the last three years. Germany, which was not on a really competitive basis in 1923, has expanded tremendously, and, to give one example, her export of iron and steel has increased since 1923 by over 100 per cent; and, though her textile trade is not yet reëstablished, in machinery and metals she is regaining her prewar position."

Ruts That Disappear

"In 1923 Germany was exporting manufactured goods to the extent of 270,000,000. In 1925 she exported 326,000,000, an increase of 20 per cent. Britain's figures in 1923 were 579,000,000, and in 1925, 616,000,000, an increase of 6.3 per cent only. The point I would stress is that in the European market all the competing countries are extending their trade and becoming much greater competitors."

The fact is that no talisman exists to conjure up an economic unity in the empire. The Empire Marketing Board may educate and urge, voluntary preferences may be arranged, and there may be a wide sentiment to "Buy British"; but in the last analysis it will be always difficult, especially in scattered dominions growing autonomous politically, to prevent not only the untinkered buying and selling of good old ruthless economic law but even some erection of artificial protecting walls by one member of this empire as against another. The economic solidarity of the empire sounds well, but is difficult to enact into a law and has less reality than anyone wishes to admit in public. It is quite true that there are habit channels of trade; they have been long established between Great Britain and the colonies. But even those ruts of commerce disappear in the course of time, and the very anxiety with which an Imperial Conference treats economic cooperation in the empire shows that desire for it is conspicuously present because of the lack of it.

Development, a changing world and the progress of autonomy have transformed the British Empire from a series of outposts run from London and often influenced by powerful chartered companies, to a series of political and economic units in which the whites are often in small minority but are leading definite development of new units of civilization.

The Imperial Conference of 1926 has resulted in expressions, admissions and resolutions which almost declare that the British Empire has gone, that a British federation without a constitution has come, and that this federation is experimental.

Equality of Status

The British Empire appears today more like a real league of nations than an imperial unit; and yet the world, and particularly America, is almost blind to what has gone on. The King, with a slight change in his title, remains alone as the symbol of the empire unity, and hereafter the governors-general of the dominions, instead of being instruments of dealing between the dominions and the home government or between dominions, will be merely the representatives of the sovereign.

There is little in the report of the conference to suggest that political or economic ties have been strengthened. On the contrary, the principles announced disclose that in political cohesion the important factor is foreign relations. And in foreign relations the dominions are to have freedom to conduct a policy which, following the recent tendencies, will be almost isolationist.

In effect, the dominions have said to Great Britain: "Go ahead into European snarls, and may good luck but not we go with you. We will wish you well, but will not indorse all your paper." As one delegate said appropriately: "We have achieved whatever maximum of unity may be squeezed out of a minimum of responsibility."

"And," said an English diplomat, "we have much to be thankful for. We may thank our British good sense and tradition that we have dropped, temporarily at least, the mad idea of attempting to write a flexible empire into a rigid constitution."

Of economic solutions, the conference said openly little, and even behind closed doors accomplished not very much.

"Research bureaus and voluntary preference may do something to keep us unified," reports an economist who is a retired industrial leader. "But for any economic organization we have no real flair. Right here in Great Britain our industries are not organized. When the Germans come here to get us into some European cartel or international industrial trust, they often complain in disgust that we have no national organization or amalgamation which can be found to act, or even to decide or even to consult. We have an antipathy for written constitutions and fixed arrangements even in business."

So thoroughly asserted and so well expressed is this idea, as incorporated in the Imperial Conference report, that the passage is worth reading by any American: "A foreigner endeavoring to understand the true character of the British Empire by the aid of this formula alone would be tempted to think that it was devised rather to make mutual interference impossible than to make mutual cooperation easy.

"Such criticism, however, completely ignores the historic situation. The rapid evolution of the oversea dominions during the past fifty years has involved many complicated adjustments of old political machinery to changing conditions. The tendency toward equality of status was both right and inevitable. Geographical and other conditions made this impossible of attainment by way of federation.

"The only alternative was by way of autonomy, and along this road it has been steadily sought. Every self-governing member of the empire is master of its destiny. In fact, if not always in form, it is subject to no compulsion whatever.

"But no account, however accurate, of the negative relations in which Great Britain and the dominions stand to one another can do more than express a portion of the truth. The British Empire is not founded upon negations. It depends essentially, if not formally, on positive ideals. Free institutions are its lifeblood, free cooperation is its instrument. Peace, security and progress are among its objects. Aspects of all these great themes have been discussed at the present conference. Excellent results have been thereby obtained, and though every dominion is now and must always remain the sole judge of the nature and extent of its cooperation, no common cause will, in our opinion, be thereby imperiled.

"Equality of status, so far as Britain and the dominions are concerned, is the root principle governing our interimperial relations. But principles of equality and similarity appropriate to the status do not universally extend to the function. Here we require something more than immutable dogmas.

"For example, to deal with questions of diplomacy and questions of defense, we require also flexible machinery—machinery which can from time to time be adapted to the changing circumstances of the world."

The greatest lesson of the Imperial Conference is that Great Britain and the British stock in the dominions have come down to hardpan and have done much to recognize the following truth:

The strongest tie in the world is not geographical propinquity, it is not religion, it is not politics, it is not economics. The strongest tie in the last analysis is race.

Race, with its symbols, traditions and language and literature, will last through the most extraordinary stresses; and in the pinches it stands, while creeds and pocketbooks, constitutions and all the other ties have been blown down.

The Same Tribal Loyalties

Anyone familiar with the way the British Foreign Office thinks knows that Downing Street always puts a great deal of shrewd faith in race.

"Depend upon it," said Lloyd George in the heat of the Genoa Conference, "there can be no lasting compatibility between those two trouble-making nations. They are too far apart racially. Only race counts."

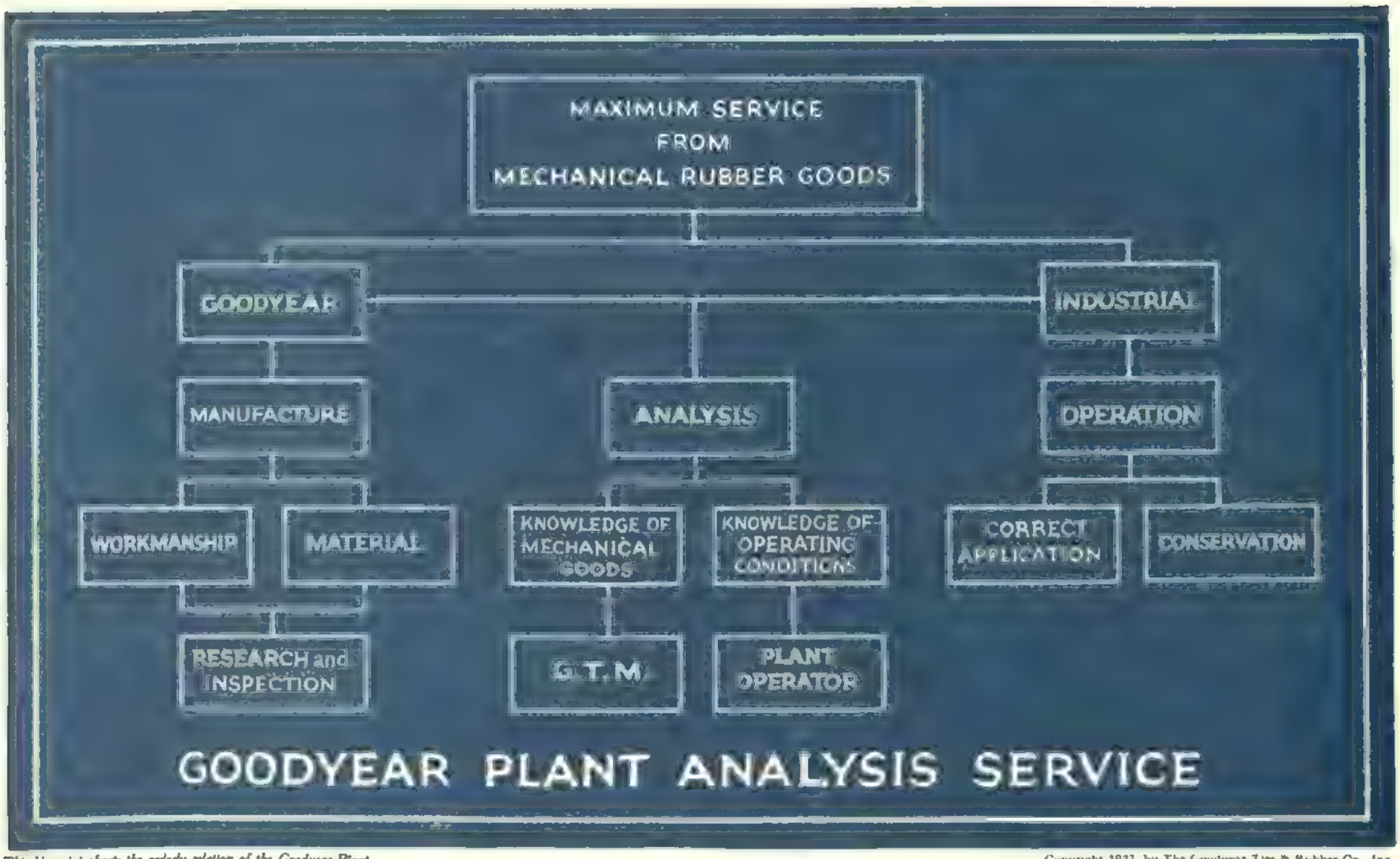
And again, not long ago, an eminent English statesman who has influence over the shaping of British foreign policy was speaking of the cartels and international trusts in which France and Germany are trying to cooperate.

"They will last a time," he said. "We may go in or we may stay out. But if we stay out or if we go in, depend upon it that in the end the element of race will create fatal differences, and then we will have our innings. The strongest tie in all international affairs is race."

And it is race which makes the British Empire, and will make the new British autonomous federation of units such a mysterious curiosity of unorganized cohesion. In the end the white British leadership of any far corner of the empire will toss every other consideration aside and stand by race.

Even South Africa, represented by Premier Hertzog, who sounded the note of autonomous dominions—perhaps unnecessarily and perhaps forgetting that autonomy was not precisely the watchword of South Africa in the Boer War—since the end of this Imperial Conference has felt a decided renewed sense of race loyalty, of being, after all, a part of the empire. Canada feels it, the leadership in India feels it, Australia feels it. It was a shrewd mind and a useful intuition which made the home

(Continued on Page 47)



This blueprint charts the orderly relation of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan for maximum service from mechanical rubber goods

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The Plant Analysis Plan—and the G. T. M.

This chart is important to every man who has to deal with belting, hose or packing problems. It shows the principal factors in the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan, and makes clear the part that is played in more efficient, economical plant equipment by the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

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Now Released to Full Capacity in the
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With the released Super-Six principle, performance takes on a new meaning. You have control of any speed you demand, with a smoothness and alertness never experienced.

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The bodies are of such variety and beauty as will satisfy all demands for luxury and exclusiveness, as well as comfort and price advantage.

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7-PASSENGER SEDAN

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Also an Essex Super-Six
The Speedabout

Fastest Six in the World Per Dollar of Cost

The full revelation of the Super-Six principle is just as clear, dramatic and amazing in a smaller car—the Essex Super-Six. It towers above all light car standards of the past.

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There are four other bodies on the Essex Super-Six chassis, all attractive, all smart in line, finish, upholstery, fittings and color.

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A VARIETY OF COLORS

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(Continued from Page 42)

government say, "All right, take your autonomy. After all, we belong to the same tribal loyalties."

That is the binder of the British Empire, organize it as you will—race; race and its inevitable accompaniment of the symbols of race—a mother tongue and a mother tradition.

Something of this response of race will, in fact, give strength in empire trade to voluntary mutual British and dominion preference. Certainly this dependable instinct of race has created a leniency among the dominions toward the idea of accepting as immigrants some of the unemployed or the excess population of the British Isles.

There have been, no doubt, some misgivings about indiscriminate dumping of low-grade emigrants, and Canada and Australia particularly have shown an inclination to have their immigration selective. But there is a longing at the bottom to fill up the area of the empire, which has increased much faster than its own white population, with British blood. The instinct for race is operative again and good sense is behind the attempt of the home government to increase the white British population in the empty or the black areas and relieve overpopulation in the concentrated isles. The 42,500,000 in Great Britain cannot feed themselves, but the agricultural production of the dominions is many times greater than the need. Bring the excess man to the excess food supply rather than the food supply to the man. It is not reassuring to find that though in 1913 roughly 190,000 immigrants went from the United Kingdom to Canada and 56,000 to Australia, in 1923 only 88,000 went to Canada and only 39,000 to Australia.

How did one British official dealing with the Oversea Settlement Committee express it? He said: "We must fill the vacant room with the race. We believe that you in the United States still maintain a race consciousness which has impressed itself even upon your accessions of population from other races. But you are developing a new race consciousness. In our empire it is the old race sense which holds us together. Later we may face the difficulty that we have no new blood to send."

Facing Labor Shortage

Lord Clarendon, it was reported from the conference, pointed out that all young blood would be needed later in industry at home. He said, according to newspaper reports, much of great interest to the empire: "The relation of emigration and industrial unemployment is not so simple as it appears. We must aim at a long-term policy which will be continuous and maintain an even flow of emigrants. In the past the settlement and development of the dominions and colonies have proceeded without any serious drain on the man-power resources of the mother country, as the annual increase of our population has been greater than the immediate requirements of our industries.

"But it is almost certain that for the next ten years that position will be altered for the first time in our modern industrial history. According to the most careful calculations, owing to the continuing effect of the wartime birth rate, there will be in 1933 between 350,000 and 400,000 fewer boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen available for employment than there were in the present year. Assuming that there was no increased demand, and allowing for the fact that a certain proportion of these boys and girls could not now get employment, the actual deficiency in industry in 1933 will not be far short of 300,000. The difficulty of the position is that the oversea dominions want the same age groups of workers that industry generally wants in this country.

"In their present state of development it is necessary for the dominions to found their official migration policy on agriculture. They should endeavor to build up a balanced scheme of assisted migration as between agricultural and industrial workers."

The spontaneous comment of one who has been connected with the whole set of dominion problems was: "But we cannot cease sending out the old British stock." He was voicing his instinctive belief in race to maintain solidarity.

British stock—the race. This is the British Empire and about all that is left of its cohesion. And yet it remains an unshaken force of unity.

The American who hears the British grannies and pessimists prate about our designs upon the annexation of Canada or Australia, who shudder because our periodical literature and our books and our investments "go over our border to sap the Canadian of his British traditions," knows they are talking arrant nonsense. They still write letters to the Times about it, and I found that some of these alarmists are incredulous when I tell them that while they discuss the question, some 100,000,000 residents of the United States go to bed every night without having given Canada a thought except to regard her as a good neighbor with whom there is so much peace that an unarmed frontier thousands of miles long is the best example of the correct peace psychology in the whole world.

No Interest in Conquest

Even Dean Inge, in his book, England, had experienced a nightmare and contributed little either to good will or prophecy when he wrote: "From the military point of view, Canada could not be defended against a determined attack by the United States. The majority of the inhabitants certainly value their independence, and their ambition is to be a great, self-governing nation. But the old saying that the last shot fired on American soil in defense of the British connection would be discharged by a French Canadian is more doubtful than it once seemed to be. Along her whole frontier Canada has the quick-witted Americans, eager to share in the exploitation of the natural resources of the country.

"The chief safeguard of Canada is really that it is not the interest of the United States to conquer it. For more than a hundred years England has submitted, for the sake of Canada, to a series of affronts and injuries which would not have been tolerated from any other nation, and we have stood between America and any project of a European coalition. If the British Flag were hauled down on the North American Continent, it is more than possible that the nations of Europe, enraged by the bloated prosperity and airs of superiority of 'the man who won the war,' would combine to draw Shylock's teeth; and Great Britain after losing Canada, would no longer have any motive to help a nation which, in the circumstances supposed, would have finally forfeited its friendship. Nevertheless, it is possible that a movement in favor of annexation may spread in Canada, since that country is more and more imitating the civilization and point of view of its powerful neighbor."

As for our competition in trade with the United Kingdom and the dominions, we are more or less content to believe that trade follows merit and good faith, as well as a flag. And if "Buy British" is a voluntary preference which shuts us out, I suppose we will accept it, smiling and with good nature.

We may smile, because solidarity of the British Empire, that new federation of dominion units, has advantages to us not only material but because in the last ditches there is a similarity of idealism and tradition and concept of liberal policies of civilization which at least two of the three great nations in the world controlling the world's sea power cannot afford to forget. It is easy to find the contrasts between our national character and that of the British Islanders. It is even easier to find numerous causes for irritation. England is full of opinion today which more or less silently

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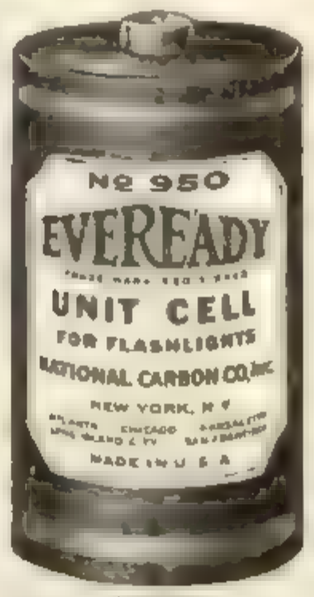

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sulks, quite humanly, about the debts. The United States is full of citizens who are ready to listen to Henry Ford, who is reported in England as saying in an interview—and with some insight into a fractional truth—that the English are being educated to dislike us. The cabled dispatches on the eve of the Imperial Conference ran as follows:

"Convinced, he says, that international bankers and politicians are deliberately breeding war against the United States, Mr. Henry Ford declared today that his interest in securing mass production of aeroplanes came wholly from his determination to see that this country was put immediately into a proper condition to defend itself."

In a long interview he asserted that sinister agencies were capitalizing hatred of the United States in England and France in order to bring them into a hostile combination against this country. The Englishman was being trained in discontent. He was being educated away from work by the dole, the coal strike, the coal subsidy, the agitation over war debts, and by instilling in him the idea that American prosperity was at the expense of English prosperity. By developing its immense resources for the manufacture of aeroplanes here, and by producing nitrates for explosives, the United States might protect herself against attack long enough to show other countries that their salvation lay in paying high wages, and so creating markets within their own borders.

The countries which are worst off, he said, ought to pay the highest wages. England ought to pay double the American wages, and in a short time it would have prosperity. But high wages must be paid only for results—results planned by engineers. Engineers could, if given the chance, pay high wages and sell goods at low prices. But he added, characteristically, "They never would be given a chance so long as business was managed by financiers."

Well, well, well! There is some useless stir on both sides. It may be that the Britisher would like to wheedle us into Europe. They have been as persistent as anyone since the war. In private, and when their guard is down in a moment of irascibility, some of their statesmen will tell you that we are lucky to be out of Europe, and that they wish they were. But I have never felt much resentment about their wishing us in, because it is a wish founded on the thought that if we were in we would probably be more or less ready to stroll toward the liberal ends which the British seek when at their best. Even the anti-British fanatics in the United States must have an intuitive sense that the world is a little more safe and orderly when Great Britain and her dominions are safe and well ordered.

That perhaps is the reason why the Imperial Conference of 1926 had a significance for the United States. Perhaps we have been enough of that international boarding house, as we are called by other nations, to have any race consciousness less alive than it might otherwise be. But even then we recognize that we are tinted more British than any other foreign shade. We have all of the symbols of language and we keep alive the literature, and willy-nilly express a great deal of the tradition. If we have British irritations, they are often explained by the fact that we are not so different as we are alike.

Latin nations and Asiatic nations who are nearly alike have the same source of superficial irritability.

We are forced to the conclusion, too, that since the war, sorely vexed, sorely menaced by conflict within and necessity for readjustments without, the British civilization, its mind and its action have been on the whole liberal, trustworthy and splendidly courageous.

If now the Imperial Conference, with a British instinct for good sense, has trusted the element of race as the strongest tie in the world, we may not only hope for the sake of the British Empire that the British are not mistaken but we may take constantly into fuller consideration in our relations with the rest of the world the possibility that the British are right; that race, language and traditions—tribal consciousness—are the strongest and most enduring tie of all.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

Mrs. Prendergast and the psychological novels are completely wrong. Genevieve's love was not perceptibly warmer, and I was put to considerable expense for repairs to the bathroom door and to myself.

I then called on Mrs. Beehan, who has read an infinite number of psychological dramas and who is always smiling sadly, as one who knows more about human nature than it would be good for human nature to know. Mrs. Beehan said to me, "Poor woeful one, I am sick to think of your suffering. But do not forget that all women are at heart more mothers than mates. Appeal to her maternal instincts! Show that you need her protection and consolation; let her mother your poor sick heart, and all will be well."

Returning home from my call, I perceived Genevieve sitting in the easy-chair, smoking. I cast myself into her lap, and flinging my arms about her neck, began to sob. "A great big nasty man took away the Dayton structural-steel contract!" I cried.

Did Genevieve, giving vent to her maternal instinct, murmur, "There, there, never mind. Mamma loves her little pet"? No; she turned me over and spanked me.

Now that Genevieve has her divorce I am devoting myself unselfishly to a great object. Every time I hear a woman say with an air of profundity, "Every woman is at heart a cave woman," I give her a sock on the jaw. And whenever a woman says, "Every woman wants to be a mother, not a mate," I sit on her lap and cry. I am doing a lot of good work in the world.

—Morris Bishop.

Ambition

HERE lieth the body
Of Angus McHeck.
He thought he could shave
The back of his neck.
—Churchill Murray.

Lines on a Fashion Sketch

DEAR girl, I mark your haughty mien—
Your sleek and glossy half-toned hair—
Your slits for eyes, the nose between,
A line so thin it's scarcely there.
I marvel at your length of limb—
It makes you fully twelve heads high!
Your ankles are much less than slim;
Your chin is tilted to the sky.

A bit of ink on printed page,
What right have you to be upstage?
—C. Warden La Roe.

Argument

THE ant said to the elephant,
"Your brawn is much, your brain is scant,

"Though you enjoy man's flattery,
You haven't my sagacity!"

The elephant declined to rant—
He merely stepped upon the ant!
—John McColl.

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BACK OF BEYOND

(Continued from Page 21)

near calmly, and stood looking Breck quietly in the eye. Breck surveyed them with growing interest.

"Well, I thought I'd got over being surprised at anything I might see in this country, but what do you make of that?" he marveled to Maclyn after a few seconds of astonished scrutiny.

"They certainly are rum-looking beggars," agreed Maclyn cheerfully.

"Rum-looking! It isn't that. Look 'em over. I've got to find out where they hail from. Never saw natives like them before. Look at their hair; it's almost straight. And their noses! I've seen straight noses among the Kikuyu and the Wakamba—and the Somali, of course. But these chaps' are almost aquiline."

Breck was lost in a scientific interest of examination, studying the men before him as one would study specimens in a zoo, quite oblivious of the human element of which the socially minded Maclyn was embarrassingly conscious.

Breck turned, seized M'bogo's face in his two hands and wrenched open his jaws. M'bogo submitted without surprise. He was accustomed to Breck.

"Look here!" the latter invited Maclyn. "See? Typically prognathous." He released M'bogo. "These chaps are not prognathous. And notice their shoulders and hips. The negro type has prominent buttocks. Very interesting; very interesting."

He walked around the two men, examining them. They stood, erect and aloof, looking off in the distance. Breck leaned closer and uttered an exclamation. "Did you notice their armlets?" he asked Maclyn.

These were broad thick bands of metal, quite unlike the usual African armlets of heavy wire wound in close circles. On their flat surfaces had been carved small figures in a regular and ornamental design. They were just alike.

"If I'm not mistaken, they are gold," said Breck. "I must find out about this."

He straightened and addressed the men in Swahili. "What tribe are you?" he asked. No reply. "Do you not speak Swahili?" he demanded. Then asked his question in half a dozen other dialects, but with the same negative result. "I give it up. Here, Mavrouki, ask him in Watassi."

The old man, who had held to the background, came slowly forward. It was only too evident that he had no great relish for these proceedings. His attitude seemed almost apologetic. He stood before the two strangers, his back bent, his gaze on the ground. Before he spoke he made a strange gesture as of deprecation, his right hand swept palm out away from his forehead. The two men did not stir, but Maclyn seemed to imagine an awakened flash in their eyes.

Mavrouki spoke to them at length in the Watassi language. One of them replied.

"He says they live very far, over there," Mavrouki at length answered Breck's impatient urging for a translation. "They are of the tribe of Eldorot. They make *safari*."

"Ask him how far. Ask him why they are painted in this way."

"He says very far—a long *safari*. This paint means travel."

Breck grunted contemptuously. "If it is so far, how does he make *safari* with no food and no water gourds. Am I an *m'buzi* that he says such things?"

"He is upon the business of his god, *bwana*," Mavrouki answered this, without troubling to translate. "It is the *shauri* of his god to help him on his journey."

"Some god!" chuckled Maclyn, who had managed to make this out.

"Tell him I will give him many presents if he will come to the camp with his companions."

"He says he cannot come, *bwana*."

"Tell him I would like to visit his people and will give him much *bakshesshi* if he will guide me to them."

"He says he is on the business of his god, *bwana*."

"Plague take a nigger when he gets one of his obstinate fits!" cried Breck, after a dozen more equally futile exchanges. Maclyn chuckled. This was the first irritation he had ever seen Breck exhibit.

"Why don't you just march 'em in and examine at leisure?" he suggested.

Breck appeared tempted for a moment. "Won't do," he decided reluctantly. "We might get the whole country down on us and get scuppered for our pains." He reached out to touch the gold armlet. For the first time the stranger moved. He snatched his arm away and faced Breck with so fierce a contortion of the countenance that the latter involuntarily stepped back.

"Tell him I do not want it," he instructed Mavrouki. "Ask him where he got it. Tell him I want to look at it."

"You may look, *bwana*, but must not touch," Mavrouki returned, after the necessary exchange. "It is very old. It came from his people very far back. It is an affair of his god."

"Very interesting; very interesting," muttered Breck, after his scrutiny. "Quite unlike anything I ever saw before. Looks almost symbolic, if a nigger ever used symbolism—which he doesn't. Probably Arabic, or perhaps Persian." He mused a moment. "Tell him to call his people so I may see them and talk to them."

But with a half smile the savage pointed across the veldt to where the remainder of the little band were already diminishing in the distance. While the conference had been going on they had evidently crept around and resumed their journey. Breck snatched at his glasses.

"All the same," he muttered—"broad shoulders, narrow, thin flanks. Not negroid at all—the woman especially. From her shape, she might be a white woman."

"Stick a headdress on them and they might be Pharaoh's soldiers," suggested Maclyn, who was also looking through his glasses.

"By Jove!" cried Breck. "That might not be a bad guess at that! There have always been rumors of a southern thrust from Egypt"

He dropped his glasses into his chest band. "Well, Mavrouki," he said, "tell them good-by. And tell them if they will come to my house when the business of their god is finished, I will give them much *bakshesshi*."

"They will not come, *bwana*."

"Tell them!" commanded Breck sharply.

The strangers waited until Mavrouki had ceased speaking. Then without a word or a glance they strode away.

That evening Mavrouki approached Breck, who was seated in his chair by the camp fire. "I lied to you today, *bwana*," said he.

"Yes? About what?"

"About the strange people. I know more of them than I told you."

"Why do you tell me now?"

"My *n'dowa* commands me."

"You and your precious *n'dowa!* Carry on!"

Taking these English words, which he did not understand, as permission to continue, Mavrouki began to tell what he thought he knew of the strange people.

After listening a moment, Breck called Maclyn. "This is interesting," he told the latter, "though most of it is probably not true."

Mavrouki told them the people they had seen that day were part of a very small tribe living in mountains far across the plains, beyond a thirst that effectually stopped all travel. No one, as far as Mavrouki knew, had ever seen their villages, or had seen any more of the people themselves than occasionally, as today, came to the hither side of the plain.

"How do they cross the thirst?" asked Breck.

"By the help of their god," said Mavrouki.

It seemed that they were, in some sort of sense, a sacred people, dedicated to the service of a very ancient strange god, a whole community of priestcraft. This service apparently was not for gain or pelf or power, for no attempt was made to spread their faith among other peoples. They kept themselves to themselves. Indeed, were it not for rare periodic visits, such as the whites had just witnessed, their very existence would very soon have become legendary.

"Once every ten years they come and visit all the peoples one by one in search of a woman for their god. And when they have found her, they take her away with them, and she is never seen again."

"By golly," cried Maclyn, when this was clear to him, "that was the woman they had with them today! What do they do with the poor thing? Sacrifice her?"

Breck translated.

"They seek a *bibi*, a wife, for their god. They take her to the place of the god, and if the god does not take her in six moons, then he does not want her, and they come and take her away."

"Pleasant! How do they know whether he wants her or not?"

"There are *n'gomas*—ceremonies, which show. The god has never yet been pleased with the woman they bring him, though they have visited many tribes," added Mavrouki naïvely.

Maclyn burst into a shout of laughter. "Choosy old bird!" said he. "But"—he resumed his Swahili—"what happens if he is pleased?"

"Then, *bwana*, these people will become again as they were *zamani sana*—long ago. The temple of their god will rise again, and they will be *sultanis* of all the land—yes, *bwana*, even of the white man."

Maclyn laughed. "Well, we're still here," he greeted this information, "so evidently His Nibs is a little particular, as you say."

Mavrouki slyly surveyed his masters through his one good eye. "The dwelling place of their god is the hollow mountain," he added.

Breck's attention revived. "What? These people live at that mountain you showed us from the divide—the one you call the Mountain of God? That's something definite." He turned to Maclyn. "At least we know there is such a mountain; we've seen it. And if that's where this lot lives, it might not be wholly out of the question ——"

"No, *bwana*," Mavrouki ruined this idea, "they do not live at the Mountain of God. Nobody lives there but the god. These people live many days' *safari* away. I do not know where they live. They come from very far for only once every ten years to the Mountain of God. Then they go away."

"How do you know all this? Have you been there?"

"Oh, no, *bwana;* nobody has been there."

"Then you are just telling me the idle words these *shenzis* have told you, bragging. Do you believe everything *shenzis* tell you?"

"No, *bwana;* I have seen."

"How?"

"My *n'dowa* has shown me."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Maclyn.

"Oh, a sort of alleged clairvoyance, I suppose it is. It's a very common hocus-pocus in Africa. Every witch doctor claims it. If you begin to take stock in that sort of thing, you'll soon tangle yourself up."

"Then you think all this stuff Mavrouki has been telling us is imaginary—that he's faking?"

"Oh, he's probably honest enough; he believes it. But that's a long way from making it so"

Maclyn ruminated "It sort of fits with that stunt he pulled off at Nairobi you remember, when he drew those temples and things."

"Of course it fits," Breck pointed out. "Isn't it all his yarn? Why shouldn't it fit?"

"Then you don't believe he has any funny powers?"

"I don't know," confessed Breck. "I've seen some queer things in my time—things that I, at least, couldn't explain by ordinary means. Perhaps a real *fundi* could have seen through them. I couldn't."

"Tell me some of them."

Breck thought a moment, then told him some of them. "You see," said he, "you can't put your finger on it, but it's obviously impossible."

"I don't know," argued Maclyn. "There's no doubt that animals and birds have a certain amount of preknowledge. Look how they'll migrate before a drought or cut down their breeding before a bad season, and all that sort of thing. How do they know that? I suppose if you asked Mavrouki he'd say that was their *n'dowa*. Why couldn't a man have the same type of thing, if he learned how?"

"Phenomenon called instinct, of course," said Breck.

Maclyn said something with the word "mysterious" in it, but Breck would have none of it.

"It's not mysterious," he denied; "it's just unexplored. We haven't had time for it yet—too busy with other things."

XXI

THE real influence of these apparently minor incidents did not become evident, however, until four months had gone by, and Maclyn had come to the discovery that one can tire of any existence in which he takes no constructive part. The days began to grow long. Especially the afternoons stretched out almost interminable, for the morning excursions were over and the simple activities of camp life had long since lost their novelty and savor.

And then suddenly one morning, with one of those swift revulsions characteristic of him, Maclyn found he had had enough. It was time to go.

But when he told Breck, he discovered to his astonishment and dismay that the matter was not so simple. It would be impossible, Kali Sana told him, to make the journey back to where they had left the motor cars until the beginning of the rains had filled the water holes. At the present moment there was no water on the roads whatever—not a drop. Nobody could tell when the rains were likely to begin. They were due in about two months, but that did not necessarily mean they would come in two months. Africa does not watch her schedule very closely.

On hearing these glad tidings Maclyn was utterly dismayed. It needed only this loss of free choice to drain the last flavor from the life he was living. It became not only purposeless but distasteful and wearisome. Days presented themselves to be passed rather than to be enjoyed. He began to count off on the calendar; which, as anyone knows, is the surest way to slow up the passage of time. And his unconscious concentration on this aspect made it impossible to present to him any new projects. Breck suggested short *safaris* beyond the hills, down the edge of the plain. There was nothing in that; just more of the same thing. He tried to arouse the young man's interest in comparative zoölogy, in the measurements of skulls, in variations of subspecies, in a half dozen other meticulous scientific matters which occupied intensely Breck's own intelligence.

"What's the use?" demanded Maclyn.

"It's all knowledge," replied Breck.

After a time Breck gave it up and retired to that placid inner life of outside observations which occupied him completely, and which is one of Africa's richest gifts in compensation for the long periods of solitude she demands. Africa had already taught

(Continued on Page 52

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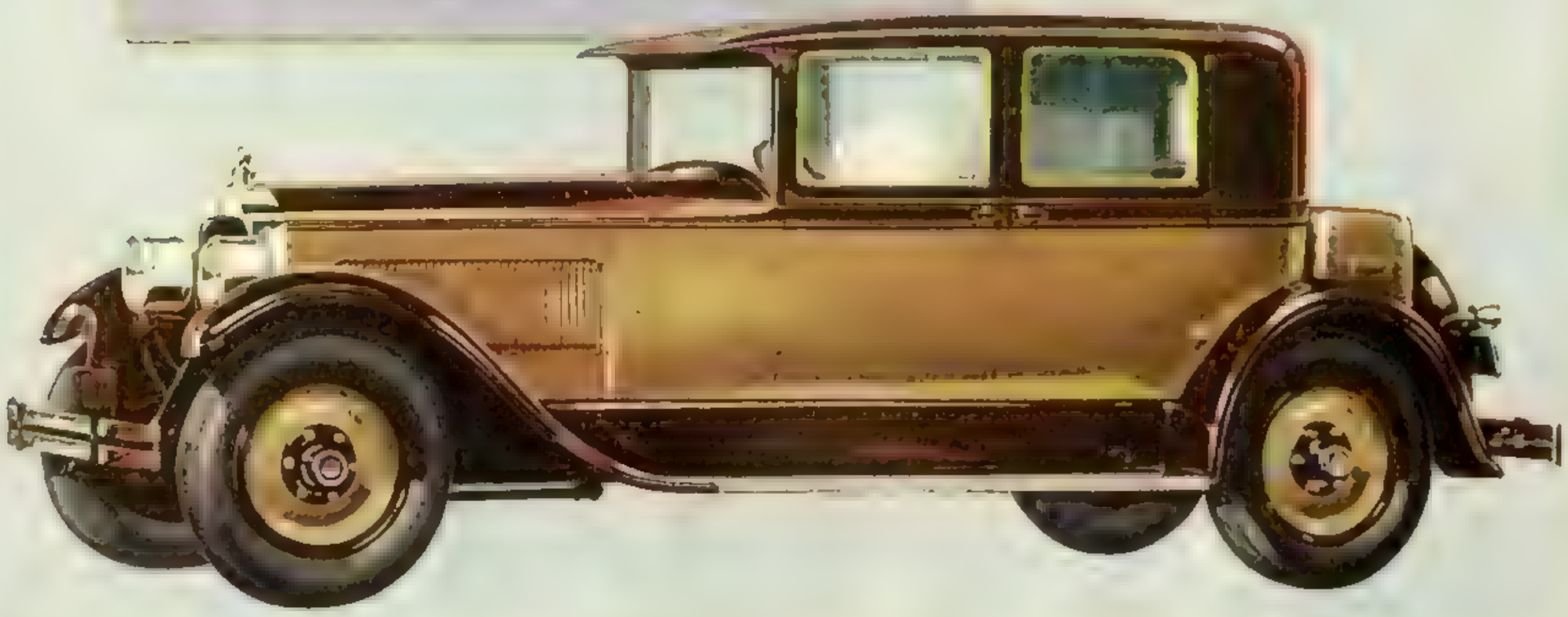

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A S K T H E M A N
W H O O W N S O N E

PACKARD

(Continued from Page 50)

Maclyn certain small things, but not this as yet. So, imperceptibly but surely, he began to slacken. He no longer went enthusiastically on long early morning expeditions. Indeed, he went afield now only when it was necessary to shoot meat. It was too much like work, he said. Breck, wisely, did not offer to do the hunting. To add to the situation, the great hordes of game animals, having exhausted the feed, moved on in some mysterious orbit of their own, following the grass. The few local residents remained scattered far apart on a bare and sun-baked veldt. The pothunting often consumed a large part of the day. The rest of the time Maclyn either lay on his cot or prowled restlessly about camp, inventing small jobs for himself.

Old Mavrouki watched him shrewdly with his wise old eye. Then when he judged the time ripe, he spoke. The two were high on the slopes of one of the hills across the river, led into the impalla country by the scarcity of animals easier come at on the plains. For the moment they were squatted in the shade of a rock. Below them the mimosa-clad slope dipped steeply to meet the brown plain, which flowed out like a boundless sea to lose itself in the indeterminate heat haze.

"See, *bwana*," said he, "there shows itself again the Mountain of God—there, like a smoke."

Maclyn looked; after some difficulty made out the murk the old gun bearer indicated. Then a queer thing happened, for as he watched it, the mist-like blue mass solidified and defined itself. The effect was probably partly due to a momentary clarification of the atmosphere and partly to the lift of mirage. At any rate, he distinctly saw a low, wide, truncated cone, guarded at one end by a higher and sharper cone whose top seemed to glitter whitely. For perhaps twenty seconds the apparition showed bold and clear. Maclyn almost imagined he could make out the shadows of canyons creasing its sides. Then slowly the veils closed across it.

Mavrouki seemed much stirred. "Never have I seen it thus, *bwana*," said he. "It was the god of that place speaking to us."

Mavrouki told what he thought he knew of the mountain. He spoke very slowly and simply, repeating himself often until he had met Maclyn's simple knowledge of Swahili, drawing diagrams with a stick on the ground, erasing them with the flat of his hand. For more than an hour the two sat there, the impalla forgotten. At the end of that time they got to their feet and resumed their hunt.

But the hour was a significant one, for in it Mavrouki had succeeded in performing what almost amounted to a miracle—he had blown into flame Maclyn's almost extinct interest; he had reversed a strongly running psychological current. Maclyn wanted to go to that mountain.

He could hardly wait to complete the object of his hunt before returning to camp and Breck. The latter was not enthusiastic.

"Mavrouki says no white man has ever been there," urged Maclyn.

"I can believe that," agreed Breck dryly.

"He says the whole mountain is hollow, like a great cup; and that the bottom of the cup is a day's journey across, and that the sides of it are straight up and down, with only one way to get down, and that in the bottom is much water and game like the leaves of grass, and big trees and a lake. And as near as I could make out, I think he says there are stone houses there, but that nobody lives there. Sounds to me mighty interesting to see."

"Maybe."

"Don't you think it would be?"

"I'll tell you what I think. Mavrouki has never been there. As near as I can make out, he's never seen anybody who has been there. He's talking rumor, and I know what native rumor is, especially when it's never been checked up."

"But the thing is there. I saw it, I tell you—saw it plainly. And it didn't look so awfully far, not when the mists cleared."

"Mirage. It's far enough. It's there all right, but what you'd probably find is a big volcanic crater, bare as your hand, dry as a bone, absolutely desert. That is a dry country."

"The top of the sharp mountain looked white. Mightn't that be snow? If it was snow, there'd be water, wouldn't there?"

"It's possible, if it were high enough. But it's doubtful."

"Mavrouki says there are forests on its slopes, and many elephants."

Breck's eyes leaped with interest at this, but the gleam almost instantly died, and he shook his head. "Very unlikely," he said.

But Maclyn would not let the subject rest. He talked of it in and out of season, until the project of visiting the mountain began to take some sort of form. Breck found himself pinned down to discussions of possible ways and means, to consideration of hypothetical cases that somehow rapidly became concrete plans.

"It would be a hard trip," he warned. "We'd have to prepare for it very carefully. It would be no joke, and once we started on it, we'd have to see it through."

"Hard trips don't scare me; I've been through all that and managed to survive," boasted Maclyn airily. "Let's do it. And," he added on inspiration, "even if the mountain itself is a washout, there are those Pharaoh's soldier johnnies. They live over there somewhere. We could look them up and see what they are like."

The idea came gradually to fill up his whole being; and as its level mounted, with it mounted his spirits again. He once more became the effervescent small boy; and like a small boy, he teased, almost wheedled, the cautious older man in the direction of his desires. Breck began to take the idea more seriously. Secretly, he began himself to be intrigued by it. The possibility of elephants had a little to do with this; the chance to determine something concerning the strange people; but principally he considered the project because he began to believe some really hard experience might be just what his charge needed. But for the moment he did not alter his outside attitude. He continued quite unrelenting in his veto. Methodically, he accumulated his data, considered the practical possibilities. He had long private talks with Mavrouki and some others. Then, out of a clear sky, he announced his decision. "We'll try it," said he.

"Hooray!" cried Maclyn, all excitement. "When do we go?"

But the matter was not so simple. There were many preparations to be made. Their minute care ended by sobering even Maclyn to an understanding of how serious Breck considered the enterprise.

First of all, the old hunter caused all the empty gasoline tins—of which Hemenway had accumulated a great many—to be filled with water. All available men were sent out with these along the projected route. Morenda, who had charge of them, was instructed to distribute them, so many tins to each station, at intervals of day's marches along the proposed route, making as much speed as possible, using as little of the water as he might, and returning directly. It was slow work, for as the men carrying the water must drink, and as they must consume more and more of the precious liquid the farther they got from the base, it took many round trips to accumulate a satisfactory number of filled tins at the appointed places. Indeed, nearly a month was thus consumed—a month of growing impatience for Maclyn.

At last, however, Breck pronounced the water problem solved. "It's the only safe way," said he; "otherwise we'd perish. As it is, we'll have to trust to luck on our last dash. If there's no water at the mountain, we'll have a hard go of it."

"Oh, there must be!" cried Maclyn optimistically. "How do these Pharaoh johnnies make it?"

"If we can find them," Breck reminded him.

The outfit for the proposed expedition was also a matter of long thought. Maclyn had considered that the trip down had been a good example of the simple life. He found that he had been mistaken. When he submitted his selection for the journey, he received a distinct shock. Breck rejected nearly the whole of it.

"You'll have the clothes you stand in," said he, "and one blanket. You'll wear two bandoliers of cartridges and carry your light rifle. I'll take my heavy double."

There was to be no tent, no cots, one towel apiece. The cooking utensils were reduced to two *sufurias* and a teapot; the white men were allowed a plate, a cup, a fork and a spoon apiece. Provisions consisted of rice, tea, sugar, salt and dried meat, and not one item more.

"And you may be eating straight meat before you're through," warned Breck.

All of which Maclyn accepted joyously, because he as yet had no conception of what it meant. There were three loads of *potio*, and these were divided into four burdens. The only hint of lavishness in equipment was in the number of water canteens.

But even the transportation of these few necessities proved difficult. The Watassi were perfectly willing to carry the water and to return, but when it came to the actual journey, they balked. Not one man could be found who would volunteer.

"The god would eat us, *bwana*," they objected. "That god does not permit men to go to his house."

Morenda alone of them all announced his willingness to take a chance with the white men. Finally, after three days of chattering around the camp fire, he managed to persuade three of his fellow tribesmen to share that chance. They were none too enthusiastic and succumbed only to a promise of treble wages. These four, Mavrouki, and the two white men made up the whole party. M'bogo was to remain in charge of the camp.

"And they may not stick—except Morenda," concluded Breck; "but it's the best we can do."

They were up before daylight the morning of the start. The whole camp was astir. The Watassi crowded about, insisting on shaking hands. Breck permitted this, though he sharply rebuked an incipient tendency toward lugubrious prophecies as to their fate. M'bogo was very sorrowful. He alone of those left behind wanted to go. As the gray daylight flooded the veldt, the little procession filed out. The Watassi watched them depart in silence, but when a hundred yards separated them from camp, the men who were to stay struck up a wild minor chanting.

"Cheerful beggars," muttered Breck.

"What is it?" asked Maclyn.

"They're singing about what is going to happen to us," said Breck grimly, "and how they're going to divide up all our enormous riches when we don't come back. *Watcha kalele!*" he shouted fiercely.

The tall form of M'bogo could be seen darting toward the singers, who fell silent and scattered before his onslaught.

"Oh, shucks!" laughed Maclyn. "Let's go!"

XXII

MACLYN speedily discovered that this journey was going to be a very different matter from the walk in. That had been in company with laden porters, through a varied country. The length of the days' marches had been gauged more or less by the powers of men carrying sixty-pound loads. Thus, save one day when water considerations forced a longer push, the journey was finished by noon or a little after. There was plenty of opportunity then to bathe and rest. And in spite of the weariness of the miles traversed, the scenery constantly changed; wild animals—then a novelty—were to be seen, the eye was rested by trees or green grass.

Here the way led across the monotonous open plains against whose expanse apparently they made no progress. A long dip into the shallow trough; a long, steady, monotonous climb to a sky line always just beyond; a look ahead into an exactly similar trough to an exactly similar crest a few miles distant. There were no landmarks to move toward, to pass, to put comfortably astern in a feeling of accomplishment.

Furthermore, they journeyed in an absolute solitude. The grass had been by now eaten to the roots, burned away by the sun; the ground was baked hard as iron. Of the vast multitudes that had but a short time ago cropped lush pasturage in their tens of thousands, not one remained, once the travelers had progressed ten miles from the river. Only the deep-worn game trails, half rounded into the stubborn soil like troughs, attested that they had been. Not even a vulture sailed the skies.

To the day's march there seemed no end. No man carried much more than a half load, so the usual measurements of distance were ignored. They started at daylight, and it was not until toward sunset—sometimes later—that Morenda led them to the concealed water cans where they were to camp.

To Maclyn, the scarcity of water was positively appalling. At each of the prearranged stations two tins had been left. One of these Breck saved for the return journey. The other must suffice all needs until the following evening—drinking, cooking, the filling of the canteens. By sundown Maclyn's mouth and throat were so parched that he felt he could have drunk the whole lot himself. He had by now learned to carry a pebble under his tongue during the march, and not to touch his canteen water until afternoon, and to hold each mouthful in his throat as long as possible before he swallowed it. But in spite of all that, the close of day found him always with an empty canteen and a dream of lying flat in a swift river, face upstream, with his mouth open. In comparison to this gigantic insistence of his every fiber for water, the little share doled out to him seemed pitifully inadequate. The first evening he wet his handkerchief and tried to wash, but thereafter he omitted that small decency, begrudging even the necessary half cupful.

In this drought season the sun was very hot. The whole country was heat-tormented. Under the conquered grass, sparse and mummified, lay the cracked drab earth. Only at long intervals certain valiant pitiful little bushes showed a stunted life that had, nevertheless, defied extinction. And these seemed brittle, dusty, moribund, growing there solely to emphasize the blasted hopes of a fuller life in a land of endless desolation.

Maclyn had learned something, but as yet not enough. The weight of days pressed him down, but he did his job. All the sparkle went out of him. Breck watched him regretfully, but with interest, and considerable sympathy. For he did not complain. He took the impact of it with an obvious resentment, for in these days nothing was left in him but the grit of his thoroughbred spirit.

This sufficed to carry him through the day. But in the comparative cool and relaxation of the evening he sometimes burst out into almost passionate revolt against a scheme of things that would permit such complete God-forsakenness.

"What's the use of such a desolation?" he cried. "Where's the sense of such an absolute negation of life?" He ruminated bitterly: "There are people like that, too—I've known them." He kicked vindictively at a bit of the dried dung brought in for the inadequate acrid fire.

"I can't smoke." He threw away the cigarette he had just lighted. "My mouth is like sandpaper! Another six thousand years in this deader-than-dead hole and I'd grow thorns, and a skin with wide dusty cracks in it, and hard callous hoofs, and I'd breathe brimstone and fire!" He laughed ruefully at himself. "I'll bet this was where dragons were first made—and they moved out because it was too hot for them!"

But most of the time he had nothing to say on any subject, staring belligerently

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out across spaces locked in the uncanny silence of complete lifelessness.

For several days Breck made no comment one way or another, watching covertly the conflict in his untried spirit; watching with a sympathy and fatherly affection of which he had not suspected himself; watching with a certain eagerness for the moment when, the tempering properly effected, it should be his time to strike for the fashioning. To Breck this was only a rather more than disagreeable push through, but he remembered. And even for Breck it was quite a push.

"Do you know," Maclyn told him one evening, when in a more philosophical mood than usual, "I used to look on myself as a sort of sun worshiper. I used to shiver in a duck blind, and when the sun came up I thought I understood how naked primitive people looked on it as a great beneficent deity that brought them warmth and life. Never again! I'd no idea of the livid, relentless, bestial possibilities of the thing!" A sudden gust of passion overcame him. "The bullying, skin-shrinking, death-clawing old yellow ball!"

Breck removed his pipe. "Lad," said he, "I've never tried to do any preaching, but I'm going to do a little now. It'll be short. It'll be just this: Ye're fighting your work."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Maclyn defensively.

"Just that. If ye'll think it over, ye'll understand well enough what I mean. Have ye ever done any boxing, now?"

"A little—in college."

"Weel then, if you were fighting a canny man now, what would he do? He would lead you around and tease you to waste your strength and wind, and when you had exhausted yourself enough he'd turn in and whip you. Is not that so?" Maclyn nodded.

"But if you were canny yoursel', what would you do? You'd step only when you had to, and no hit wild, and save yourself. And if you lost your temper, what would happen?"

"I'd get licked every time," acknowledged Maclyn thoughtfully.

Breck smoked in silence for some moments. "Hae ye thought of this?" he asked at length. "Here am I, an old man, and a small, and sommut broken with a long hard life. And here are you an athlete and young. You could break me with your two hands."

"I'd hate to try it," grinned Maclyn, a little shamefaced.

"I walk with ye, step for step, and the sun shines upon us both alike. And when night comes, here we are both tagither. How comes that?"

"You're used to it," muttered Maclyn.

"And here," persisted Breck, "are Morenda and Kiberiti and Maolo and Barra, walkin' with us step for step, and carrying on their heads all the day through heavy burdens; and yet when night comes here are they with us. How comes that?"

"They are used to it, too," repeated Maclyn slowly.

"And how came we used to it? By the habit of it, say you perhaps. But because in the doing of it we have learned. And what a puir savage can learn, anither can learn also. And dinna forget," added Breck, "that ithers have been here before us." He indicated with a gesture the two tins of water.

Maclyn was silent for some time, staring at the dully smoldering cow dung. "I'm a complaining damn fool!" he burst out at last. "I'm yellow! I'm a grumbling quitter!"

"Not that, lad," said Breck gently. "Ye'll no quit; I know ye. But ye use yerself too hard. Don't fight your work."

Nothing more was said that evening. The following morning, as the men picked up their burdens, Maclyn made two long steps to Breck's side.

"Thank you, Kali Sana," said he simply. He held out his hand, which Breck shook heartily without comment.

That day they stood on a swell of the earth a little higher than the innumerable others, a swell that constituted a sort of height of land. From it they were able to see beyond the crests that lay before them. For the first time they had thrust head and shoulders, as it were, above the surface. Blue, long and distinct, the lower slopes of the Mountain of God lay before them plainly visible. Its upper levels were lost in the heat haze, but the bulk of them massed with indubitable solidity. For the first time a feeling of having made progress replaced the treadmill impression of getting nowhere.

Breck scanned them through his glasses. "There we are," he said, "and dry enough they look." He called up Morenda and talked with him briefly. "Tonight we camp at our last water," he observed. "There are two tins there. After that we shall see."

The following morning, having drunk their fill for once, and having filled all the canteens, they pushed out before daylight.

"It is impossible to tell how far it may be," Breck gave it up after a long estimate through his glasses. "There are no trees, no bushes to gauge the distance by. We must push hard and trust to the day."

They pushed hard, and the day was terrible. By mid-afternoon it became evident they could not hope to complete their journey before dark. Sundown found them at the first rises of the foothills, and the sudden darkness of the tropics forced them to halt before the actual ascent of the mountain could be begun. They were now so far under the rim that the higher cone was occulted. This worried Breck.

"I should like to have seen it," said he—"your snow, you know. That would mean water." He took charge of all the canteens and doled out only a portion of their contents. "Tomorrow night they will be empty," said he, "and if we do not find water we must march back to the tins dry."

"Two days!" cried Maclyn, appalled. "Can we make it?"

"That I do not know," said Breck. "We must."

"There must be water in these mountains!" insisted Maclyn. "It isn't reasonable!"

"There are no game trails hereabouts," Breck pointed out. "We can turn back," he suggested after a moment. "We have water enough to get back to the tins from here."

"And slog all that way back again?"

"Or take the chance," supplemented Breck.

"We might find water higher up, in some canyon," said Maclyn, after a while.

"We might."

"You don't think so?"

"It does not look like water to me. That is not what we must hope for."

"What, then?"

"That the story is true; that there is water in the crater."

"It does not look like a crater from here; it looks like an ordinary range of mountains."

"Yes."

Maclyn fell silent. His eye strayed to the black men huddled around the tiny fire of dung. They were chattering, low-voiced, laughing. "They don't seem to be worrying any," he remarked.

"They are depending on us."

Maclyn considered. "If we make the try, can they get back?" he asked.

Breck's eyes softened. "That's the lad!" he cried. "I think they can, with proper management."

"What would you do," demanded Maclyn, "if you were by yourself?"

"I'd try."

"All right, let's go!"

"If there is no water," said Breck slowly, "you will march all day, and all the night too. Your tongue will swell in your mouth until you canna shut your teeth. Each time you lift your foot it will seem to you that you will not lift it again. You will lift it again and yet again. Each time you fall—and you will fall—it will seem to you that you cannot rise. You will not wish to rise. But you will, or you will perish, for no one can help you. It will not be your strength that will carry you, for that will be gone; it will be yoursel' and yoursel' only; something that you must call upon that will not be beaten."

"And they?"

"They will continue because their white men continue—and for no other reason, and no longer."

Maclyn said nothing.

"Think well," said Breck, "if you are man enough."

A wandering breeze stole down from the heights, stirring the dead air, but carrying with it no sound. But somehow in it breathed a reminiscence of the old challenge. Maclyn raised his head, snuffing it with wide nostrils.

"Let's try it," he decided soberly.

XXIII

CLIMBING a range of mountains five or six thousand feet high is no light undertaking anywhere, especially if there are no trails, no known routes and the country is of volcanic origin. But under the tropics, with half rations of water and the weight of deadly uncertainty on the shoulders, it is still less of a joke.

Breck had, the day before, through his glasses, scouted the possible ascents. He distributed two days of *potio* and left the loads cached, carefully protected from wild beasts, though of the latter there seemed to be none.

"If we have to return, we can pick them up on our way back," said he. "If we find water, we can send for them."

They began to climb before daylight, following the crest of a lateral spur, or hogback. To the ordinary labor of travel were added steep grades and insecure footing. Later, after they had surmounted the first wide buttresses, they had to guess routes that would clear them from insurmountable cliffs or impassable precipices. Sometimes this necessitated descent into boxlike canyons, and here the sun reflected back and forth almost unbearably. The profuse perspiration dried them out, desiccated their tissues. Thirst became not merely a discomfort but a torture, an obsession. Shortly it would become a menace. They sensed the menace following close at their heels—following faster than the progress of their slow climb.

"We may have to come back," muttered Maclyn thickly, at one of the numerous pauses for breath.

"Steady, lad!" warned Breck. "You must not think ahead. That is not your job now, and you must do naught but your job."

On one or two disheartening occasions they were forced to retrace their steps from some hopeless impasse.

But the day did wear on, and none dropped out. The veldt fell away and away behind them until it lay, a dim brown map of distance. They drew steadily nearer the top of the ridge.

Then began the false summits. Everyone who has climbed a mountain knows them. The top is just ahead, in plain sight; nothing beyond it but clear sky. One struggles and pants in a last effort, surmounts it—and discovers that behind it is waiting another sky line, still higher. Until at last there seems to be no end to them.

Thrice did Maclyn call on the last of his resolution; thrice did he toil gasping and eager to peer over what looked to be a knife-edge ridge; and thrice did his disappointed eyes look down the dip of a low saddle that rose again to another ridge beyond. Then he definitely adopted Breck's advice to think only of the present job. And the present job was not now to reach the top, nor to enter the supposed crater, nor even to finish the day; but was merely to get as far as yonder bowlder, to reach the rounding of yonder bend. He lowered his head and plodded with dogged resolution, which was what he should have done long since.

Thus it happened that he fell in the rear. His head was down and he saw only the ground before his feet and below his helmet's brim—the space to be taken by his next four steps. Just that much was now his present job. His mind too was moving dully; but the fancy came to it, and buzzed around it persistently like a fly, that the job was slowly shrinking toward the vanishing point. It used to be the whole magnificent journey into the crater. Then it had been measured by a single day's march; then by hours. Now it was four steps. Soon it may be only two. Africa was squeezing the job small. By and by it might shrink to the vanishing point. What then? He supposed he would stop because there was no more job.

The sandaled feet of the man in front of him suddenly quickened their pace and disappeared from his view. He raised his eyes dully to discern the cause. Ten feet before him was another summit, clear-edged against the blue sky. On it Breck and the others were silhouetted. They were gathered in a close group, staring eagerly. Breck was looking through his glasses. The glasses were pointed downward.

Maclyn, a new surge of energy lifting him, sprang forward to join them. He found himself on a narrow platform that plunged off in a great precipice; a wall stretched away to right and left in unbroken curves which swept around grandly to form an immense circle whose opposite wall was blue with distance. The rim of this gigantic cup ran level and even save at one end, where it flung up in a truncated steep cone mountain. The top of the mountain glittered under a cap of snow. The walls were dark and shining as though polished, and smoothly unbroken, except that almost directly opposite the cone mountain a long jagged fingerlike projection thrust itself out like a needle. The still calm immensities of these things laid upon them a brief silence of awe; then passed swiftly, giving way to the reflux of life.

For at the last upfling of the rim the deadly silence that had so long accompanied them fell away like a cloak. From the depths below came a distant confused murmur, indistinguishable in its components, the voice of a world that lived and moved—a hum, an infusion of vitality, made up of many things, like the rumble of a far-off city. Occasionally some twist of atmosphere, some stir of breeze, some fleeting focus of acoustics permitted for the flash of an instant an identifiable voice to penetrate the blended murmur—the single bleat of a wildebeest, a swelling clamor of waters, once three clear notes of some bird, immediately submerged as though a door had been opened and closed. But always that flooding sense of an essence of life welling up out of the depths like a grateful cool moist mist, that the little group seemed to inhale, to drink deeply into their starved tissues.

This draft of life ran through their veins like fire. It was, for the moment, as though they had fed and drunk and rested. Maclyn shouted aloud. The men's dull and fatalistic apathy fell from them. Their forms straightened, their eyes brightened, they burst into excited chattering.

For reviving minutes these larger simple impressions sufficed. Then they began eagerly to search out details.

The polished and precipitous walls dropped sheer and breath-taking for some two thousand feet, then broke in a skirt of talus which sloped out into a great central plain. This plain was dim and far, but certain of the larger features were evident. It was green; it was wide. Only toward its center the verdure seemed to thin, to turn brown; and, here and there in the brown, steam eddied lazily like the smoke from a score of camp fires. But beyond them it was green again, with a wide irregular patch of some vivid color that Breck said must be a swamp; and the glitter of a body of water to which led a wandering line of jungle. Immediately below them the talus was bare of bush growth; but beneath the shadow of the long projecting finger of the cliff were more forests; and the lower slopes of the cone mountain were heavily clothed. At that end, too, of the cup were woodlands

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(Continued from Page 55)

thrown down like a blanket, and a flash of white where waters fell. And here and there and everywhere, wherever the eye rested, were patches and blotches and single dots that proved to move slowly if looked at long enough—hundreds of them, thousands of them. The men looked on them with shining eyes.

"*Nyama! Nyama!*" they told each other, smacking their parched lips. "*Mingi sana.*"

"Like the leaves of grass, *bwana*," said old Mavrouki, "as I told you!" He was immensely gratified.

It was life; life everywhere after death; life teeming, abundant, overflowing, exuberant. It filled the cup with itself, brimming, throwing itself upward in ebullience as though its essence were distilling even into the upper air, where great birds sailed calmly in confidence.

Long they stood there and gazed, each according to his interest. Forgotten were thirst and fatigue. For these few moments it was as though they had already drunk and rested. Breck and Maclyn sat down, their elbows on their knees, steadying their glasses.

"Extraordinary! Extraordinary!" Breck kept muttering, half to himself, half to Maclyn. "The elephants would be in the forest around the mountain yonder."

"Gosh, it's big!" cried Maclyn. "How wide do you suppose it is?"

Breck swept his glasses in estimate. "It's not less than twelve or fifteen miles across," said he.

"It must be the biggest crater in the world!"

"I think that very likely."

"And we're the first to see it!"

The Watassi talked of meat and water and camp fires. Mavrouki said nothing, but his eyes were rapt, and he muttered to himself in his own language.

Breck was the first to pull himself back to practical matters. "This is all very well," said he, "but now we've got to get down."

"The rim breaks at the cone," Maclyn pointed out.

"Yes, and that's a good long day's march away." Breck fumbled in his wallet and produced some folded papers which he spread out on his knee for examination "I must say he's hit it pretty well," he muttered.

"What you got there?" asked Maclyn.

They proved to be the sketches Mavrouki had made in Nairobi; the evening when, outside the Norfolk Hotel, he had so impressively invoked his *n'dowa* for Maclyn.

"Pretty good general idea," said Breck. "Come here, Mavrouki." The old man arose and drew near. "Where did you learn of this?" Breck asked.

"My *n'dowa* told me, *bwana*. It is strong."

"Oh, all right," said Breck impatiently in English. "Helped by some of your Eldorot friends, I don't doubt. Have it your way: that isn't the point. *Tizama*"—he resumed his Swahili—"did your *n'dowa* tell you how to get down—or your friends?" he added, again in English.

Mavrouki extended his arm confidently toward the needlelike projection to their right. "It is there, *bwana*."

Breck stared through his glasses. "It seems likely," he admitted. "At least the country is broken there. We'll chance it."

They resumed their journey, following the ridge to the right. It was easy going in comparison to the climb. Nevertheless it was far, much farther measured by footsteps than by the wide sweep of the eye tempted by the magnificent proportions of the place. The sun sank, and as it neared the horizon the shadows of the walls crept slowly out across the plains below. And always in advance of them was the shadow of the needlelike projection, like a long finger pointing. Straight across the floor of the crater it led its confident way. As the sun, nearing the horizon, hastened its descent, this long shadow appeared also to shoot ahead ever more and more rapidly, until it touched the opposite wall. There, blunted, it seemed to stop, as though it there had reached a goal.

"It's like a sundial," observed Maclyn.

His fatigue was forgotten in the wonder of what was happening below him. For out from the westernmost cliffs, following the great shadow, night stole furtively, brimming slowly upward like a tide in a lagoon, while still broad day strode bravely on the heights. Inch by inch, foot by foot, it flooded, momently gaining strength. The cup was filled with it. Maclyn's stirred imagination saw the hollow as a great crucible in which night was brewed. Shortly it would overflow and inundate the world.

Abruptly the sun dipped below the horizon. Night overflowed. Only on the great cone, the Mountain of God, the day lingered in its last stand, crimsoning the snow with the blood of its losing battle. And all at once, as though prisoners released by the night, the murmurs from the crater swelled and broke into a babel of sound. Plainly now were to be heard the cries of beast and bird and the talkings of waters. Even, if one listened and imagined well, he might think he heard faint far voices as of trees

And old Mavrouki, glancing shamefacedly at the white men, stopped in his march to face the mountain. Raising his palms toward it, he bowed his head and rapidly murmured in a language strange to Breck.

"It is a powerful god," he remarked apologetically. "He is not my god, but it is good to respect him."

Breck laughed shortly. "Well, he'll have a good chance to keep his eye on us tonight. It's perfectly evident we shall not be able to get down until morning."

They camped near the rim, without fire, drinking the last few drops of water from the canteens.

XXIV

MAVROUKI again proved to be right. There existed a way down, following roughly alongside the line of the projecting needle. But it was a hard route, of much scrambling and sliding, twisting and turning, with occasional precipices, or chimneys, where they had to let themselves down by handholds. But they moved with almost reckless abandon, for by now their thirst had become terrible, and the sound of waters rose to mock them, and the eastern sun smote full against the cliff down which they were making their way.

Near ten o'clock, however, Maclyn, who was leading, at last dropped from a final projection onto a steep slope of soft talus. Not more than five hundred feet below him were the first of the trees. Instantly he began to run, twenty feet at a step, leaning far back, his rifle held out in one hand to balance him, making giant strides as a child does on a sand hill. And after him plunged the others in a whirl of soft volcanic dust. One man fell and rolled over and over, clutching at the sparse tufts of grass. Only Breck remained untouched by the contagion and continued methodically to plod along after, his head thrust forward, his great shoulders bowed.

As he neared the fringe of brush that guarded the trees, Maclyn tried to check his accumulated speed, but with only partial success. Into and through the screen he plunged, grasping at the bushes, to come to a stop at last well inside the shady forest rim. He was vaguely aware of a great spreading tree overhead, but instantly his whole consciousness was filled by the fact that before him lay a pool of water. He uttered a cracked whoop of triumph, threw aside his rifle, snatched off his clothes and was instantly immersed, splashing and gulping great mouthfuls. The black men were with him. They arrived a trifle later, but they had fewer clothes to take off; and they plunged in alongside the *bwana*, chattering and shouting and skylarking, all awe and discipline forgotten. It was as though a great weight had been lifted, and with it, at least for the moment, all artificial conventions had fallen away. They shouted facetious things at Maclyn which he did not understand, and he shouted facetious things at them which they did not understand.

For some time this went on. They were all entirely oblivious of everything but the cool water and high spirits. Then Breck's ironical voice brought them to themselves. For some time he had been standing on the bank of the pool, letting them go it, watching them with a sort of fatherly tolerance. Now he recalled them to themselves.

"What is this?" he demanded. "Is it a *safari* or a menagerie of hippos? Come on! *Cari.*"

They emerged dripping, a trifle shamefaced, but glowing and exuberant with new life, still radiant with the close comradeship this great moment had lent them.

For the first time they looked about them. They found that what from above had seemed like a forest grove was in reality but one huge tree and its guarding fringe. It was not a very tall tree—its thick and twisted trunk branched not more than twenty feet from the ground, but it was very widespread. The first limbs, themselves as massive as many trees, flung out more than a hundred feet on either side, almost horizontally. It was a great wonder that their fibers could support such an outheld weight; but so it was. The other limbs, higher up, were shorter, though little less massive. Smaller branches and verdure lacked until almost the outer periphery; there, however, they grew dense enough to form a screen through which literally not a ray of sunlight penetrated. The result was a hollow lofty half dome of green, supported by the intricacy of a few bare and polished twisted columns between which was only space and cool green shadow. As the ground beneath was free of growth and covered with a soft and yielding moss, and as around the periphery a thick brush rose to meet the lowermost branches, it was as though they stood in a spacious tent or great assembly room

Here was clear prepared space for a half dozen such camps as they would make. Between the arms of two immense roots lay the pool, like a mirror, now that their troubling of it had stilled. A tiny tinkling above it called from the spring that fed it; a gurgle and murmur of mischief marked where its surplus stole away.

They threw themselves flat on the moss, breathing deep of the cool shadow after the days of merciless sun, resting their glare-seared eyes on the soothing green. Birds, startled by their first onslaught, returned confidently and flitted above them—hornbills calling from the tops, sunbirds flashing a little of the day's brilliance like sunbeams in this abode of twilight, a whole swarm of tiny sober brown linnets falling like wind-urged dust motes to the water's edge, cheeping confidentially of mysterious matters alien to all but themselves. They were very tame, going about their affairs, paying little attention to the recumbent men.

Breck was the first to break silence. "There must be plenty of water," he observed in his practical way; "no signs of animals drinking here. They must water farther down."

"What a place for a camp!" sighed Maclyn. "We won't have to build a *banda* here. It's all done for us. Why, I'll bet our roof would shed rain, even!"

"We'll stop a day and rest," agreed Breck. "We need it. But we'll want to find another camp."

"This looks good to me," said Maclyn.

"It's a long way up the slope, and we'll want to look about."

"I suppose so. But just now I feel more like taking root and growing up with the country. And I expect to drink that pool dry before I leave. I'll bet I could."

"Well, don't overdo it or you'll get sick."

They rested motionless for another hour.

"How you feeling now?" asked Breck presently. "Rested?"

"Strong as a lion!"

"Well," Breck stirred wearily, "we'd better get at it. We can't just sit here like this. The first thing we've got to have is some meat."

(Continued on Page 59)

Model 1630-R-2

BACK of the grille is the built-in Pooley (patented) floating horn—a musical instrument of incomparable tone. The cabinet is a charming example of true period design. A One Dial Atwater Kent Receiver is factory-installed. Price without tubes and batteries, $200. Other beautiful models are pictured in our catalog. Send for it.

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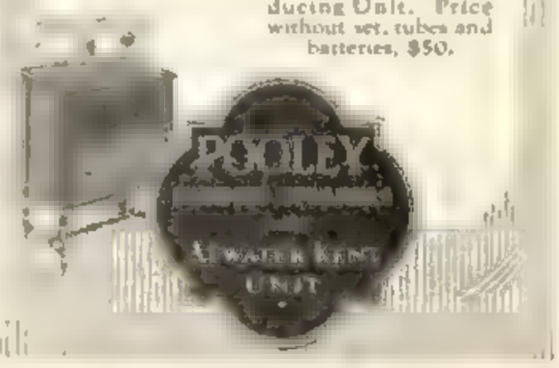

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Living Room Furniture

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(Continued from Page 57)

"Sure!" cried Maclyn, leaping to his feet. "Now that you remind me, I think I could do with a little *nyama* myself. A while back I thought I'd never want to eat again." At the word the men looked up expectantly. "That's right! *Nyama!*" Maclyn repeated. "Come on, you chaps. Let's go *kufa* something, and feed the little old *tumbo*."

With the marvelous recuperative power of youth, he was already his own man again, alert, on tiptoe, his eyes dancing with the renewed zest of life. Breck, on the other hand, got to his feet stiffly and painfully. He had never permitted himself to go so far down as had Maclyn; but he could not rise again so quickly. He felt old and tired and drained.

"No earthly need of your going," put in Maclyn quickly. "Stay and fix us up a camp."

Breck acceded with a willingness that surprised himself. It was not his habit to allow his physical mechanism to stand in the way of performance. Sometimes that performance was more difficult than at other times, but always it was done.

"I'll send in the meat as soon as I get it," said Maclyn; "but I may take a look-see a bit while I'm about it. So don't expect me until you see me."

Breck nodded, with a little sigh of envy at this evidence of unquenchable youth.

"Don't go far—tomorrow's coming," he contented himself with saying; "and take Mavrouki with you."

Maclyn, Mavrouki and three of the men set forth at once. Pushing through the lower screen, they found that the great tree was not in reality part of a forest, but rather a single outpost of a forest, a narrow jungle strip of which began a few hundred yards below to fall away toward the plain. To the left towered the sheer frowning cliff of the needlelike projection. Around them and to the right the steep talus sloped downward like an Alpine meadow, green with bunch grass and brilliant with flowers, above which again rose the terrific precipice of the rim in its grand free arc. The trees below them spread out fanwise and dense; thinned and contracted again to a point; flung out a few stunted, scattered outposts onto the plains. Beyond them was the floor. Now from this nearer view it gave the appearance of an immense green carpet that seemed to fill nearly the whole basin. The brown spot in the center, with its rising smoke or steam, had shrunken and seemed to be very far away, almost against the opposite wall; the waters of the lake, which from above had appeared to be only just off the needle's point, now glittered distantly; the blue green of the swamp could only just be distinguished, down toward the cone. And the cone, from this angle, had dwindled, and the forests that clothed its sides had gained in importance and become like a great dark robe. And straight across the plains already the shadow of the needle crept, like a pointing arrow.

The plains crawled with beasts. Everywhere the eye fell they grazed in countless multitudes. The main concentration was there, but a great number had pushed up into the higher country, so that the Alpine meadows at the edge of which they stood were dotted everywhere with living forms. Maclyn saw zebra there in bands, and wildebeest, and small groups of topi, and a peculiarly light-colored type of hartebeest, and eland, and many other varieties. Evidently there would be slight trouble, in this broken country, getting the coveted *nyama*.

He moved toward a herd of impalla, grazing just outside the fringe of cover. When he had come a little nearer, when the animals began to show uneasiness, he would leave the men in plain sight to hold their attention, and with Mavrouki would make a careful stalk.

But to his profound surprise the impalla did not seem to mind him at all. Nearer and nearer he drew. One by one they raised their heads, stared intently at him for a moment, then quietly resumed their grazing. Not only he but the men with him, walking bolt upright, thus approached slowly to within two hundred—finally a hundred yards. Still these usually shy beasts continued placidly to crop the bunch grass, to move here and there about their affairs. Two of the bucks began, half in play, half in earnest, to clash at each other with their horns. Maclyn stopped nonplused. A strange compunction overtook him, a curious thought crossed his fancy that he ought to wave his hat or shout or do something to warn these creatures of their danger.

But Mavrouki touched his arm. "*Piga, bwana, piga!*" begged the old man in an agonized voice.

He glanced at the men, their drawn faces, their eyes shining with eagerness. Truth to tell, an overwhelming recollection of days of dried meat and rice swept his soul. He dropped down and took a deliberate rest on both knees.

At the crack of the rifle the impalla leaped wildly in all directions for a moment, then stood still, staring curiously at their fallen companion. And all along the slope, and below as far as the sharp sound had carried clearly, all the other beasts, too, raised their heads and stared. Then slowly they began to move, not in flight, but in the direction from which this strange noise had come, gathering toward the little group on the hillside, until at last Maclyn and his companions were faced by an intent wall of animals gathered in concentration from a half mile around, curious, puzzling, unafraid over this new and strange thing that had come into their lives.

Quickly the men skinned and butchered the impalla and departed for the big tree. Mavrouki and Maclyn lighted a fire, roasted steaks from the tenderloin. Then, greatly refreshed and heartened, they continued their rambles.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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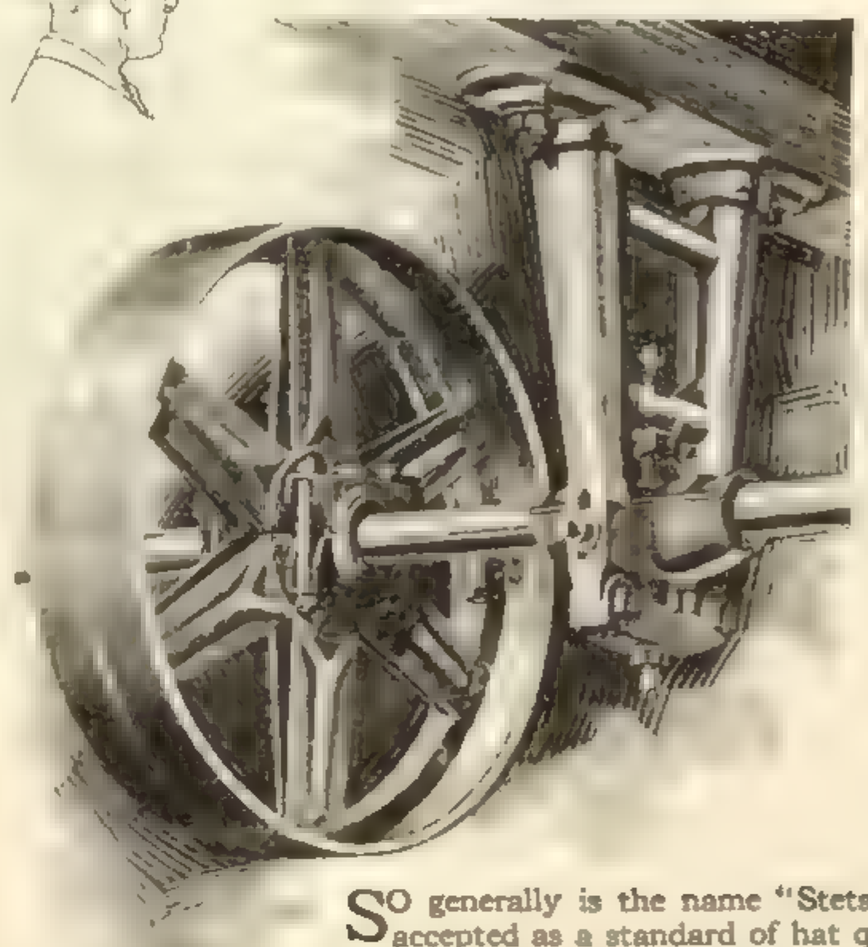

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THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

(Continued from Page 23)

Then it was she made what she recognized afterward was her great mistake. She should have turned and run up the staircase while the way was open to her. But there seemed to her something ignominious in being so afraid of an old man as actually to run away. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that her fear of him was for the moment more intellectual than emotional. She was something of a coward in regard to physical dangers like surf bathing and fast motoring, but it had never come within her experience to fear a man or a woman, to expect physical violence. So now it was not so very difficult for her to step out from the wall and say almost sternly:

"What are you doing here, Leopold?"

But as she spoke she knew she had made a terrible mistake, had thrown away her life for nothing. "Oh," she found herself thinking, "what a silly way to die."

For she saw murder in his face, his frightened open mouth, his wild white eyes, and the quick determined shifting of the knife in his hand. He snatched up the candle and ran at her. She had time to step behind the nearest shelter—one of the thick columns—before she saw that the rapidity of his movement had put out the flame. They were in darkness.

The darkness brought back her panic. If he reached her now, when she could not see—— Where was he? She heard the unmistakable rattle of a matchbox. He had come no nearer. She had a second or two to make her escape. She put out her hands and touched nothing, and began to move toward the stair. Then the match spurted up and she saw that she had mistaken her direction, was no nearer the staircase and was far away from her column, shelterless. Leopold was now holding the candle high over his head looking for her. She could see the great oval mass of his body and his head thrust forward like a turtle as he stared here and there. Then he saw her and made another rush in her direction. She turned and fled, reaching another column, interposing it between her and that sinister Falstaffian figure. Now with a queer ungainly stooping he set the candle on the ground and began slowly approaching the column, the knife well forward and his head craned to one side.

What terrified her most was her solitude. Even stronger than her fear was the aching sense of loneliness. She thought of Ferdinand far off upstairs across the court, sleeping, or perhaps thinking of her; beyond the reach of her screams—only she mustn't scream, for then she would go mad—not imagining that she was down here underground alone with a misshapen old man armed with a long knife; an old man whose whole existence was dependent on her never again mounting the stairs which a short time ago she had so thoughtlessly descended.

She crouched there, not daring to look out, but able to follow the slow approach of Leopold by the lengthening of his gigantic shadow. As it drew near to one side of the column she shrank slowly round to the other. In this way they made one complete circuit, she pressed close to the stone, he at a wide distance.

The bishop's daughter had been fond of running games in her youth—tag and prisoner's base and I spy. She could dodge and run faster than this old man, if only she did not lose her head, did not let him drive her into a corner. She decided to speak to him again, but her voice became a wail of terror and appeal as she asked: "What do you want, Leopold?"

It was as if he had become suddenly deaf—not a muscle of his face changed; only he made a rush at her, coming between her and the candle, cutting off her light. She turned and ran, knowing that now he had the advantage of her. He knew the cellars, whereas she ——

The well! Where was it? She actually saw again before her eyes in the dark the vision of that endless cylinder penetrating the earth as they had seen it that morning—seen it and laughed about it. She remembered Mr. Brace's saying that it afforded "excellent terminal facilities for murder." To be thrown still alive down that profound shaft—her heart seemed to drop through that endless fall. But of all things, she must not scream.

She remembered how in the games of her childhood she had always wanted to end the crisis—to run out and try to get home, even to be caught. She felt the same thing now. This was a terribly slow game. Hours of nothing but trembling tense stillness seemed to go by. Overhead there was a faint sound. Someone was coming to save her. No, far away—oh, so very far away—the castle clock was striking the early morning hours.

And now again, the candle, blown perhaps by some early wind of the dawn, went out. She became aware of a new horror—the conviction that the old man was in two places at once, guarding the stairs and yet creeping toward her along the ground, to catch her feet and stab up at her. She shut her eyes in the darkness to listen for the sound of his body on the earth floor, and when she opened them, saw that very faintly from the narrow slits that opened on the moat, the light of dawn was filtering down to them. She could see now the dim outlines of the columns, the black gap of her stairway, the great bulk of Leopold's figure; and she realized for the first time that there was another stair somewhere—the stair down which they had come that morning—that he did not dare place himself where he could guard only one.

Then it was all over in a few minutes. She made a feint toward another side of the cellar—the side where it seemed to her the other stair must be. He sprang after her; she dodged, made a circuit of a column and turned back to the arch of the spiral stair, reached it, sprang up it, knew that he flung himself full-length after her and caught the flimsy chiffon evening dress that hung below her coat. Then for the first time she screamed—the faint shrill squeak of an animal, but the chiffon tore in his grasp and she fled on up and round and round the narrow dizzy spiral, into her room and slammed and bolted the door behind her. She was panting with heaving shoulders, like a spent swimmer. It was already light.

The noise of the slamming door, or perhaps the scream, had waked Penelope, who unclosed her eyes, reached for her spectacles, and surveying her governess, asked coolly, "Well, where have you been?"

Clara could not answer; made, indeed, no effort to do so; but Penelope, seeing her stockinged feet with the earth of the cellar on them, her coat and torn dress, drew her inferences correctly.

"You found the treasure?" she asked.

This time Clara nodded, and Penelope at once began getting out of bed, putting on her slippers and her dressing gown and looking about for her candle end and matches.

"Don't open the door," said Clara. Penelope looked at her; and Clara became aware that a nervous chill—a physical weakness to which she had always been subject in times of great emotional stress—had taken hold of her. Her teeth were chattering.

"Pull yourself together, Miss Wellesley," said the child. "After all, you're perfectly safe here with me."

It had been Clara's instinct to shield the child from the knowledge of the horrors through which she herself had just passed, but something patronizing in the tone of the exhortation broke down her resolve. She let Penelope know that not dishonesty only, but murder was lurking just outside the arched door.

The child received the information seriously and pondered over it for a time.

(Continued on Page 62)

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TUNG SOL MINIATURE

(Continued from Page 60)

Then she suggested that she ought to go and get Ferdinand. "After all," she said, "while we are talking here Leopold is getting away with the treasure; and we certainly want to prevent that if we can."

Clara stared at her in a sort of wondering shame. "Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you would not be afraid to go alone along that half-lit corridor into the castle and find Prince Ferdinand's room and wake him?"

Penelope put her head on one side, while she reflected. "Yes, I'd be afraid," she replied. "But I do a lot of things I'm really afraid to do. But, gosh," she suddenly added, "what is that queer noise? I must say I don't care so very much about that."

They both listened. From the stairway came a sound like the distant roaring of a beast, that gradually swelled and became articulate. Someone was calling for help and groaning. The sound was coming nearer, up the stairway.

"What is it?" whispered Penelope.

"He must have hurt himself," answered Clara. "I think I ought to go to him."

They listened. The groaning died away in a terrible sort of a hoot. "It doesn't sound human," said the child.

"Something terrible has happened," said Clara. "I must go down."

But she spoke without conviction. They waited while the cheerless light of dawn that seems as if it could never become golden sunlight—so different is its very essence—turned from gray to white.

"I'm going to undo the door," Clara said at last. She turned the bolt, and opening it very cautiously, she peered out. There was nothing there, at least that was her first impression; then Penelope touched her arm and pointed to the inner turn of the stair—a hand was clasping the central pillar. They stared at it, fascinated. It did not move.

Just round the turn of the stair they found the body of the old man. He was quite dead. His heart, as the princess said, had never been strong. Clara stared at him. He had turned on his back in one last effort to breathe. It was hard to believe that this rigid distorted object had ever seemed a menace. Clara sent Penelope to get Ferdinand. There was no danger now in the long corridors.

Presently Ferdinand and the child appeared, absurdly similar in their two severe dressing gowns, for Penelope affected a masculine simplicity of dress whenever she was permitted a choice. Even in the immense relief of his presence, Clara noticed how haggard and unhappy he looked. He had evidently been put in possession of all the facts by Penelope. He knelt and examined Leopold's body.

"He's had heart trouble for some years," he said.

"The poor old man," Clara murmured.

Ferdinand sprang up. "You pity him? I don't—the murderous old villain. If he had killed you——" He glanced at Penelope. "Child," he said, "will you run back and look in the drawer of my dressing table for an excellent American flash light which you will see there? Then we'll find out what the old villain was hiding."

Penelope sprang forward like a hunting dog on a trail, hesitating only to throw these words over her shoulder: "Promise you won't begin to look till I come back." She was gone.

The prince and Clara smiled at each other. They did not need to promise, so remote was their interest in buried treasure. They moved toward each other. The moment was not passionate or emotional, at least not to Clara. She had been terrified and exhausted and unhappy, and now complete peace came to her with the resting of her head on Ferdinand's hard thin young shoulder. She took a long breath that drew her own shoulders and breast up, and then relaxed in every muscle so that only his arms held her erect.

Only too soon the rapid footsteps of the returning child were heard. She had run every step of the long way, had hurled Ferdinand's handkerchiefs ruthlessly about in her conscientious effort not to delay the search. She was back again—to find Clara and Ferdinand three steps apart.

They descended at once to the cellar The blackened candle was still standing there like the dead sentinel of a lost cause, but the dawn had filtered in under the great whitewashed arches. On the earthen floor the block of stone was lying, revealing the dark slit under the column, and Leopold's open bag was there. Ferdinand stooped and brought out a handful of gold coins, chinking them in his hand and turning them over.

"It's a fortune, isn't it?" whispered Penelope, peering over his shoulder.

He looked up at her and smiled. He was always very nice to Penelope. "No," he answered; "no, I'm afraid it isn't a fortune, but my father will be pleased, for these are some of the coins that are missing from his collection. I wish sincerely that it were a fortune." He glanced on toward Clara, telling plainly what use he could make at this moment of his existence of a good comfortable sum of money.

"Well, maybe there's more in the hole," said Penelope.

He put his hand in, and the two females watched his face for signals of success or failure. At first he was blank, then negative, a little shake of the head, then a certain rigidity of muscle.

"Have you found something?" asked Penelope.

"There's something here," he said "Hold the light for me."

Penelope sprang for the flash light. Putting both his hands inside, Ferdinand began to lift and then to draw through the narrow aperture an iron box. No need to comment or question; they worked and watched in complete silence. It was evidently heavy and difficult to manipulate. But at last he brought it out and laid it on the ground before them. Old and rusted as it was, its complicated lock would resist all amateur efforts to force it.

"It's old enough," said Ferdinand, "and made, I should not wonder, for this very place."

"What's it got in it?" said Penelope.

"Child," said Ferdinand, "how do we know?" He turned it about, scraping the mold off it. A cross and a circle could be detected faintly etched on the lid. He rose to his feet and left them.

"Where's he going?" said Penelope Clara knew, but she did not tell the child, wishing to spare her the horror of the idea. But to children ideas are sometimes less horrible than they seem to those who have lived longer.

"Oh, yes," said Penelope. "He's going to get the key out of Leopold's pocket. I do hope he finds it."

He came back with it in his hand, and without a word inserted it in the square keyhole in the top of the lid, just in the center of the circle. Two doors opened, and folding back, revealed the interior completely.

The three stared in silence. Never had they seen such a jumbled mass of beauty—of crystal and gold and jewels and ivory and black metal that looked like iron except that the delicacy of its workmanship betrayed that it was silver. There were crystal reliquaries set round with great knobs of jewels, and little caskets of early blue enamels, a great missal with a cover of gold and silver, set in agate and sapphires and amethysts and turquoise as large as a thumb nail.

"But these—these are priceless," said Ferdinand. He took out a great flat crucifix of gold and silver. "This is tenth or eleventh century."

"Are those real jewels?" asked Penelope.

He nodded. "Yes, but that isn't their value. It's their work—the perfection. These enamels—there's nothing better in the Louvre—and not one or two—but there must be twenty of them."

"There's something more in the box," said the child. She had been feeling about

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

in it and had discovered that what they had taken for the bottom of the iron case was in fact another object almost of the same size. Ferdinand lifted it out. It turned out to be a triptych, but at first their interest in it was distracted by the fact that as he opened it he found the recesses of its deep carving filled with jewels and gold chains and crosses, as if in some hurried attack everything of value had been flung into this safe hiding place. There was a necklace of square rubies and emeralds; a cross of diamonds set edge to edge. Lifting all these out, the triptych itself appeared. The center panel was obviously of earlier date than the two side wings—carved silver set with five plaques of beautiful archaic *champlevé* enamels, each with a frame of jewels. Into the two wings a later artist had set every object of beauty that he could lay his hand on—jewels and cameos and wonderful carved stones that were either Greek or Roman copies of Greek gems.

Ferdinand looked up straight into Clara's eyes as Penelope hung over the various figures, touching them with soft admiring fingers.

"Do you know what this means?" he said. She did not answer. Only her lips fell apart in a sort of wonder.

"Ah," she said, "the old monks did not hide these for us, Ferdinand."

"Who knows," he returned—"who knows?"

The princess had not slept at all. She had lain all night long on the splendid Spanish bed, brought from Seville by her husband's mother, with the arms of the family painted rather roughly on the footboard. She had had something very like a quarrel with her son. After everyone else went away he had come to her room, and she had tried to console him by saying the most flattering things about Clara, and he, instead of being grateful, had used everything she said as a text to justify his own reckless conduct. He had said: "Of course. If you did not approve of her I might hesitate, but since you love her, too, I feel certain I am right in sacrificing everything in order to make her my wife." This was not at all the conclusion the princess had intended him to draw from her praises. She thought it hardly honorable of him to make such a cruel use of her candor, and said so; and he had answered that she was not in any position to judge; that she had married early a man whom she loved—duty and happiness had been the same for her. Well, she had not contradicted him—there are certain confidences you cannot make to your children—but after he had gone—they had parted coldly—she went back in her mind to those years in the Viennese court and Lord Frederick Vérnor—she had not thought of it all like this for a long time. He had wanted her to run off with him to Peking, where, he said, he could get an excellent appointment under the Chinese Government, and foreigners always adored Peking. She had loved him very much. He had had that extraordinary combination of ice and fire, calmness and passion, which well-bred Englishmen did have when they loved you; but she had sacrificed herself not only to her husband and three small children, but to something larger and vaguer—to this idea of class obligation, because every public scandal helped to destroy an aristocracy. To have run away with him would have meant being a traitor to her own class.

She wondered now quite dispassionately, lying in her great bed and gazing out at the moonlit sky—for from her windows she could see nothing but sky—whether she would have been as happy as she believed she would have been. He had been true to her. He had never married, had died years ago trying to save a child who was drowning in the Naples Harbor. How handsome he had been, how cold in his manners, how fiery in his love. Her heart was very gentle toward all romance—toward her boy who had left her in anger, toward this beautiful stranger who loved him too, toward little Countess Anna so utterly unconscious that her whole destiny was in the balance.

She saw it was beginning to be light. The great rolling gray clouds began to be edged with a somber red. Descending suddenly to mundane matters, she hoped that the cook would be up in time to get the Braces their early breakfast; but Leopold was so dependable in such matters; his last day—but he would do his duty.

There was a knock at her door. She sat up in bed; by doing so she could see, not the earth but the solid bank of mist rising out of the river valley.

"May I come in, mie-mie?"

It was Ferdinand's voice, gentle, almost gay. Dear boy, he had come to make up with her; he too had suffered.

"Come in," she answered.

The procession entered. First Ferdinand bearing a heavy iron box in his arms—staggering under it, you might almost say—and then Miss Wellesley in a long coat with the chiffon of her evening dress torn and trailing on the ground, and then the hard-boiled child, looking in the pale dawn extraordinarily white and set and like one of the Puritan fathers in miniature.

"*U'm Gottes Willen!*" said the princess. "What is all this?"

"It's the treasure, princess," said Penelope. The princess looked up into her son's face

"It's a great fortune, here in my arms," he answered.

She sent him at once to call the prince, his father, and while he was away began to hear the story of the night adventure from Clara and the child, hardly more than begun when the prince came in with his quick running step, smoothing his beard with one hand and his hair with the other. The conversation swirled on in several languages. To each one of them it seemed that the most exciting sentences were always being pronounced in the tongue he or she did not speak: "What does she say—what does she say?" asked the prince when Clara's narrative became too swift for him. "What was that—what was that?" asked Penelope when the prince in his excitement dropped into French, and once even into Spanish. He did this at the moment when he first saw the treasure. Some fault in Ferdinand's account, or in his own attention, had given him the idea that nothing but the old coins had been found—sufficiently interesting to him as a collector. But when his eyes first fell upon the contents of the box his emotion was so violent that Penelope stared at him out of her spectacles in interest, in surprise, almost in disgust. But only the old prince really knew the enormous value of what lay before him.

Clara was astonished, as she was often to be astonished again, at the profound technical knowledge of art with which the average well-bred European is apparently born. She had never thought of the prince as an intellectual person, far less as a student, and yet as he turned over the objects in the iron box he would have put most of the curators of American art museums to shame by his information about processes and artists and centuries and places of production. Ferdinand had not appreciated the full value of the collection. "Colossal," was the old prince's word. "Colossal." Again and again he pronounced it.

Another knock sounded at the door. Everyone became rather tense, not wanting a casual servant to walk in on such riches.

"Who is it? Don't come in," called the princess.

Mrs. Brace's voice answered. Everyone had forgotten all about the Braces.

"Dear princess, it's half-past six o'clock, and no one seems to be up."

The princess chuckled. "Little she knows," she said to her son and husband, and called aloud, "Come in—come in."

Mr. and Mrs. Brace, neatly dressed for a long motor trip, appeared in the doorway. They were not a little surprised at the picture that met their eyes—the princess sitting up in bed with every separate hair

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of her head standing out like a white halo; the hard-boiled child stretched straight out like a log, with her toes on the floor, and her elbows on the bed; the old prince, also disordered as to hair, sitting on the edge of the bed with his hands full of jewels; and Clara and Ferdinand standing hand in hand looking at each other.

It was explained to them by the princess—she had now taken complete charge of the telling of the story—with rather irritatingly accurate footnotes by the child. Mr. Brace—a collector of a different school—confirmed all the prince's judgments. Formal New Englander as he was, he, too, was presently sitting on the princess' bed, fingering objects which all his life before he had been content to look at through glass screens.

It was Mrs. Brace who finally tore him from the contemplation of the treasure and insisted that it was high time they were off. Ferdinand protested that they mustn't dream of going, and Mr. Brace replied that, after all, the finding of the treasure and even the death of Leopold had not done anything to change his plans; he was still due at Florence the next day.

The princess held up her finger. "Don't be too sure that your plans have not been changed," she said.

Mr. Brace looked surprised and a little displeased; his plans were not lightly changed.

"I mean," said the princess, "that I cannot let you take away my future daughter-in-law." There was an instant of silence, except for a little squeak from Clara. Then the hard-boiled child heaved herself into an upright position.

"Do you mean to say," she said, "that Ferdinand wants to marry Miss Wellesley?"

Her tone was of such astonishment that everyone laughed, even Mr. Brace, who was utterly astonished himself.

"No," said the princess, "he doesn't want to, but over here we pick out our sons' wives for them, and I have picked her out for Ferdinand."

Penelope gave her consent with the national monosyllable. "Well," she said, and added after a moment: "And what I'll do at school with having had a princess for a governess!"

(THE END)

NEW ORLEANS DIVERSIONS

(Continued from Page 19)

New Orleans gumbo is that its ingredients include a powder, known as filé, that is obtained by pounding sassafras leaves. This filé is introduced into the gumbo in a tricky manner immediately before serving, with the result that the gumbo develops an entrancing slipperiness and suavity that constitute no mean part of its charm. If the filé is injected into the gumbo at the improper time or in a too impetuous manner, it has a baneful effect on the finished product.

While most New Orleans cooks pose as being somewhat contemptuous of the old family recipes of all other New Orleans cooks their operations in the preparation of a gumbo bear a striking resemblance to one another.

When plunging into the manufacture of a gumbo designed for the nourishment and spiritual uplift of six persons, the New Orleans culinary expert places two tablespoonfuls of butter in a soup kettle, heats it and tosses into it the meat of a large tender chicken and two large slices of lean ham that have been cut into small cubes. To this are added a finely chopped onion, three sprigs of parsley and a sprig of thyme.

After these matters have been carefully browned in the hot butter the cook floods them with two quarts of boiling water and two quarts of oyster stock, drops in a chopped bay leaf and half a pepper pod from which the seeds have been removed, and lets the mixture simmer for an hour. At the end of the hour three dozen oysters are added and it is cooked for three minutes; then it is snatched from the fire.

Time to Enjoy Life

It is at this juncture that the potent filé is added. Two tablespoonfuls are used, and they are twiddled gently into the mixture and carefully stirred in. If the filé is added before the pot is removed from the fire the gumbo becomes as stringy as a Welsh rabbit in a New York night club, and has to be fed to the cat. If it is added too rapidly it falls to the bottom of the pot and lends no virtue to the mixture.

When the filé has been properly stirred in, the gumbo is rushed to the table with all possible speed, and a large dish of rice is brought in at the same time. The rice has been cooked in the approved Creole fashion, which requires it to be dry and flaky and devoid of the mucilaginous texture that is so deftly imparted to rice by American cooks. The gumbo is ladled into soup plates and two large spoonfuls of rice are added to each plate, after which conversation languishes and the gumbo addicts devote themselves entirely to the joy of living.

Cooking is still regarded as an art in New Orleans, and the craftsmen of the city take a passionate pride in their labors. There is, for example, a dish called *bouillabaisse* that originated in the city of Marseilles, and still elicits protracted moans of delight from those who visit that Mediterranean port.

A Recipe for Curly Hair

I have sampled the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles in that city's leading *bouillabaisse* joints without being particularly impressed by either its taste or its appearance, for it consists of a large assortment of fish chunks dumped loosely and unappetizingly into a tureen; and it reeks so powerfully of garlic, saffron and very fishy fish that it causes a light perspiration to break out on the forehead of anybody not familiar with it. Its surface, moreover, is decorated with the corpse of a raz-caz, which is one of the most undecorative fishes to be found in the Mediterranean, which is the home of fish that men forget. The raz-caz is a small pale fish, running largely to head and eyes; and since its eyes are large and black, the amateur *bouillabaisse* eater—if at all tenderhearted—is so affected by the spectacle of two reproachful black eyes staring up at him out of the fog of garlic and fish odors that his enthusiasm is apt to be considerably dampened.

The culinary artists of New Orleans, however, have so embellished the *bouillabaisse* that strong men become as plastic as putty after their second helping. The Creole cooks, instead of using fish that correspond to the enervated and dissipated-looking specimens that are abstracted from the Mediterranean, restrict their efforts to two of the most succulent fish that reside in tropical waters—the redfish and the red snapper. Each slice of fish that is honored with a place in a New Orleans *bouillabaisse* is carefully massaged with a potent blend of fragrant herbs; a rich and meaty sauce is prepared from tomatoes and various other herbs; and after the fish slices have been cooked in a delicate and appetizing manner, each slice is laid tenderly on a slice of toast that has been fried in butter, and the combination is swamped in the rich and meaty sauce. As prepared in New Orleans, in short, the *bouillabaisse* is one of the dishes that are said to cause the hair of those who eat them to curl violently.

This may or may not be an exaggeration; but there is no exaggeration in the statement that if a team of New Orleans *bouillabaisse* makers could compete against a team of Marseilles *bouillabaisse* makers in

(Continued on Page 68)

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(Continued from Page 66

the next Olympic games, the Marseilles team would without doubt lose everything, including its reputation, its bank roll and its shirt.

The person who wishes to indulge in serious eating in New Orleans will encounter a larger amount of sympathetic cooperation on the part of restaurant owners, waiters and chefs than can be found anywhere else in the world, with the possible exception of Paris—and even Paris, in these days of easy tourist money, has little time to waste on the idiosyncrasies and whims of stupid Americans.

Jules Alciatore, master of Antoine's, when urged to astound a newcomer to New Orleans, will betake himself in person to his kitchen, invent a wholly new method of serving baked oysters, embellish a pompano in such a way as to make the much-touted English sole taste, by comparison, like a nice piece of broiled blotting paper, and prepare for dessert a soufflé that not only tastes the way a summer cloud looks just before sunset but also has the newcomer's name inscribed on its façade in letters of gleaming white icing.

The Great Oyster Monopoly

The ordinary business of life must, as with all artists, be neglected and forgotten when the artistic ability of a New Orleans restaurateur is challenged. I accompanied a friend to the Vieux Carré restaurant in order to enlist the services of its proprietor, Maurice, in the preparation of a dinner that should be somewhat out of the ordinary. At our entrance Maurice left his business flat on its back and advanced to meet us with open arms.

"Hah!" said he. "You do not come to see me enough, yes? Come and we will sit down and talk for a little. What you think, hey?"

It was thereupon explained to Maurice that a dinner was desired whose every course should be a new invention, something never before served.

"Hah!" said Maurice. "Coffee is only coffee, no matter what you do to it, yes? Well, we shall have to think!"

"Can you do it for tomorrow night?" Maurice was asked.

"I think of course," replied Maurice. "I am intend to go away tonight for a little time, but I will rest here instead and invent and invent, certainly. What we call these new dishes? How you name them, yes? Ah! You call them after authors, eh? That is good!

"We have canape, yes, and we will name him after somebody who is quick and a little mysterious; and the soup we name after somebody who is thin but very good, hey? You don't know some author who is very good, mebbe? The fish we name after somebody who love the fish; and this course we name after somebody who is rich; and that next one we name for somebody else, yes?"

So for an hour Maurice sat and rolled his eyes at the ceiling and chewed at the butt of his pencil and thought up new ways to prepare dishes, while waiters fumed and fretted and various assistants fruitlessly craved his attention; and at the end of the hour we came away and left him sitting there and conveying the impression that his eyes were rolling in opposite directions from the violence with which he was concentrating.

For all I know he sat there until the following afternoon; but when dinnertime came around he had prepared a dinner that might possibly be equaled somewhere outside of New Orleans, although it is doubtful that this conjecture could be sustained before the keen probing of a Senate investigating committee.

There is only one serious fault to be found with the restaurants of New Orleans. When one enters one of them and requests a few helpful suggestions from an intelligent-looking waiter or from the head waiter or from the proprietor himself, one can safely bet ten to one that the first suggestion will invariably be oysters Rockefeller. Oysters Rockefeller are a moderately pleasing dish, being roasted oysters on each of which a small dab of rather tasteless dark green sauce has been placed; but after one has consumed them seven or eight times in succession, they prove a trifle wearisome to the average palate. After they have been suggested forty or fifty times, one begins to wonder what, if anything, Mr. Rockefeller is getting out of this seeming oyster monopoly. After the hundredth suggestion one is moved to hurl the cutlery and a few chairs at the suggester, and is filled with a violent desire to assault the entire Rockefeller family with a bucketful of oysters Rockefeller.

A large percentage of the most soul-stirring Creole cooking recipes are based on either game or sea food, probably because of the ease with which Orleaneans have always been able—and are still able—to combine their diversions and their food gathering.

The crawfish, for example, is the chief ingredient in one of the most delicious of all New Orleans culinary dainties—crawfish bisque—and the crawfish dwells in large numbers in mud puddles, ditches, bayou banks and other moist spots in and around the city. It resembles a very small and very virile lobster, and is excessively stupid, prolific and unreserved. One sees it all over the Louisiana landscape, holding up its claws in a gesture that is supposed to warn intruders away, but that looks more like a cordial invitation to pick it up and put it on to boil. One of the great Louisiana mysteries, comparable to that of the whys and the wherefores of the Louisiana shell mounds, is the mystery of why the state of Louisiana used a pelican on its coat of arms when it had the crawfish and the mallard duck from which to choose.

There was a time when any Orleanean who went out for a stroll, or to attend a picnic, or to meet his sweetheart in a muddy lane, could carry a bucket along with him and pick up crawfish on the way and come home with enough of them to feed his entire family for a week. This feat is a little more difficult nowadays, because of the manner in which so many damp spots in New Orleans have been covered with skyscrapers, apartment buildings and bungalows in the best pink stucco manner.

Nowhere in the United States, however, is there any locality where the owner of a small tin automobile or any other motor-driven vehicle can obtain a greater amount of productive diversion in a shorter space of time than he can obtain near New Orleans.

The Free-Trade Kings

One embarks on a ferryboat, let us say, and arrives on the opposite shore after a short struggle against the swollen yellow waters of old Mr. Mississippi. One rides south for an hour or so along fine dirt roads through giant live oaks that grow mysteriously out of tremendous shell deposits, and that are decorated with more whiskers than can be encountered at a Kansas picnic in Los Angeles. There are holes at the base of the live oaks where treasure hunters have dug for the treasure of Jean and Pierre Lafitte, the highly esteemed New Orleans pirates; and when the holes are moist they contain crawfish that spread their claws wide apart as though to say, "Welcome to our city! Thrice welcome!"

Mockingbirds teeter nervously on fence posts and scream maledictions at the passers-by. Clouds of blackbirds perform military evolutions above the rich fields. One crosses Little Bayou Barataria on a ferry that is hand-operated by a descendant of the Acadians—or Cajuns—who came to Louisiana with Evangeline back in 1755; and in the course of time one comes to the ancient settlement of Lafitte on Big Bayou Barataria, an arm of the Mississippi that extends to the Gulf of Mexico.

On Big Bayou Barataria, in 1813, the Lafittes set up a free-trade organization so powerful and far-reaching that it nearly wrecked the port of New Orleans. The warehouses of the Barataria country were crammed with smuggled goods, which were transported by water to New Orleans and sold at excitingly low prices to the Orleaneans. This fact may or may not help to account for the surprisingly large amount of very bad alcoholic stimulants that are to be found in present-day New Orleans—stimulants so bad that most of them, and particularly the Scotch whiskies, are capable of raising ulcers on the walls of the rooms in which they are stored.

Big Bayou Barataria at the present time is a somnolent stream. Levees protect its banks from overflow, and along the levees are little Cajun homes that peer out at the oyster boats and the shrimp boats that sputter constantly up and down its placid length. Little wooden piers run out from the levee in front of each home, and on the piers the Cajuns sit and fish for large blue-legged crabs and catfish and enormous armored gar pike and any other fish that may fall to their hooks.

On a Hot Winter Day

The diversion seeker may purchase a dozen crabs from a Cajun for fifteen cents; and with a dozen crabs and about four cents' worth of vegetables and rice one can manufacture a crab gumbo that will fill eight people so full that they will be unable to look at other food for two or three days.

Or he may join a Cajun on his pier end, and borrow a fishing pole from him, and sit in the sun and wriggle his toes peacefully over the water, and pull in an occasional crab or catfish, and strive to converse with the Cajun in the peculiar brand of French that obtains in Cajun circles—all of which makes as restful a form of diversion as can be obtained in any section of the known world

Along the bayou there are shrimp canneries, on whose platforms the shrimp boats from the Gulf deposit enormous masses of this succulent comestible; and the hungry wanderer can sit on a shrimp platform and languidly toss freshly cooked shrimp into his mouth with one hand, and watch the eight-foot gar pike rolling and feeding gluttonously in the bayou among the shrimp heads that a weary attendant periodically sweeps into the bayou from an open door in the factory. A refreshing manner, truly, in which to spend a hot winter afternoon.

Louisiana, instead of being divided into counties, is divided into parishes. There are loud and enthusiastic arguments among Orleaneans as to which of the parishes is the most beautiful parish; but there is practically no argument at all as to which parish offers the greatest attraction to the person who is addicted to the noble art of fishing.

One school of thought insists that the most beautiful parish in Louisiana is St. Mary Parish. Another school of thought declares that East Feliciana Parish is the most beautiful, and that nobody has seen Louisiana until he has seen East Feliciana Parish.

This brings the adherents of West Feliciana Parish screaming to their feet with the claim that no parish approaches West Feliciana for sheer beauty; and following this the St. Tammany Parish advocates prance forward with the statement that a person cannot claim to know anything at all about the beauties of Louisiana until he has seen St. Tammany Parish. St. Landry Parish is another parish whose beauty far outshines that of all other parishes. Unless you have seen it, you know, you haven't seen Louisiana.

When it comes to fishing, every parish knows that its own fishing is the best fishing to be obtained anywhere in the state; and each parish is so noisy about it, and so hospitable with its fishing invitations, that no other parish dares to question its claims. One of the drawbacks about Louisiana fishing stories is that to a great many Orleaneans and other Louisianians, anything that swims and has fins is a fish which is, of course, the proper way to look at it from a scientific viewpoint. From a strictly sporting viewpoint it is sometimes not so good.

There is one diversion to which Orleaneans have frequent and easy access, however, that is as free from detractions, depreciations, defamation or libel of any sort as Gabriele d'Annunzio's head is free from hair.

One may be able to cast a few slurs on the contents of New Orleans antique shops; one may pick flaws in a few of the favorite legends of the Vieux Carré; one may cavil at the texture of the after-dinner coffee that is so fervently admired by the average Orleanean. If one is a person of sufficiently low tastes, one may even speak with disrespect of a chicken gumbo. But to find any grain or scintilla of fault with the duck shooting that is encountered on the Louisiana marshes, one would be obliged to have a disposition like a neurasthenic water moccasin.

An enterprising Florida real-estate dealer, in the good old days when all Florida real-estate men took full-page advertisements in the morning papers with the same unfailing regularity with which they took cups of coffee for breakfast, concocted an advertisement in which he declared that ducks had known about the winter delights of Florida for thousands of years, but that the human race was just beginning to awaken to them.

This was an excellent advertisement for the state of Florida; but if a duck's preference for any particular spot is evidence of that spot's suitability for the human race, then the entire population of the United States will eventually be concentrated in Louisiana and the adjacent territory.

Duck and goose movements toward the Louisiana marshes correspond roughly to the movement of the so-called idle rich toward Palm Beach; but since ducks and geese are somewhat more sagacious than some of Palm Beach society favorites, they arrive in the South about a month ahead of the Palm Beach crowd.

A Fashionable Duck Colony

They come down from Canada and New England and the Pacific Coast and the tremendous sweep of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley in squads and platoons and companies and regiments and divisions and armies. They come by the hundreds of thousands and the millions and the tens of millions. Through the long nights of late October the music of the geese flocks fills the upper air above New Orleans, and the wings of the great duck clouds whistle steadily past, like the passage of an endless piece of silk across a polished board.

Down along the Gulf coast of the westernmost parish of Louisiana—Cameron Parish—a private organization called the Orange-Cameron Land Company has taken up for a muskrat ranch a strip of land thirty-five miles long and sixteen miles wide, on which shooting is not allowed. This is the Palm Beach of the ducks and geese, and they pour down on this land in clouds so thick that they shut out the sun from the view of the watchers on the marshes. There are millions upon millions of big green-head mallards, Northern black mallards, or black duck, widgeons, pintails, blue-winged teal, green-winged teal, cinnamon teal, gadwalls, scaups, ring-necked ducks, fulvous tree ducks, spoonbills, canvasbacks and sundry other ducks.

There are millions upon millions of Canada geese and blue geese and snow geese and white-fronted geese, to say nothing of additional millions of every variety of shore bird known to ornithologists. It is a spectacle to cause a duck hunter from the New England States, who counts it a tremendous and memorable day if he gets a shot at as many as twenty ducks, to go temporarily out of his head.

From Cameron Parish the ducks and the geese—part of them—swing eastward

(Continued on Page 73)

The Up-to-date Motor Car
CLEAN AIR—CLEAN OIL

Vital factors which add years to the life of a car

THESE successful car makers are in step with today's swift moving progress. They are equipping with AC Air Cleaners and AC Oil Filters. By so doing they bring, to the car owner, added convenience, greater economy, improved performance.

AC AIR CLEANERS

Buick	Davis	Paige
Chandler	Locomobile	Stearns-Knight
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	Oldsmobile	

AC OIL FILTERS

Buick	Chevrolet	Cleveland	Oakland
Cadillac	Chandler	Nash	Oldsmobile

AC SPARK PLUGS

AC success was built first by AC Spark Plugs. Now used as equipment by 154 manufacturers.

AC SPEEDOMETERS

Identified with this same leadership are AC Speedometers. Because of superior quality, they are being used on two of every three speedometer-equipped cars built today.

[illegible] of AC products by these automotive experts is good indication of their worth. They [illegible] through AC dealers everywhere

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN
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FRANCE

AC SPARK PLUGS | AC SPEEDOMETERS | AC AIR CLEANERS | AC OIL FILTERS

When your radiator needs an *anti-freezing* solution

THE possible damage from the freezing of the water in your cooling system may be serious.

The damage due to a sluggish oil-flow during the warming up of your engine on a cold day is *also* serious. It may not be evident to the sight, but it very soon becomes evident enough to the hearing. *That's* where those annoying and increasing noises come from—the knocking, the clicks and rumbles—the scored cylinders, the leaky piston rings, the half-melted bearings, the general and much too rapid depreciation of a fine and costly piece of machinery.

When water will freeze, oil must still flow. Texaco does.

Texaco Motor Oil contains no trace of paraffin wax, tars or other residues that congeal at low temperatures. Its golden color is one of the evidences of its purity.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U.S.A., *Texaco Petroleum Products*

then, more than ever, your engine needs

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

The Instrument that Astounded the Critics

The Panatrope—music for the first time reproduced *electrically*
—*Joint Achievement of* Radio Corporation of America, General Electric Company,
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company and
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

From the stage of a New York concert hall the Panatrope reproduced the pianist Godowsky's rendering of Liszt's Liebestraum; a noted violinist's playing of Schubert's *Ave Maria;* a selection by the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra; an aria by the noted soprano, Florence Easton. In each instance, so realistic was the rendition, so completely lifelike in both richness of tone and volume, that the audience marveled. They had never before heard music reproduced *electrically!*

MUSIC *electrically* reproduced is so real it startles . . . fascinates one! Other reproduced music suffers by comparison.

When the Brunswick Panatrope was first demonstrated in New York City a little more than a year ago, critics were frankly amazed. The newspapers reported the event in front-page space. Its electrical principle, all agreed, was the one to which all future reproducing musical instruments must come.

Compare any reproducing musical instrument you have ever heard, no matter how impressive that instrument may seem, and the Panatrope will excel it in every way.

This invention puts not only all recorded music, but radio, at your command. The Panatrope serves as loud speaker for your present radio with astonishing results. Other models combine in one beautiful cabinet the Panatrope and Radiola Super-heterodyne. These instruments operate entirely from the light socket. Certainly no musical instrument offers greater possibilities for home entertainment than the Panatrope.

Hear the Brunswick Panatrope at any Brunswick dealer's. Buy no musical instrument or radio until you do.

"Light-Ray" electrical recording (musical photography) — exclusively Brunswick—is a remarkable development whereby the entire range of musical sound is recorded *naturally;* Brunswick records by this new method make your phonograph sound like a different instrument. And on the Panatrope the results surpass belief. New records out every Thursday.

The Brunswick PANATROPE

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., General Offices: 623-33 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 68)

and take up their temporary habitations along the bays and bayous and estuaries and river mouths of the Gulf coast, and particularly on the Mississippi River Delta, in all of which places there is one of the most satisfying and comprehensive collections of duck and goose free lunch that ever caused a duck to burst into a storm of self-congratulatory quacks—delicacies, for example, like the Delta duck potato, saw grass, three-square rush, or goose grass, creeping grass, heliotrope, switch grass, bulrush, salt-marsh cockspur grass, cut grass, oyster grass, widgeon grass, banana water lily, wild celery, pondweed and various other growths that make all ducks vibrate their tails so delightedly and rapidly that the vibration can scarcely be followed with the naked eye.

There are various bird refuges along the Louisiana coast—the Rockefeller Foundation Wild Life Refuge, the Paul J. Rainey Wild Life Refuge, the Marsh Island Wild Life Refuge, given by Mrs. Russell Sage, and the State Wild Life Refuge, given by Charles Willis Ward and his associates—so that the ducks and geese will never lack for winter resorts where they can talk exclusively of food and drink, just as do their fellow migrants at Palm Beach.

The remainder of the coast, except for those sections that are leased or owned outright by private clubs like the Delta Duck Club, can be freely used by hunters.

The Department of Conservation of the State of Louisiana has taken over 25,000 acres on the Mississippi Delta and built a large and comfortable clubhouse on one of the waterways known as Pass à l'Outre. This club supplies a long-felt want among duck clubs, for it is equipped with sleeping rooms sufficiently commodious to permit huntsmen to practice tossing their guns to their shoulders for an hour or so each evening, after the fashion of duck hunters all over the world, without knocking one another's eyes out.

The Pass à l'Outre club is the public duck-shooting club of the state, and any resident is permitted to make reservations there for nine dollars a day, which sum entitles him to a bed, excellent food, a guide and transportation from the clubhouse to the shooting grounds.

Call Your Shots

I happened in at Pass à l'Outre on the opening day of the 1926 duck-hunting season, and there was tremendous woe and grief among the hospitable New Orleans duck hunters who had taken me down the Mississippi and handed me a gun and sent me out in that ticklish and skittish Louisiana craft known as a pirogue. There was grief and woe because for some reason known only to ducks, the ducks were flying high and hard and stubbornly refusing to come in to the decoys.

"Ah," they would say, shaking their heads sadly, "it's too bad! It's a great pity!"

"How do you get that way?" you ask. "I never saw so many ducks in my life. I didn't know there were that many in the world!"

"Oh, yes," they'd say; "but you ought to see them when they're right. You shoot your limit of twenty-five ducks in less than an hour—in thirty-five minutes if you're good."

"This suits me," you say. "I got seventeen of them, and I killed six more that blew into the marsh and were lost."

"Oh, yes, I know," they would say despondently; "but you killed any sort of duck as long as it was a duck."

"Certainly I did," you reply. "That's what I came down here for—to kill ducks."

"Yes, yes! Of course!" they would reply pityingly. "But when they're flying right you don't shoot that way. You pick your ducks."

"Oh, yes," you say in a sarcastic and incredulous voice, "I suppose you pick the fat ones and don't bother to shoot at the thin ones, or something like that."

"Not at all," they would reply severely. "You shoot only mallards—and only the drakes, at that."

And this, it might be added, is exactly what the sportsmen do at the Delta Duck Club and the Pass à l'Outre Club and other duck hunters' paradises along the Louisiana marshes when the ducks are behaving normally and not giving way to fits of temperament.

To reach the banqueting grounds of the ducks, one embarks in a one-lunged motorboat with one of the chocolate-colored trappers who inhabit the lower reaches of the Mississippi and speak a mushy and baffling lingo known to Orleaneans as gumbo French, or French-duck French—the mallard being known as a French duck in trapping circles.

They are a blend of Filipino, Malay, Chinese, negro and several other strains; and their familiarity with the shallow and intricate waterways of the Mississippi Delta is equaled only by their seeming ability to converse with the wild duck in its own tongue and to stand upright in a pirogue in a troubled sea—the latter feat being on a par with taking a nap on a telephone wire.

A Two-Door Pirogue

A pirogue is cut from a cypress log and thinned down until it can be picked up and carried around under the arm. The novice from the North, on first riding in a pirogue, is unable to shift a cud of gum from the left-hand side of his mouth to the right-hand side without causing the pirogue to leap out from under him and go bounding away across the water in a frenzy of excitement—a fact that sometimes proves slightly annoying when the water is deep and the novice is wearing high rubber boots.

The one-lunged motorboat carries the hunter down one of the many mouths of the Mississippi in the dark that precedes the dawn, and eventually noses into the reeds at the somewhat desolate juncture of the Mississippi with the Gulf of Mexico—a place of vast marshes that break up into islets and sand bars and shallow ponds and countless winding waterways. At this point the trapper pulls his pirogue alongside the motorboat, emits a stream of French-duck French and motions his patron to get into it and be careful.

The warm but energetic dawn wind is blowing out of the Gulf, brisk little wavelets are slapping fretfully against the pirogue's side, and the depressing gray of the coming day shows plenty of water in which to drown. The trapper, who claims Two-Door—obviously French-duck French for Tudor—as his first name, and has been arbitrarily given the name of Four-Wheel as a last name because of the great, unwieldy and pirogue-endangering length of his actual name, by some miraculous means manages to paddle the pirogue for more than a mile up a broad and shallow waterway without permitting it to be upset by the nervous balancing of his patron.

Ducks rise from the marshes in clouds, like mosquitoes, and their petulant squawks fill the air. Two-Door slashes a double handful of reeds from a clump that he passes, tosses overboard half a dozen wooden decoys that might represent anything from a sea gull to a badly damaged shanghai rooster, and pushes the pirogue into the cane and grass at the edge of the marsh.

His double handful of reeds he pushes carelessly into the mud to augment the marsh grasses that surround the pirogue. He then scans the horizon, quacks violently and remarks, "Three come!"

"Where, Two-Door?" whispers his patron in agonized tones.

"Over there," says Two-Door, seating himself in the bottom of the pirogue and placing his head between his knees.

The patron rises to his feet, sees seven large ducks approaching over his left shoulder, twists himself into a knot and misses all seven with both barrels. The pirogue, unbalanced by the recoil of the gun, spills

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Wilmington *offers you the Services of a* CONSULTANT—to represent you confidentially. If you will write and tell us your requirements—materials, labor, services, etc,—this CONSULTANT will make a careful study of our city's qualifications from your standpoint, and give you a reliable report free of charge.

You may find as good reasons for moving to Wilmington as those which are bringing other manufacturers. Seventeen new factories came here last year from other localities.

Competition cannot throw a wrench into your profits if you avail yourself of the best COMBINATION of conditions for your particular business. Land values and taxes affect fixed charges. The quality and cost of facilities furnished by the community; price and merit of labor; freight for you and your customers—these considerations and probably all others that might interest you, are included in Wilmington's COMBINATION.

Wilmington *may* or *may not* be the best for you—isn't it worth while to look into it, with the Consultant Service we offer for your convenience?

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Room 1301
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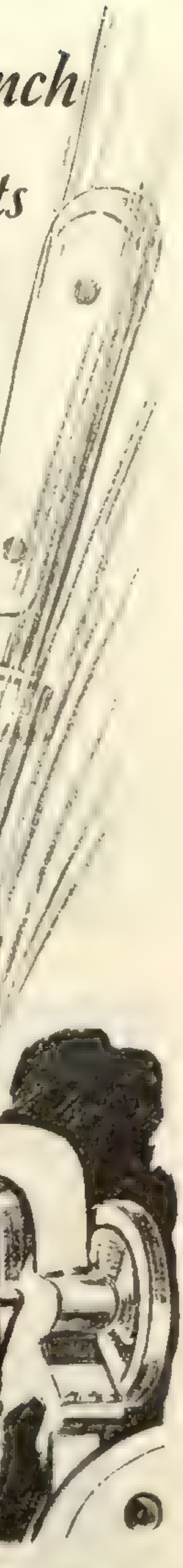


HIGH SPOTS

Over-night deliveries to 30 million people. Short haul from coal mines and refineries. Labor of all grades. Numerous industries. Three fine railroads. New Marine Terminal. Freedom from shipping jams. Convenience to foreign and coastwise markets and the fast growing Southeast.

WILMINGTON
DELAWARE
"The Port of Personal Service"

both Two-door and his patron into the waters of the marsh.

"Well, well, well, well, well, well!" says the patron, crawling back into the pirogue and extracting his shells with trembling fingers. "Were those the three you talked about?"

"No," says Two-Door. "You don't see those three; they came right in front of your face. Here is two more. No, do not shoot; they are too high."

The patron shoots and one large mallard duck falls from a great height, missing Two-Door's head by about seven inches.

"I do not know how you do that," says Two-Door, "and I think maybe you do not also"

Wishing in his nervousness that the mallard had landed on Two-Door's head, the patron speaks to him harshly. "Two-Door," says he, "you must not stand up so much to look for the ducks. They see you and they will not come. Sit down in the boat."

Two-Door obediently sits down, and three seconds later a magnificent bunch of twelve pintails materialize from nowhere over the decoys and are out of sight before the patron can get to his feet.

"Two-Door," complains the patron, "why didn't you let me know that those pintails were coming? Stand up in the boat so that you can see them come!"

So Two-Door stands up again, quacks loudly and thirty teal come down wind at the rate of 268.5 miles an hour. Two fall, and Two-Door wades out and gathers them in. While he is wading, two fat mallards pass overhead at about 246.9 miles an hour until the noise of the patron's shot reaches them, when they speed up to 298.1 miles an hour.

"I hit that drake, Two-Door," says the patron optimistically. "I heard the shot hit him."

"No," says Two-Door coldly, emitting a hasty quack for the benefit of a passing cluster of scaups that had perversely sneaked up while the patron was worrying the shells from his gun; "no, you shoot too quick and shoot ten feet behind. You want me to show you?"

"Yes, you show me," says the patron shamefacedly.

Two Guesses to a Gun

So Two-Door takes the gun, and a moment later a fine mallard passes over the decoys, whereupon Two-Door takes careful aim and misses with both barrels.

"What happened that time, Two-Door?" asks the patron, pushing aside the inferiority complex that has begun to settle over him.

"I guess I hit him," replies Two-Door, examining the breech of the gun suspiciously.

"You have two guesses, Two-Door," says the patron with renewed confidence; and he takes back the gun just in time to miss three spoonbills that are hanging poised over the decoys.

And that, continued indefinitely, is the sort of Louisiana duck shooting that makes the Orleaneans regret that the ducks aren't really flying.

The race track of the Louisiana Jockey Club is one of the most sumptuous and beautiful in the world—due possibly to the ideas of E. R. Bradley, the moving spirit in its management. Bradley, who also operates that other great charitable institution, the Beach Club, or Monte Carlo, of Palm Beach, has a craving to make the New Orleans track the most beautiful in existence. He consequently believes in putting his racing profits, if any, back into the New Orleans race track. He further believes in slashing the percentage taken out of bets by the track to the bare amount necessary to keep things pleasant for the most sybaritically inclined.

Nobody knows why Bradley should be that way, but he is; and as a result the track has a steam-heated grand stand in which the devotees of the sport of kings may loll at their ease in the most inclement weather, and its front and sides are protected by enormous glass windows that may be raised or lowered in a moment's time. Its infield is heavily grown up to live oaks - the same live oaks around which the young bloods of ancient New Orleans raced their Creole ponies in pre-race-track days—and is thickly studded with pools, gardens and large expanses of flowers.

In addition to the eighth of a mile of betting windows under the grand stand, there are special betting rooms for women and for people with lame legs or mental complexes that make them unwilling to mingle with the crowd. There are also private barns that would be viewed as highly desirable residences by many a Balkan monarch.

The Key to the Locke Law

Bradley's private barn, for example, is steam-heated and electric-lighted, and has four shower-bath rooms equipped with hot and cold showers for the exclusive use of horses. It also has ten guest stalls in case Harry Payne Whitney or any of his various horse-loving friends should take it into their heads to have some of their horses visit him for a few days. Consequently, according to the Orleaneans, it is a pleasure to lose money within the precincts of the Louisiana Jockey Club. There are, however, other devices for wagering money in New Orleans, and about some of them there is a decided odor of fish, not to say an odor of *bouillabaisse* that has stood in the sun too long. This state of affairs, which distresses the conservative Orleanean beyond measure, came about in a peculiar way.

In 1908 the Louisiana Legislature, weary of the persistent gambling in New Orleans, passed the Locke Law, which forbade the promotion, aid or encouragement of betting on any horse races by the use of books, handbooks, French mutuel machines or any other device. This law, one would naturally suppose, would have put a severe and irreparable crimp in betting on horse races; but those who so supposed had two supposes coming to them, as is so frequently the case in this best of all possible worlds.

When the law was put up to the supreme court of the state, the judges ruled that where the law said "device" it meant mechanical device; so in a few years' time a race track opened up with oral bets being made on the gallant steeds that raced on it. In the oral system of betting, the better wrote out a ticket and handed it to the bookmaker. Thus the ticket was merely a memorandum on the better's part, and the whole proposition was a gentlemen's transaction and not gambling at all!

So bookmaking flourished, and another race track opened up, and a dog track, and the betters dropped plenty of money, and the bulk of the profits went to the bookmakers instead of to the tracks. Finally the Louisiana Jockey Club quietly sent a man to a country parish and opened a mutuel pool on some country races, but used bookkeepers and auditors instead of machines to figure the amounts that should be paid out at the end of each race. The man was arrested, but the supreme court decided that he was using no device but was merely acting as custodian of the public's money.

As a result, every racing and gambling proposition in New Orleans was automatically permitted, in spite of the Locke Law, to operate pools so long as no machines were used.

New Orleans accordingly has two horse-race tracks, three dog-race tracks that operate at night, and a *jai-alai frónton*. The Louisiana Jockey Club track employs nationally known auditors to go over its books each night and make attest to the correctness of the figures that have been reached in operating the mutuel pools, so that the better knows that he has had a square deal.

The Mardi Gras

Even with things as they are, the patrons of the night-blooming dog tracks and other outdoor attractions have to be provided with additional methods of losing money; and for their benefit there are large night clubs and restaurants out in the so-called Free State of Jefferson, about half an hour from the center of New Orleans, in which one can, as the saying goes, woo the Goddess of Chance before roulette wheels and sundry baize-covered tables in the early morning hours. It should be distinctly understood that the wooers get just as much satisfaction out of their wooing as they would get from making an impassioned plea to an electric refrigerator.

For the most concentrated, violent and passionate of all the New Orleans diversions, one must wait until the Mardi-gras carnival that precedes the Lenten season, and leaves most Orleaneans in somewhat the same state, physically and mentally, as though they had just gone over Niagara Falls in a pirogue.

As in the case of so many other Orleanean enthusiasms, it is doubtless something about the climate or atmosphere of New Orleans that leads a dozen and more organizations whose membership lists are secret, to work for a year and spend between $30,000 and $40,000 apiece in order to give the city a carnival that surpasses anything of the sort that is given in any part of the world.

At any rate, the Mardi-gras season is opened twelve nights after Christmas, on January sixth, by the Twelfth Night Revelers, who toss off a sumptuous tableau and masked ball. Other mysterious organizations then step to the fore with balls and masques and fêtes of steadily increasing sumptuosity—organizations known as Nereus, the Krewe of Mystery, the Athenians, Nippon, Osiris, Mithras, the Duke Alexis, the Elves of Oberon, the Atlanteans, the Krewe of Momus, the Mystic Club, Proteus, Rex and Comus. Excitement increases as the celebrations grow more feverish. Fathers of debutante daughters may be heard howling with agony over the expenses necessary to keep their daughters in the running; and the daughters themselves, along with all the other social gadders of the city, begin to look as though they had been dragged backward through a knot hole.

The public Mardi-gras festivities, which draw spectacle hounds and gadabouts from every section of the United States, open on the Thursday before Shrove Tuesday—which is Mardi gras—with a great street parade sponsored by the Krewe of Momus. There is, naturally, revelry in the streets, and everybody is hit on the head with bladders, assaulted with ticklers and deluged with confetti that lurks in the garments for days on end.

On the following Monday night the Krewe of Proteus comes across with another pageant and ball, and the bladders and confetti again thrill and excite the waiting thousands. On Tuesday, the great day, the two organizations of Rex and Druids hold daylight pageants, while all the Orleaneans revel in the streets in costume and are more or less troubled with sore feet.

Comus, in the evening, gives a grand concluding pageant and ball. The king of the carnival meets the queen; the ladies in waiting and the court attendants emit their final nervous giggles; the crowds mill noisily in the street, and arms grow weary from wielding ticklers and hurling confetti.

All the pretty girls in the world are abroad in the land, and the soft Louisiana moon shines blandly through old Mr. Mississippi's caressing breath.

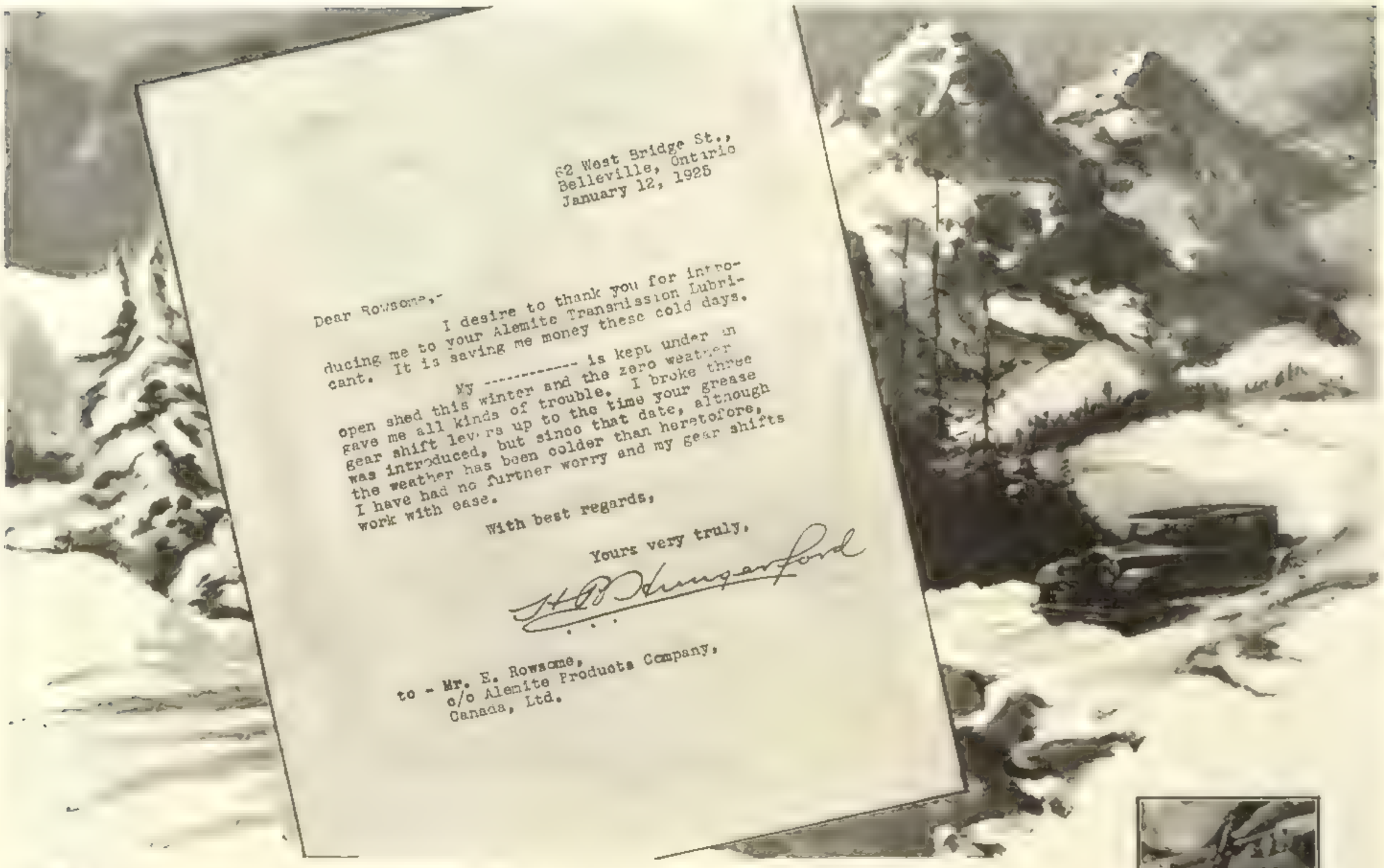
The Paris of America

At midnight the carnival ends with a dull and depressing thud, and everyone starts more or less soberly for his home to rest for the Mardi gras of the following year, and for the more normal diversions of New Orleans.

Slogans that are evolved by overenthusiastic citizens of any community are seldom worth the powder to blow them out of sight. "Friendly cities" usually harbor policemen who are rude to motorists who drive too fast or too slow; and "miracle cities" are frequently afflicted with bad politicians, an imperfect building code and slovenly architecture. Enthusiastic Orleanean slogan producers, however, have produced two slogans that are worthy of some consideration. "It's Great to be an Orleanean," says one; while the other points to "New Orleans, the Paris of America." These, of course, may be open to argument; but there is more truth in them than in most of the city slogans that have been produced in the United States since the British Army hurried out of New Orleans without its luggage.

PHOTO BY DOTTLES, MADRID, N. M.

Old Baldy Peak, New Mexico


62 West Bridge St.,
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January 12, 1925
Dear Rowsome,-
I desire to thank you for introducing me to your Alemite Transmission Lubricant. It is saving me money these cold days.
My ---------- is kept under an open shed this winter and the zero weather gave me all kinds of trouble. I broke three gear shift levers up to the time your grease was introduced, but since that date, although the weather has been colder than heretofore, I have had no further worry and my gear shifts work with ease.
With best regards,
Yours very truly,
H B Hungerford
to - Mr. E. Rowsome,
c/o Alemite Products Company,
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Now—a special lubricant for Winter driving

that won't "freeze up" in zero weather . . . that gives you a two-finger gear-shift on coldest days . . . that gives you 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline all year 'round due to freer running

Do you have to *pull* and *push* when you shift gears these cold days? If so, this is the trouble. The grease in the transmission and differential of your car is "freezing up."

While this "stiff" gear shift may be annoying to you—your pocketbook and car are suffering far more. This is why.

When the grease in your car congeals (hardens) it *fails* as a lubricant. The gears cut a channel through the grease and rub against each other. This causes a terrific amount of friction—until enough heat is generated to soften the grease.

This friction does two harmful things. 1. It acts like a dragging brake on your motor—thus lowering gasoline mileage. 2. It causes undue wear to your gears—often resulting in a costly repair bill.

Alemite engineers have recently perfected an amazing *cold-proof* lubricant. A lubricant that is free running at 15 degrees below zero. A far lower temperature than 99 out of 100 cars ever meet.

Because this new lubricant remains soft you can shift gears as easily in the dead of winter as on a hot summer's day. (See Mr. Hungerford's letter). And because it lubricates perfectly at all times you get greater gasoline mileage and your car gets less wear.

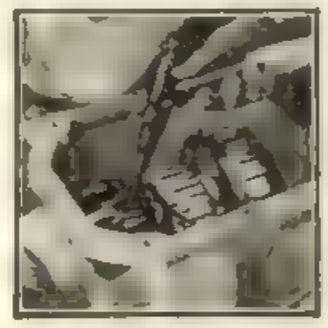
Alemite Transmission Lubricant has established new low gear friction records. (See the chart). And in an actual driving test against four leading lubricants it proved that it gave 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline.

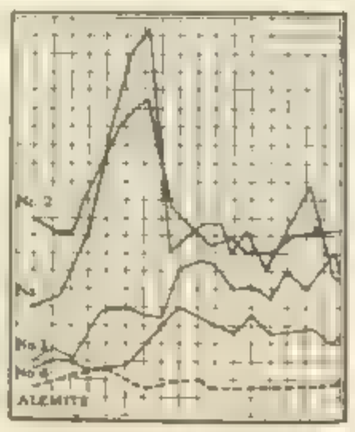
This remarkable lubricant costs a few cents more. Because it is made of the finest materials obtainable. By an exclusive process. But you will find it well worth the difference long before the winter is over.

Drive into the nearest Alemite Service Station. Ask for Alemite Lubricant by name. It takes less than fifteen minutes to fill your gear cases. Then you are set for the winter. For one filling is good for 2,500 miles.

Do this today. You will enjoy new winter driving comfort. You will get from 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline. You will dodge many expensive repair bills.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
DIVISION OF STEWART-WARNER
2660 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago
Canadian Address: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario





This chart shows results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubrication made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

ALEMITE

© 1925 T B M Co.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Transmission Lubricant

On Timken Bearings

In the epic history of the railroads a new chapter opens. Cars regularly equipped with anti-friction bearings are here. Timken Bearings make it possible. The first standard Timken-equipped cars go into operation on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for this progressive railroad's crack flyers, THE OLYMPIAN and THE PIONEER LIMITED, mark the day of new ease, quiet and surety in long distance travel.

On guard against the wear and waste of friction, Timken Tapered Roller Bearings not only conserve power, but put an end to hot boxes and the whole lubrication difficulty.

Steel wheels speeding steel grades and curves cause stresses which have been thought beyond anti-friction bearings. Here again, as in every other type of mechanism, throughout Industry, the "impossible" has yielded to Timken design, construction, and resources.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller*

BEARINGS

If you ask *me*, P. A. is great tobacco!

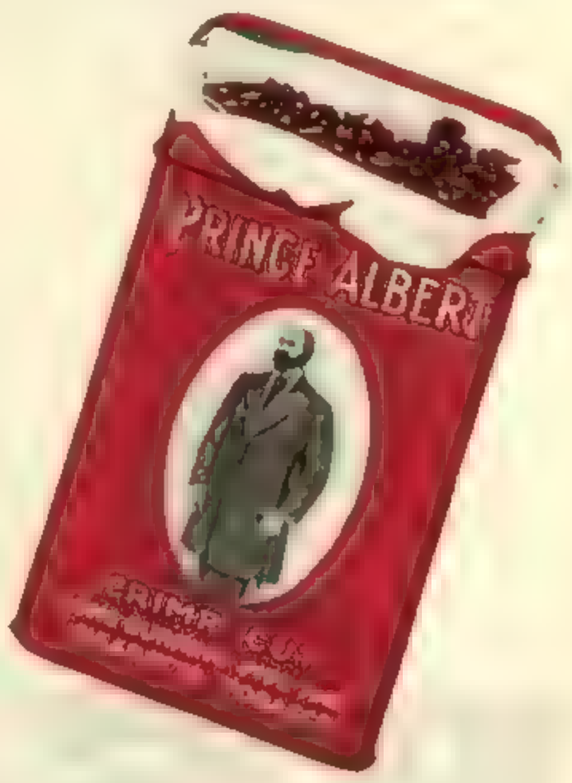
I'VE DONE a lot of pipe-pioneering. There's hardly a brand or a blend that I haven't tried out at some time or other. As man to man, I want to say that there is just one tobacco that gives me the solid, deep-down enjoyment I demand of a pipe—*Prince Albert.*

When I opened my first tidy red tin and got a full breath of that rich, mellow P. A. aroma, I said to myself: "Old Son, this is *tobacco!*" The first pipe-load proved the aroma was no false prophet. I'll never forget that day. It has meant a lot to me.

I stick by Prince Albert because Prince Albert sticks by me. Its fine, full-bodied flavor is a genuine joy. I smoke it from morning to midnight and enjoy every fire-up. There's no more bite or parch in P. A. than you'd find in a honey-dew melon, and it's just as sweet.

The one regret I have about P. A. is that I didn't discover it sooner. I'm telling this to you now so that you may profit by my experience. You may think you are perfectly satisfied with your present brand. So did *I* . . . until I tried Prince Albert!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE SIEGE PERILOUS

(Continued from Page 11)

of other various materials, once variously colored, now all weathered to the same drab shade. But overall stuff is strong, and bully-for-strong is what we want. Pretty-for-nice we do not even think about. And color schemes mean little or nothing to the seat of John Bobic's pants. Bully-for-strong's the stuff. Better even that day had Bobic's pants been mended with a well-riveted, well-calked patch of three-eighths boiler plate.

That day a deeply interested steelworks construction world was to end a long speculation as to how many layers of clothes John Bobic wore. It had all been arranged by the survey gang. They had called up every gate watchman on the plant and instructed him not to let Construction Laborer Number 723 get by.

"If he crashes the gate and gets through, and comes pestering here today, we'll find out how far it is in to his skin if we have to do it with a well drill." That was the dictum of the survey gang. And they numbered lots from four to twelve and made up a betting pool on the outcome of their investigations.

"We'll take his pants off, and keep on taking 'em off till we strike bottom!" declared the survey gang. But they were spared all this labor next day by a miracle—by the sharpshooting of Adoniram Zolders.

That day Adoniram —— But wait a minute! First there is the parting scene.

"Ivan," said Mrs. Bobic, as Mr. Bobic, after mush, was struggling into his inner vest of cloth, his outer vest of sheep's hide, wool in, skin out, his coat, his jumper coat, his overcoat and his oilskins—"Ivan, why must you work today? Why must you work every day? Better to stay at home one day a month and rest a little. Better to sit and smoke. Perhaps you might even help me out a little while I get the children bathed."

Revolt surely must have stirred in Mrs. Bobic's heart the night before when she had taken the tail spin off the chair while mending Bobic's pants. Did we call it a nose dive before? Oh, well, you may have your choice.

Revolt surely must have stirred Mrs. Bobic to suggest that Bobic help with the house duties. But if that constituted the beginnings of revolt, what then was indicated by that final heterodoxy?

John Bobic came as near to bellowing as a pint-sized man can come. John stretched to his total five feet four and towered metaphorically over his five feet eight of helpmeet.

"Help while you what?" roared the lord of the Bobic ménage. "So! You failed to bathe them in October before you sewed their winter garments on them, eh? Woman, they will be filthy in the spring! Or are you becoming American, and would bathe them every month? By good Saint Cyril, next thing you will be wanting to get your hair cut off! Let me hear again of bathing children in mid-February and I will bat you across the head with the ironing board! As to me resting and smoking, I can smoke on the company's time—perhaps even rest a little. They will let me put fresh sawdust in the office cuspidors today, and sweep about, and potter in the tool house putting things in order. It will be an easy ten hours for my time card. Good-by, my love—and remember about the ironing board!"

And Bobic John was gone. Which is the famous parting scene in the great steel saga, The Siege Perilous.

But strange to say, John Bobic never showed up on the job till after eight o'clock.

"For once," the corps boys said, "we stopped that old gate crasher." And they fell to scouring tapes, not without evidence of disappointment in their success. But with the hour of half-past eight there came a stamping on the field-office steps, and the door flung open, and in he stumbled—Bobic, Ivan, dripping rain and pale as death. Into the steaming heat of the construction shanty he came sagging, upheld by the good right arm of Adoniram Zolders, dynamite man for Mid-Penn Steel and sharpshooter extraordinary.

"I brung this in," said Adoniram. "They told me it belonged to you."

Adoniram Zolders was a peach of loveliest blow. To look at him you would never in your life suspect that he had ever handled anything more explosive than a hymn book. Adoniram sported Galway whiskers and a pair of rubber boots. He slept in both. Both were always stained with yellow quarry mud. He also wore a cutaway coat, once black perhaps, but long since turned a rusty green; and a broad, low hat, such as are affected by Pennsylvania's River Brethren, a sect of quietly religious plain people. He had a rather sanctimonious look, had Adoniram Zolders, that utterly belied as boisterous a sense of the ridiculous as ever went disguised and hymn books were no specialty of his. His specialty was blasting powder, and a brand of whisky eight times as explosive. After about the third kick from this Old Mule, he would burst into song, caroling always two favorite roundelays. One was entitled Sailing O'er the Lake and the other They Went Down the River A-whizzin'; nautical ballads, you might say—splendid things, but neither to be found in the standard collections of hymns.

To see Adoniram come teetering over a maze of busy tracks toward your job, with a cement sack full of dynamite slung over his shoulder and a pocket full of exploders on his hip was an inspiring sight. Even before he came into view, the lugubrious strains of Sailing O'er the Lake was a signal for immediate swift action. For that music was a sign that Adoniram was once more in a state of pickle, or ossification, and there would ensue a wild sprint of the corps boys to see who could reach him first to relieve him of his sack and his hip pocket full, before a misstep landed him on his tail and all the adjacent territory in kingdom come.

But he never took a tumble. Loaded to the Plimsoll and shod in his huge quarry boots, he was as sure-footed as the animal for which his favorite beverage had been named. And full of nose paint or sober as a bolt of casket lining, he was a master craftsman.

When Adoniram was about to knock down a limestone cliff half a mile long and two or three hundred feet in height, he told them just how far to move the shovels back in feet and inches. Adoniram would then push down on a little handle, whereupon would come a low, deep, jarring thud, and the whole cliff face would seem to shove forward just an inch or two, and then come crumbling, crushing down upon the shovels till it seemed that every one of them was doomed. But no such thing. Adoniram knew his tomatoes. Just at the shovel dippers that great avalanche would halt, so close that they wouldn't have to move up an inch to make their first lift. Fact is, if the runner left his dipper down before he sought a place of safety, Adoniram would roll a bowlder right up into it and fill it for him. And if you don't believe that one, any old Mid-Penn man can tell you another just as good or better. Adoniram was a sharpshooter. Adoniram himself admitted it. He admitted it that Sunday morning.

"Lookee!" said he. "Here's what I call a job of shooting. This here bohunkus works for you, they tell me. Well, lookee now. I brung him over to show you. It come about like this: This morning I come up from the quarry to shoot that salamander out of Number 5 Blast Furnace Cast House. Been layin' there in the way ever' since she boiled out weeks ago. Well, I had her all loaded pretty, shootin' with a fuse. I cleared the cast house out and touched her off. Then I stands me in behind a cast-house column with an eye peeled. An' by the great nine-finned buck shad, just as the fire's only got another quarter of an inch to go, in comes this goulash gobbler, strollin' through the cast house. Tells me they stopped him at the gates an' wouldn't let him through to go to work, so he takes a chance an' crosses the rain-rotted ice on the supply canal, an' bein' late, takes a short cut through Number 5 Cast House. I shoulda let him get blowed to helangone, but I'm a tender-hearted ole fool, an' so I taken a chance. I never killed a man with powder yet in twenty years, an' I don't aim to start off with no poor ignorant Scandahoovian like this. I'm gonna bag a general superintendent or somethin' when I start in gunnin' earnest.

"So I taken a chance. I jumps out from behind my column and lets loose a yell that took three squares of corrugated iron off the cast-house roof, throws up both hands and bellers 'Fire!' An', brothers, that there dynamite underneath the salamander joins its voice with mine! It cuts loose as I hop back of that column again.

"This here Walyo knows what 'Fire!' means, all right. I'm watchin' with one eye peeked round an angle iron. He turns and starts to leave that cast house, brothers, same way he came in, only ten thousand times faster. See them fifty-pound felt boots of hisn? Brothers, he can pick 'em up and lay 'em down! He lit out for the door through which he'd come, and a scared jack rabbit with two jumps start woulda got trompled under. He proceeded, what I mean. Look where he melted down them boot heels. But a big slab of that salamander traveled faster. I found the chunk that hit him. It was flat and thick, and it had saw edges all around, and it weighed five hundred if it weighed an ounce. And it chased this poor Hrvatskidonian across the cast-house floor and caught him just as he went through the door. An', brothers, have a look; it will not cost you one red cent. It took the seat clean out of every pair of pants an' drawers he's got—an' never scratched his skin. An' that, my friends," said Adoniram Zolders, with an entirely pardonable pride, "is what I call sharpshooting."

When he turned John Bobic round we got down on our knees and doubled up, and more like Mohammedans at muezzin call than like good Christian steelworks engineers at their Sunday devotions. We wept, also; for the tail of Bobic's oilskin coat was gone, and the seat of his sou'wester pants; also the tail of his overcoat and coat and jumper coat. Then there appeared the frayed edges of a bright new blue patch, and then—and then—but why go into detail?

With tears, two chainmen, a rodman and the levelman laid hold on Bobic and put him down upon his stomach across a blueprint table and counted layers. The pool went to the boy who pounded stakes. He had put his money down on eight.

"Bobic," I said, when I was able, "you go for cement shanty, help shake out cement sacks all day today. Clean 'em up nice. Here's blue chalk. You count 'm every. Make chalk mark on door. Versteh? Good job for rainy day."

"Meestair," said Bobic John, "no like. No like vork Sunday not'ing. Me like go home. Like go for church. Put one, two, t'ree, four dollars in church box—mebbe five."

Yes, yes; yes, yes; this would be a good place to end this story. None better unless just before the title. But what can you expect? You don't get many hours of short-story technic in the Met. E. course at Valley Tech. Besides, the story didn't end there, really. It ended, to our way of thinking, on the Sunday after that.

The Sunday after that it rained also, and we declared another lay-off. But about midday, what of the downpour, the excavation for one of the huge draft-stack foundations started to look suspicious, so we

(Continued on Page 82)

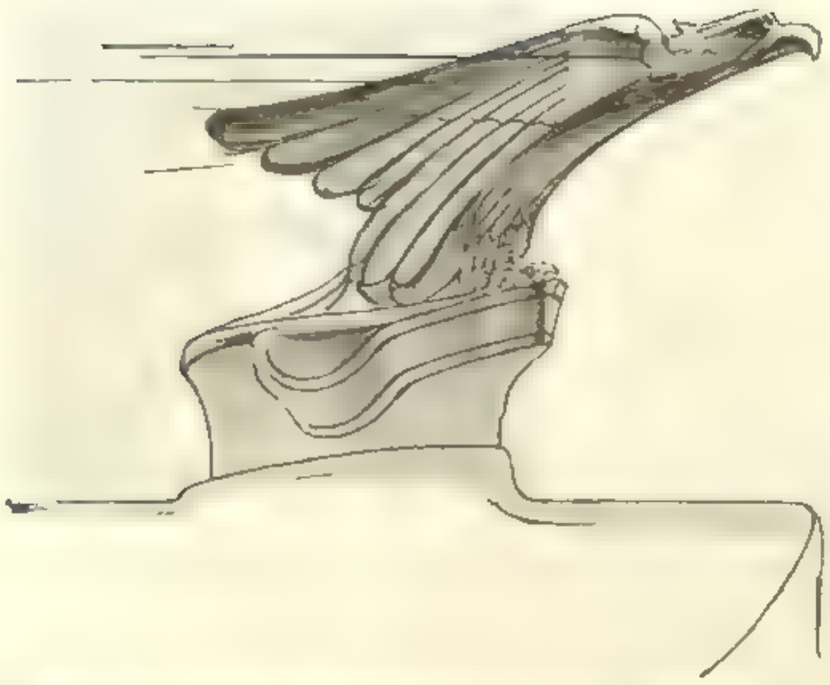
"And you don't have to pay in good looks for the comfort that Seiberlings give you!"

To the comfort that only a good rubber heel can give, Seiberling adds a trimness that makes these heels look at home on the smartest shoe. And no heels have ever worn longer!

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON OHIO

SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.



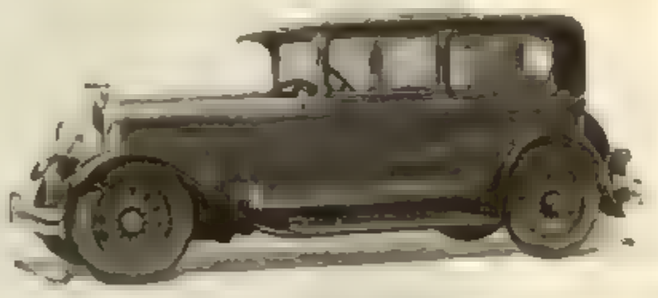
the little

No car of the past decade has offered so many new and basic developments

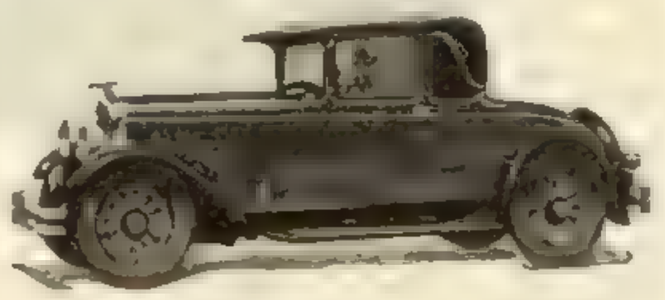
The little Marmon line, in combination with the large Marmon (Series 75) now provides a fine car for every fine car need.

Four-Door Sedan, $1895

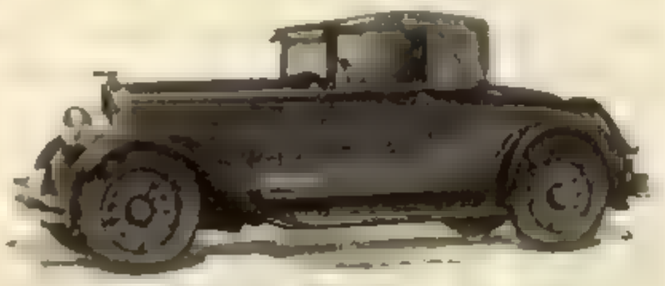
Four Passenger Speedster, $1965



Two-Door Sedan, $1795



The Coupe, $1805
(with rumble seat)



Collapsible Coupe-Roadster, $1995
(with rumble seat)

Also, a limited number of very striking custom built designs by America's foremost custom body builders.
All prices f. o. b., Indianapolis, Indiana

An eight-in-line motor, which delivers more power and a wider range of performance in proportion to its displacement than any other engine in the world, outside of aviation and the speedway. More speed than you can ever use—yet with an economy which to the technical mind appears little short of miraculous.

Equi-distant "down-draft" manifolding, an entirely new system of eight-cylinder carburetion in which every one of the eight cylinders gets an equal amount of gas in identically the same degree of vaporization. The gas travels exactly the same distance to all eight cylinders, thereby solving the one stubborn line-eight problem of keeping the end cylinders from being "starved."

As a result, the car one moment throttles down to almost nothing, giving perfectly even, clean-cut combustion at two or three miles per hour in high gear, and the next instant can take the full charge of the wide-open throttle and leap to topspeed, developing a torrent of smooth power that appears almost unbelievable.

New hypoid gear drive, making possible extremely low-swung design and low center of gravity without sacrificing normal road clearance, without buckling up the floor of the tonneau—and with plenty of headroom.

Rubber-set hydraulic spring suspension, the longest springs in proportion to wheelbase of any car in the world. (All but 22 inches of the wheelbase is spring length.) Springs anchored to frame with husky rubber knuckles, instead of shackles. These new features, combined with *built-in* Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and perfect chassis balance, make this new Little Marmon Eight the equal in riding quality of any car in the world, regardless of wheelbase or how much it costs.

A new automatic oil-priming device injects oil into the cylinders immediately upon starting and prevents scoring of cylinders in cold weather; automatically turned off; an entirely new and exclusive development.

New developments in steering mechanism remove practically all conscious effort of driving and render car entirely free from "road-fight."

Scores of Other Vital New Features

Engine modulator which removes the last trace of vibration periods.

Shock-proof frame with seven "safety-factor" cross members, one of the sturdiest ever put under a motor car; triple-trussed in front, does away with radiator shimmy; *steel running boards,* a great protection in traffic.

Four-wheel brakes, the most advanced self-energizing type. Smooth, quiet, positive and dependable.

Oversize transmission gears—for quietness and long life—really capable of taking care of the requirements of a much larger and heavier car.

New type rubber spring knuckles, in addition to contributing materially to riding quality—are rattle-proof, trouble-proof and require no lubrication, doing entirely away with spring shackle annoyances

—and an amazing wealth of other features which represent the most advanced engineering thought.

Luxurious in Detail

The car throughout fairly bristles in quality and distinction. If you will examine even such details as the front floor boards, or the running boards bound in nickeled silver, or the fit of the doors or the type of locks used you will find that they conform to the highest type of fine car practice.

Headlamps and cowl lamps are of the new French drum type. . . . . The distinctive *radiator* follows the general Marmon characteristics, and is surmounted with the silvered image of an eagle, poised for flight. . . . . The closed cars are upholstered in the choicest grades of Laidlaw upholstery in new and interesting patterns in button and tufted custom style, over the most expensive type of cushion springs. . . . . The *arm rests* are of yielding rubber, covered with upholstery. . . . . New reflecting twin-bulb *dome light* and recessed, hooded *reading lamps* really illuminate the car. . . . . Fenders are of the full-crown type of French scroll design, with long, sweeping curves. . . . .

New interior locking system on doors—simplified and positive. . Even to such details as the waterproof, rattle-proof hood and the permanently-attached gasoline filler cap, which cannot be dropped or mislaid, you will be continuously reminded of the luxury and thoughtfulness which have been incorporated in this great car.

Equipment includes new type of rubber-cushioned bumpers, front and rear, cigar lighter, vacuum type windshield cleaner, Fedco theft protection, Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and dozens of other features which one would expect in such a truly fine automobile.

A place for everything and everything in its place, just as you would have it. Lights controlled from the steering wheel. A beautifully designed instrument panel incorporating such instruments as an electric clock, electric gasoline gauge and radiometer, indirectly lighted at night by two bulbs—instead of the usual one.

When you look out over the hood or lounge in the tonneau, you have the sense always of riding serenely, securely and luxuriously in the very finest of cars.

MARMON 8

America's first truly fine small car

Two Passenger Speedster, with Rumble Seat

THE WHOLE SPIRIT and tendency of the times is toward finer, better and more efficient things, in more compact and convenient form. In keeping with this tendency Marmon has developed and now offers to the public a distinctly new and different type of automobile

—a line-eight, embodying for the first time in the history of the industry the highest and finest type of fine car practice in a size which completely and positively meets present day needs

—plus a type of performance so dramatic as to pull you completely out of your old motoring groove and so brilliant and amazing that you instantly forget the cars which only yesterday you thought were wonderful.

Trade experts have proclaimed it not only "*the car of the year*" but as the most interesting development of the decade, and predict that it will affect the whole trend of motor car design.

70-75 honest miles per hour with ease
Ability to maintain top speed hour after hour.

50 miles per hour in second gear
and entirely free from the customary gear noises.

Fastest acceleration ever known
due to new discoveries in line-eight carburetion and scientific valve design.

18-22 miles per gallon of gasoline
Oil consumption practically negligible.

Easy riding as cars twice its weight
Due to basic new comfort factors applied for first time to smaller car design.

A complete line of closed and open models, all under $2,000

Details on opposite page

While its size and lightning fast acceleration and marvelous ease of handling make it the greatest of all cars in traffic, it is built for American roads, American distances and to America's most exacting ideas of comfort and roominess. It is of course manufactured in Marmon factories and to Marmon's highest precision standards, and has been tested hundreds of thousands of miles in nearly every part of the country, under every conceivable road and climatic condition.

It embodies many major developments, now shown for the first time in any car, which, we believe, will earn a permanent place of importance in the history of automotive engineering.

It is a car that immediately strikes the public's fancy as being both new and right—a combination which has never yet failed to spell success.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

There's a Swirl of style to a DUNLAP HAT

THE portrait above is one of the new Dunlap Hats. In every line, in every turn and curve is the manly, modern style —a style that will endure for a long, long time, for quality is built into every stitch and fibre. This new Dunlap costs $8 and comes not only in the standard tones but in bright and carefree colors. Dunlap agents are showing the new hats now.

DUNLAP & CO.

581 Fifth Avenue, near 47th St., New York
22 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Accredited Agents in principal cities throughout the fashionable world

(Continued from Page 79)

decided to run in the concrete footing at once, which would stop the ugly caving in that had started at the bottom of the big hole.

So we went up to Mother Bobic's boarding house to see if we could round up a concrete gang.

Twenty fine, stocky, thick-shouldered, tough Bulgarian men shrugged into many layers of clothes, stamped into huge felt-legged rubber boots and stoically left the comforts of that steaming savory kitchen for the misery of a day's trundling of wheelbarrows in a winter downpour. They stood about the door, their coats draped, empty-sleeved, across their shoulders, grinning a little slyly at one another, so it seemed to me. I wondered why a minute. Then I saw. They were waiting to see me order Bobic out—Bobic, who sat beside the stove and never made a move; Bobic, who had vowed a vow never to work on Sunday more.

"All right, boys," I said. "What you wait for? Let's go. Time and half time today. Double time if must work to finish after whistle."

I thought that sure would get John Bobic. But he never moved.

"Bobic," said Mother Bobic's voice—it had a strange new ring to it. "Fine man, dis boss you got. Wass matter you no vant help'm out little bit Sunday vork? Mebbe got too much trubble, dis good boss. Muss help, every man. You go bet vork. You want I tek dot iron board, wrap'n round you neck?"

And to our stupefied amazement Bobic got up, put on his many layers and went.

"At-a-boy, mother," I said as the men filed out. "How come you no be 'fraid for Bobic no more, huh?"

Mrs. Bobic smiled her rare smile at us. When she smiled the inside corners of her eyes decidedly came down. Those eyes had come from east of the Volga, centuries back, you could bet on that. I'll venture that Attila's women looked like her. She'd be a devil, roused.

Then I grinned. For the first time, looking at her, I realized the meaning of that phrase, "He'd caught a tartar." John Bobic evidently had.

"He mek me mad, dot Bobic," she explained. "All night lest week Saturday I no sleep not'ing, fix'n Bobic pants. Vork for stove all day, fix'n Bobic pants all night. 'Aht's all right. Voman muss vork all time for good man. But Bobic try mek fool for me. Sunday morning Bobic go way. Say gon' for vork. Pretty soon come back—an' vat you t'ink? He's got all pants broke every—one, two, t'ree, four, mebbe seven. Dot mek me mad like hell. All night no sleep, fix'n Bobic pants, tomorrow broken dot pants—broken mebbe six more pants. An' den he try mek fool for me. He say gon' vork, powder man shoot hum with big piece scrap, broke every pants!"

Utter disgust at such an utterly improbable song and dance to explain the loss of seven pants seats flashed in Mother Bobic's eye.

"Me, I know," continued Mother Bobic. "Dot Bobic all time like Sophronia Maranoff too much. Go for Mike Maranoff house too much. Maranoff night turn lest week. I tell'm Bobic, 'You vatch, little bit.' Dot Maranoff be long time America, got lot's American buddy. Every year go out for river shoot dis chicken come for river. What you callem? Dock! Sure, dock! I tell'm Bobic, 'Vatch. Some time Maranoff come home, see you for house, gon' shoot you dot dock gun.' An' so she come, jus' like I tell'm. No go vork last Sunday, Bobic. No fool me. Go see Sophronia Maranoff. Mike Maranoff come home, ketch gun. Bobic run like hell, over back fence, Mike Maranoff shoot'n dock gun. Shoot'n off Bobic pants—every, one, two, t'ree, seven piece. Me, I no sleep all night fix'n one pants. Next day Bobic come back home, broken seven. Wass matter Maranoff no broken Bobic little bit? Bobic no be broke not'ing. Dot mek me mad like hell. So me, I broken Bobic. I broken Bobic where sit down, with iron board!"

Once more we wept with joy at Bobic's expense. Then we told Mother Bobic that as far as Bobic's broken breeches were concerned, her spouse was true to her. Upon which Mother Bobic, who had an elegant sense of humor, joined us in our happy weeping

"Oh, well," she said at last, "dot's all right anyhow. Now Bobic 'fraid for me. Now stay home Sunday. Help ketch'm coke, old ties, for stove. Me today wash every baby. One, two, t'ree, four, mebbe five. School-teacher give little Bogdan paper lest week. Paper say no washem, no can come for school. Me, I like children all go school. Bobic like too. Be good American some day, every five, mebbe six. Say, meestair, how many times muss washem children every winter makem good American?"

Service

Don't change your husband!

Change his breakfast first — this way

Tomorrow morning, when HE gets up, for all the world like a "cross grizzly bear," instead of telling him what you really think about his before-breakfast disposition—just say, "Let's have pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup for breakfast."

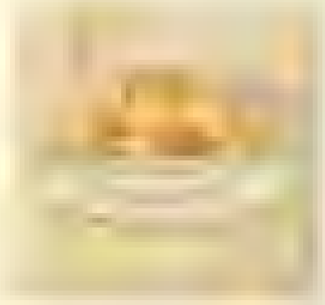
Then watch his face light up with a boyish grin. (He may even whistle his favorite tune.) For a man can't stay grouchy with such a breakfast in sight.

But don't take chances on merely a sweet syrup. For after all, the finest pancake or waffle is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

Why millions prefer

Log Cabin Syrup just naturally makes pancakes and waffles delicious. For it has the luscious flavor of pure maple. An enticing maple flavor that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar. By the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence, the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.



Log Cabin Syrup on Cereals saves you from urging your children to eat. Add equal parts of milk or cream and Log Cabin Syrup.

French Toast—another popular Log Cabin recipe. Many women [illegible]

Make this test

We are so sure that you will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Order a can from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If you do not agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that with it your pancakes or waffles taste better than any you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk.* If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Free Offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for these new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Send name and address. A postcard will do.

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THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

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Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

AS SUGGESTED

(Continued from Page 15)

"And now you've made your fortune you've moved to Churchill Valley?"

"I always thought that what I wanted was my own house and money to run it. I used to snivel quite a lot about having to work. After I'd gone to bed, you know It's just like the stories though. They say you have to be pretty educated and everything to enjoy leisure, and I just don't know whether I'm up to it."

"Well, you'll have fun doing over the house anyway," Lucia suggested, hoping she might be able to get at least part of the work for Greg Benson.

Lucia had never been in the Williams house before. Externally it was ugly enough, with geometrical lattice porches and a tower like a shingle beer barrel, ascending to heaven, but, inside, the 80's had outdone themselves. There were transoms of colored glass filling in the curve of arches, and electricity had been wired into the bejeweled iron lamps, where once gas flared.

"I suppose I ought to," Mrs. Hawes said, "but I don't know just what I'll do to it. Yes, I've got to fix it up, of course. Make it attractive. It'll increase its value. That's just sense."

"A good architect can do such wonders," Lucia began. "There's ——"

She'd intended to say, "There's such a good one here Gregory Benson." But before the words came she stopped, self-conscious. She knew she was going to blush when she mentioned his name, and she hadn't been sent there to advertise her friends and, oh—suddenly she became as ineffectual as Greg himself, and a lady, and incapable of doing pushing, commercial, sensible actions.

"I suppose so," Mrs. Hawes responded. "You're from the newspaper, you said. That's the, Churchill Valley Times of course."

Lucia's chance was lost. "Yes," Lucia replied. "We've been wanting to know all about you, and how you felt about Churchill Valley, and to welcome you in our columns, but we've been so crowded with the summer gayeties. Are you to be here long?"

"You caught me right at the end of my stay. I'm going back to the city day after tomorrow, or the day after that."

"For the winter?"

"I don't know. That's the trouble. I haven't got any plans."

Mrs. Hawes' capable hands made a helpless gesture which didn't suit them in the least

"Did you enjoy the season here?" Lucia changed the subject.

"Why yes, I guess so. I was kind of lonely. You're about the first person that's come in that door to sit and talk; and say, won't you have something to eat or drink? I've got some bottles of ale on ice and the cook has made some doughnuts that smell just fine."

"I'd love it," Lucia declared. Mrs. Hawes rang a bell, and doughnuts appeared, and brown October ale.

"And how did you happen to choose Churchill Valley for a home, Mrs. Hawes?" Lucia inquired conscientiously, sipping the cool, nut-tasting drink which she loved especially, because it reminded her of her father.

"I'd heard of Churchill Valley all my life. An uncle of mine used to be a bookkeeper in old Mr. Stewart's factory. What I heard about it always sounded like a place where people had such a good time. I don't know whether I thought society would fall over itself to make a fuss over me. If I did I've learned different."

"You just hate the place, don't you?" Lucia said, which wasn't part of her job at all. "You must give society time, Mrs. Hawes. It doesn't know you're here yet. You haven't appeared in the paper."

"To tell you the truth," Mrs. Hawes was confidential, "I do think I made a mistake. Oh, well, the house was cheap anyway."

"But you're coming back next year?"

"Yes, I'm going to give it another try. Maybe I'll have gotten used to being lonely by then, or picked up a friend or two. If not I can sell the house for what I paid for it. No great loss at least."

Lucia Grey was really awfully sorry for Mrs. Hawes as she said that. For an efficient, sensible person like Mrs. Hawes to be hopelessly lost must be really much worse than for people like herself and Greg to be comfortably in prison.

"You won't be lonely if I can help it," she said as she got up and held out her hand; "if that will do any good."

"I should say it would," Mrs. Hawes answered, and her kind, big-featured face really glowed.

"And, Mrs. Hawes," Lucia bethought herself of her professional duties, "what do the initials S. E. stand for? It looks awfully chilly for an intimate department like mine to refer to a person as Mrs. S. E. Hawes."

"I guess you'd better," Mrs. Hawes said, and she grinned. "The name is pretty terrible."

"Really?" This time Lucia particularly tried not to let the word sound inquisitive. Mrs. Hawes wasn't small enough to withold the joke.

"The S is for Simon," she confided.

Lucia couldn't think of much to say in praise of Mrs. Simon Hawes as a name.

"But what about the E?" she queried. "Couldn't I use Mrs. S. Ernest Hawes, or whatever the other name is?"

"The other name is worse. It just sounds darky. It's Erastus."

"Mrs. S. Erastus Hawes," Lucia tried.

"No, Miss Grey, you'd better stick to plain S. E."

On the point of agreement Lucia felt four words unfurl in her brain.

"Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes," she pronounced them aloud.

"Isn't it terrible? They named Simon for his two grandfathers."

"But I don't think it's terrible at all!" Lucia cried. "I think it's one of the most impressive names I've ever heard. Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes! It isn't pretty, of course, but it has the gaunt, clumsy power that makes early American furniture so unique. I think it's a wonderful name. Will you let me use it, Mrs. Hawes?"

"I suppose you know more about words than I do, but it doesn't sound like much to me."

"It will when you see it in print. I know I'm right. Will you let me?"

Mrs. Hawes laughed outright. "Sure, if you want to."

"And now I've got to run. Thank you so much for the beer and skittles. I don't know if doughnuts are skittles, but they should be."

"I've just loved having you here. Remember you've promised to come back first thing next year."

Lucia knew that she had a right to suspect Mrs. Hawes of treating her like a representative of the press, but somehow she didn't, somehow she had a remarkable degree of confidence that whatever Mrs. Hawes said she meant.

She walked down the street filled with enthusiasm for the niceness of Mrs. Hawes, and, "Oh," she thought, "why was I such a fool about speaking of Greg Benson! She'd have understood perfectly."

"Was I right?" she heard someone saying Oscar Warner had tripped down to the sidewalk to interrogate her

"Were you what?" she asked.

"Was I right about Mrs. Hawes? Or I suppose you just won't admit it anyway."

At that instant Lucia was inspired with a plan to punish him.

"I was just thinking, as I came down the street," she told him, "how funny it is that a person who keeps up with modern tendencies in most things, as you do, should be so old-fashioned in his judgments of women."

"What do you mean by that?" Oscar demanded.

"Just that I think that your idea of a *grande dame* is still a decayed Southern beauty."

"It's no such thing," Oscar Warner asseverated

"Oh, yes, it is. I suppose it's the influence of the ten-twenty-thirts when you were a little boy. You really want people to shake hands on a level with their eyebrows."

"I never went to ten-twenty-thirts," Mr. Warner informed her.

"Didn't you? Greg Benson and I never missed a show for which we could raise the money, when they played here, and it seemed to me we'd sat next to you once or twice."

"Do you mean to tell me that you think this Mrs. Hawes ——"

"I think," Lucia said, "that she's a very real person."

"Why, she used to run a store!"

"So she told me," Lucia answered.

"Well, I don't call that much."

"That's just what I meant about you," Lucia remarked cryptically. "I've got to hurry or I won't get my twitter done."

She proceeded down the street, chuckling over the look she had left in Oscar's eyes - the puzzled, troubled look. It would have been a very successful day if only she'd spoken to Mrs. Hawes about Greg, and by her words in Churchill Valley Chit-Chat she could press Oscar's discomfiture a little further. Then she had another thought and almost broke into a run, and the minute she was at her desk began to type like mad. It was all done in her best twitter manner:

Churchill Valley Chit-Chat.

A distinguished name has been added to the roster of property owners in Churchill Valley through the purchase of the Thomas Williams house on elm-lined Stewart Avenue by Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes. Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, you will remember, was well-known in New York City as one of the large group of modern women who, bored with the pettiness of what was once considered the proper feminine sphere, made a brilliant place for herself in the business world as well. That the presence of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes will add luster to the life of our summer cottage colony is without question.

I took tea with Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes this afternoon in her new home, where she has been living for the past month settling in her mind what improvements in it she will make. She is dreaming a lovely Georgian transformation of its somewhat old-fashioned exterior. In front a tiny portico exquisite in the restraint of its detail, at the back, overlooking what is to be a lush, herbaceous garden, a terrace reached through long windows, and within, what delights of proportion and color! What cool, linen-hung, eighteenth-century vistas!

To hear Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes speak on the subject brings to one's mind the enchantments wrought, on a smaller scale, in the Finch place by Gregory Benson, our local Christopher Wren who, incidentally, is back in town after his trip.

But to return to Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes; she was attracted to Churchill Valley by the glorious quality of its air, by the suggestion of gayety inherent in its tradition, by the beauty of its elm-arched streets. For the time being the whim has seized her to drop business, and she is waiting for inspiration to whisper what she shall do next which will amuse her as much. We may feel fortunate indeed that she has chosen Churchill Valley for her *pied-d-terre*.

"Is this about what you wanted?" Lucia asked Mr. Webb with some trepidation, because she felt she'd gone rather far.

Mr. Webb read and pursed his lips to a whistle. "Well! You were rather impressed by the lady!"

"I found her a very real person," Lucia said solemnly. "But don't you think that's always been rather her reputation in New York?"

"I didn't realize at all that Mrs. S. E. Hawes was Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes."

"It's really too bad we were so slow in writing her up," Lucia said. "As a matter of fact, I think she's a little bored with the place."

"I must tell Mrs. Webb to go and call on her."

"Well, she's leaving in about two days. I do think, though, that it would be awfully nice if Mrs. Webb would leave her card. Is the column all right?"

"Oh, very much so. You might put quotation marks around the word 'home' where it occurs. You see she hasn't lived there very long."

It was notorious in the office of the Churchill Valley Times that Mr. Webb always suggested some change in any copy he read. Lucia wished she'd thought to put quotation marks around the word, because then Mr. Webb would probably have told her to omit them.

On the next day the Churchill Valley Times must still have been in process of distribution in the more remote parts of the town when Oscar Warner appeared in the office and found his way to Lucia's desk, carrying in one hand a number on which the printer's ink could not have been quite dry

"Say, you aren't trying to kid me, are you?" he demanded.

"Do you think I'd take a chance on losing my job just for that privilege?" Lucia inquired with supreme candor. "Don't be silly."

"Because I never said she wasn't a remarkable woman. You didn't happen to drop a hint that I'd said anything which might be taken amiss?"

"Of course I didn't. Making trouble isn't my line. You'd better call on Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes and see if you can't make yourself agreeable."

"I just dropped around by there," Oscar admitted, "and had word she was out."

"I'm afraid you made rather a mistake about Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes." Lucia enjoyed making him squirm a little more. "It seems probable to me that she'll turn into a pretty important person in Churchill Valley. You ought to have a woman's advice before you try little feline tricks."

Lucia thought she would undoubtedly never see Mr. Oscar Warner again after that speech, but he took it with a strange meekness. Never had he regarded her with such respect.

"I didn't mean a thing," he declared. "If you see her again and get a chance to fix things up ——"

It was very satisfactory.

Next morning about eleven Greg Benson called Lucia up to ask her to go for a ride with him in the mud puppy, which was what he called his car. He called her up about every two weeks. Lucia planned to tell him of her campaign for Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, but Greg was so amusing on the subject of his recent trip—from which he had come back so ruined that he had had to buy a ticket to the town before Churchill Valley and walk the additional eight miles—that she hadn't begun her account when, although it was after six, he turned into the gate of the Lakeside Inn.

"Don't stop here," Lucia told him. "It's too late for tea, if we could afford it."

"We're going to have dinner," Greg informed her. "A great juicy, five-course dinner."

"Are you insane as well as a pauper?" Lucia asked him.

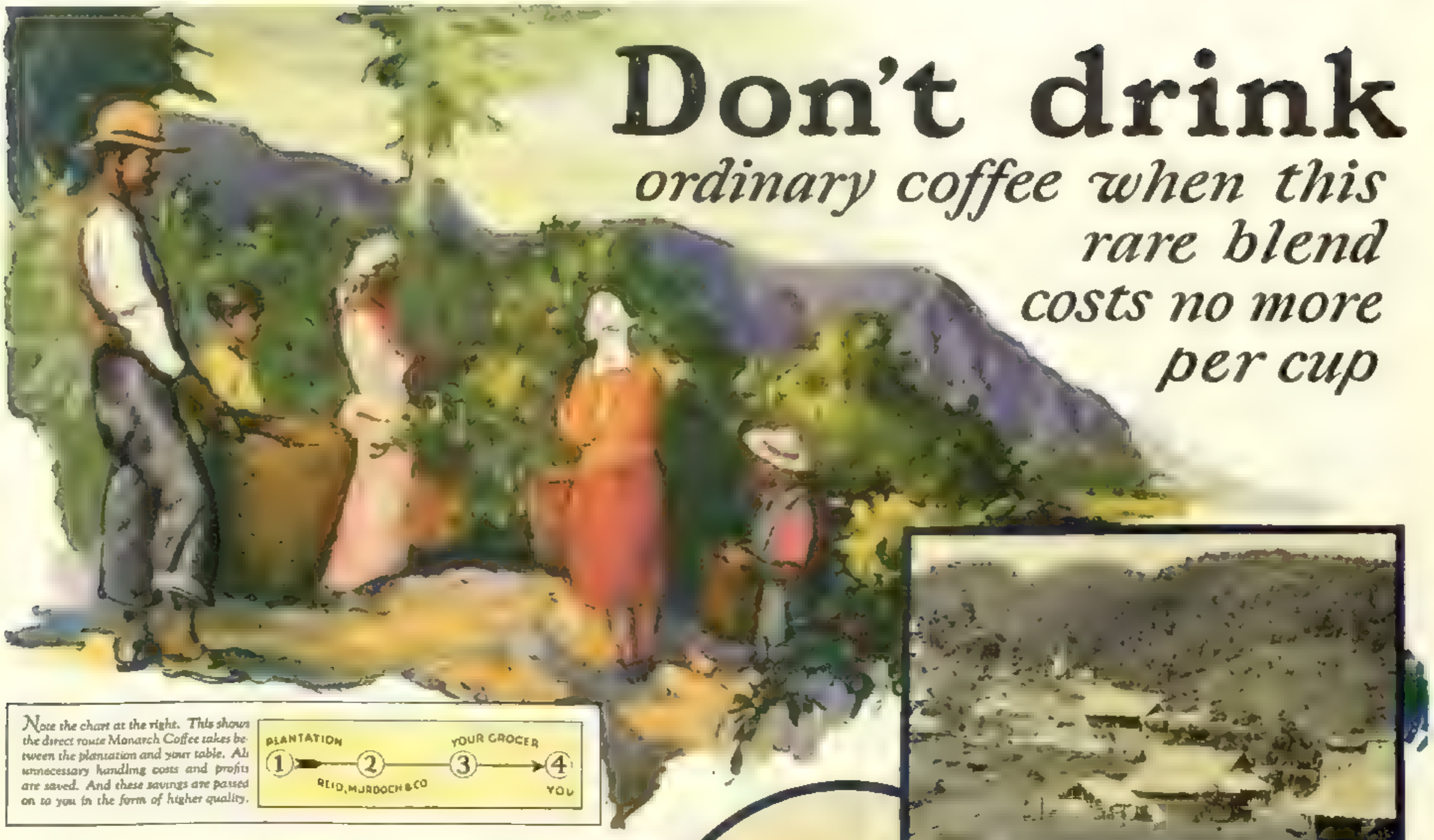
"No, I'm celebrating my commission to do over the house of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes. Carte blanche, my girl, except that there's to be a portico in front and a terrace at the rear over an herbaceous garden. Is there anything familiar about the sound of that?"

"Oh, did she come to you, Greg? I so hoped she would!"

"She did. Although I must admit that she first asked me if I knew where she could get hold of Christopher Wren. She hadn't been able to find him in the telephone book and she seemed to have an idea he was better than I."

"Oh, she didn't!" Lucia screamed with great delight.

(Continued on Page 86)



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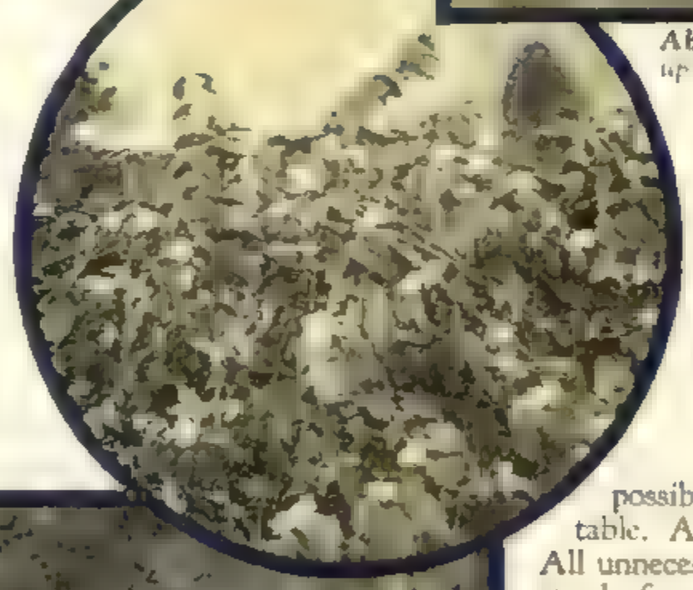
ordinary coffee when this rare blend costs no more per cup

Note the chart at the right. This shows the direct route Monarch Coffee takes between the plantation and your table. All unnecessary handling costs and profits are saved. And these savings are passed on to you in the form of higher quality.

Above: *This is a view of a small village nestled high up in the mountains and surrounded by coffee plantations. The plantations are on the near-by hills. Note "Main Street" in the center of the picture.*

In circle: *A coffee tree is ever bearing, as shown in this picture. Note that white flowers, resembling orange blossoms, and ripe berries grow on the tree at the same time*

Below: *After Monarch Coffee is picked and dried, it is sent on mule back to one of these assembling points for transportation to the sea port. This picture was taken about 20 miles from the head of navigation.*



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IF YOU buy or drink coffee, here is a plain statement of facts you ought to know. A blend of the finest coffees grown is now available for everyday use—at a price probably no greater than you pay for the coffee you now use.

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And right there you have the reason why Monarch—a blend of the world's fine coffees—is sold everywhere at such a fair and reasonable price. As you will note on the chart above, Monarch Coffee takes the shortest possible route between the plantation and your table. All unnecessary handling costs are eliminated. All unnecessary profits are saved. In other words, instead of paying for *coffee handling*, you pay for *coffee quality* when you buy Monarch.

In fairness to you and to us, we ask that you try Monarch and compare it with the coffee you now use. Every Monarch Merchant is authorized to refund your money promptly if you are not delighted with Monarch Coffee. Order a trial package today. If your grocer can't supply you, write for the name of a Monarch Merchant near you—and a free copy of an interesting booklet entitled "Coffee Blossoms."

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(Continued from Page 84)

"The problem of my winter is magnificently solved."

"And it may lead to other things."

"Not much," Greg said meditatively. "Not in Churchill Valley. I'm the sort of architect that doesn't belong in a little town. My sort of thing is a luxury. I ought to be in a city or a place where there's lots of development."

"Maybe with the money you get from Mrs. Hawes you can get away," Lucia said, though the thought was terrible.

"No," he answered. "It would take an ungodly big amount for that, but this isn't the time to worry about the future. I'm here to say that you did a grand stroke of work for me, and I'm going to give you a commission."

"Don't be silly," Lucia told him. "I didn't get you the job. I just happened to mention your name for the sake of spinning out a few more words that I needed. What do you think of Mrs. Hawes?"

"She's a rather magnificent old ignoramus."

"But don't let Oscar Warner hear you say that or anything like it," Lucia warned him, and in a few words she sketched her irritation at Oscar on the subject. Greg made a face of unutterable disgust.

"Now our slogan with regard to Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes," Lucia dictated, "is that she's such a very real person. And she is," she added belligerently.

"She certainly is."

Lucia hardly slept that night for gratitude to Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, and she occupied herself very seriously with the problem of that lady's future, thinking that next day, if she found the courage, she would call on her and give her a little advice. Mrs. Hawes had certainly proved that she wanted it.

She must go abroad, of course. Travel would do her real good, but it must be wisely directed travel. Lucia tried to remember where it was that she'd run into a woman more or less of the type of Mrs. Hawes in perfect heaven. Oh, yes! Lucia giggled as the picture came back to her of Mrs. Oliver Grogan established in a little town on the French Riviera and enjoying a tremendous rush from the not-very-interesting local aristocracy, who saw in her the forerunner of a fashionable tide which should inundate their barren lands with money values. The dawn was in Lucia's window before she went to sleep.

When she asked the telephone operator at the office to get Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes on the telephone, however, that young lady, who fulfilled several functions, said, "Oh, she's left town. Went on the 6:45. There's a note on your desk. She called up late yesterday to say she wanted the paper forwarded to a New York address for a month. I guess she was awful pleased with that write-up you gave her. She spoke about it."

Lucia was sorry, and though her column was quite crowded with the account of a new charity Madam Stewart had taken up in the city, she devoted several lines to the departure of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, "the most recent prominent addition to our cottage colony."

Advice ungiven can burn the mind as unspent money can the pocket, and two days later Lucia was glad when a scarcity of information regarding the activities of other Churchill Valleyites gave her an opportunity of getting that which she had concocted for Mrs. Hawes out of her head, however footlessly.

Mrs. Bates was to be at Palm Beach she chronicled, Miss Bateman and the Reids at Bocagrande, the Charlie Van Everys at Aiken, and she went on,

> And Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes is still dubitating the fascinating problem of her winter sojourn. Shall it be in Algiers with its patriotic sunsets? Shall it be in gorgeous Florida? Or shall she take the Château du Point which dominates tiny St. Monique in the Alpes-Maritimes on the Azure Coast of France and spend the cold months in a dream of sun and cerulean skies, old France finding in her the symbol of that quality in America which however strained political relations may be, France never fails to recognize and love? Who that has seen the Château du Point and known the graciousness with which the Comte de Vereuil, its owner, treats his tenants, whom he regards rather as guests, can doubt that Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes will make that choice?

"Why do you give Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes so much more space than any of the other people?" Mr. Webb asked.

"Because she does so much more interesting things."

"Mrs. Webb made a point of calling before she left," Mr. Webb recounted. "At least she only intended to leave cards, feeling that Mrs. Hawes might be very busy packing, but she insisted on her coming in, even though the trunks were all about the hall. No false pride about her."

"I said she was a very real person."

"That's what Mrs. Webb felt."

When next they met on the street Oscar Warner quizzed Lucia a little.

"Say, Lady Lucia, did you ever have the pleasure of seeing this Saint Something-or-Other in France where Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes is going?"

"Oh, I've seen almost every place." Lucia made light of the coincidence. "You must remember that father and I spent years in just traveling, Oscar."

"And did you meet the count your article talked about?"

"Oh, yes. No one can get into that section of the country without meeting the Comte de Vereuil."

"Sounds pretty cream-of-the-cream creamy to me," Oscar remarked.

Lucia couldn't decide whether he was trying to do some kind of detective work or was just curious.

A week later Mr. Webb leaned over Lucia's desk to say, "Here's some dope for you. I've just had a letter from Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes. She's sailing on the Vercingetorix Saturday. She wants the paper forwarded to the American Express, Paris."

Lucia wondered if her words had had anything to do with this decision. It was fun to think that they might have, and in her amusement Lucia presented Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes with a charming slice of Paris as a bon-voyage gift. She wrote for Chit-Chat:

> As the winter closes us in from the great world it is pleasant to picture Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes bound for the *ville lumière* en route for the Côte d'Azur. One fancies her staying at the dear Hôtel Muguet or the Ritz bar and eating lunch at the Train-Bleu and oyster Thermidor at Prunier's. One likes to imagine her visits to the modiste of her choice—which one would it be? Poiret's, perhaps? No, that is not quite the *guère* of Madam Simon Erastus Hawes. Lilybaum—Lilybaum alone can make such raiment as will be most chic for her, and Jeanne supply her with hats. And after she has shopped, before tea at Colombin's, does she not drop into that miraculous little shop of Gautier's on the Rue St.-Honoré to have her hair arranged by fingers that have made many a crowned head more dazzling to look upon?
>
> We in Churchill Valley have proof already of the taste of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes in the transformation taking place in her Stewart Avenue home. Thinking of the Old World beauty by which she is soon to be surrounded, may we not, even in the midst of our good wishes, be permitted one envious little sigh?

"I perused your piece last night," Oscar Warner greeted her next day. "Very Parisian—very Parisian indeed."

Lucia looked at him in some surprise. Could it be that he realized what a silly bit of writing it had been.

"I guess I have been getting a little more Gallic than the Gauls," she admitted. "Never mind, tonight I'm entirely occupied with the doings of the Dorcas Society."

"But I liked it," Oscar Warner said. "I wish you'd talk to me about things like that."

"Hairdressers?" Lucia asked in astonishment.

"No; travels and things."

"I guess I'm getting to be Oscar Warner's favorite authoress." Lucia reported the conference to Greg Benson. "At least I am when I stick to my tony vein."

Greg was so absorbed with what he was doing to the house of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes that he paid very little attention. Its very ugliness had inspired him.

"I'm going to make it into a house for a muslin lady by Romney," he told Lucia. "No. More American than that. The house of a Puritan maid without inhibitions. Of course it won't suit the owner very well, but a house that did wouldn't suit her at all."

"What would it be like?" Lucia asked.

"It would have a plate-glass front and rows of counters and a handsome nickel cash register."

"Are you doing an Oscar Warner on my Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes?" Lucia asked him.

"Good Lord, no," he said. "I was crazy about Mrs. Simon Erastus. You ought to have seen the way we got on together. Efficiency doesn't spoil a woman for me. My ideal female knows the multiplication table and long division and the state of the stock market and everything."

Principally for Oscar Warner's benefit, if also for a certain secret pleasure such excursions awakened in herself, Lucia used Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes' name again on the occasion of the first blizzard.

> I have taken fancy's flying carpet today past the white snowflake walls around us, to the Azure Coast where perhaps Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes sat having luncheon on the terrace of her château, steeped in sunshine; orange and palm trees stretching before her to the volcanic shores of the flower-blue sea. There I sat chatting with her until a great motor car swung up the drive, and we were handed into its luxurious depths by her chauffeur. What ride should we take was the question. Should we climb to Grasse, purple with violets America will smell, but never see? Should we glide into Nice to Voigude's heavenly tea cakes and candied fruits, and the latest sartorial confections, imported from Paris to rows of tiny shops bearing world-famous names? Should we choose the upper Corniche, that loveliest of those three roads festooned along the coast to Monte Carlo, glide there by it, wander in the Casino for an hour or so, and then go back by the Moyenne Corniche? What a happy thing it is to have the freedom of such alternatives, and who knows better how to enjoy it than Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes?

Oscar Warner telephoned to ask if she would pick the festive chicken with him the next night. After regretting for three different days Lucia finally accepted for a fourth, feeling very "Oh, hell, make it Monday."

She had with Mr. Warner exactly the time she knew she would have.

"Lady Lucia, the carriage awaits without. Without what? Without horses," it began; and it ended with Oscar looking at his watch on the doorstep. "Not quite the witching hour but latish. We must forgather more often."

Lucia and Greg had Christmas dinner together. He was then fuming at the sloth of Mrs. Hawes' plumbers. And on his birthday she gave him a party, which it was easy to make a surprise since he'd forgotten that it was his birthday. By then the stupidity of the painters who weren't getting the right colors for Mrs. Hawes' panels called forth his vocabulary.

In February Oscar Warner came into a legacy he'd been counting on since he was sixteen. Oscar was forty-two. He began telephoning Lucia every day or two, and she became aware that he had resolved to marry and decided to bestow his hand upon her. The prospect of turning him down should have been pleasant, but Lucia knew she wouldn't enjoy it. That sort of thing was always horrid.

When she confided her suspicions on the subject to Greg, because she thought they would amuse him, he said, "And I suppose some day you'll marry him. Well, perhaps it's the wise thing. He'll take care of you."

He said it sadly and helplessly, and it seemed to Lucia that with those words the horrors of winter in Churchill Valley must have reached their climax. He could think of such a thing as possible! It was completely disheartening.

Of course she did know that nothing was very real to him just then except the house of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, which stood, a white-iced cake of delight on the broad tablecloth of Churchill Valley's snow. It was really done, but he couldn't let it go. He lingered over it perfecting little things no one would ever notice, just so he wouldn't have to feel it was out of his hands. And then one day he burst into Lucia Grey's little cubicle at the Times office a transformed creature.

"May Allah crown you with blessings, Lucia Grey. May Allah bless you with ecstasies! You're responsible for this, and nobody was ever responsible for anything more pleasant."

"But what in the deuce is it?" Lucia asked.

It was a letter in long hand.

"Who's it from?"

"Look at the address."

The address was the Château du Point, St. Monique, France.

"Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes?"

"None other. Read it!"

Mrs. Hawes was crazy about the pictures of her house, and she was inclosing a check as per contract. She had done something over in France which she supposed was crazy. She'd done it for a spec. She'd bought the Château du Point and she was planning on putting up quite a few cottages to rent to Americans. The place had it all over Florida, everyone told her, and everyone who came there was crazy to stay. But she didn't want these terrible-looking French-villa things, planned without any idea of convenience or anything else. She wanted real, human American cottages, and she wondered if Mr. Gregory Benson would be interested in coming over to do the job. It would be a long one, two or three years probably, from what little she'd observed of French workmen. She suggested terms. He was to telegraph if he could come.

"You're going to wire, of course?"

"Going to! I did on my way here. Isn't this the greatest luck ever?"

This was, Lucia thought, what she got for having thought his remark about Oscar Warner the winter's climax of horror. This was a last icy hell.

She made herself rejoice with Greg so convincingly that he never dreamed how she was feeling. When he said, "I feel like a deserter leaving you in Churchill Valley to go to this," she answered, "Don't be nonsensical. I have Oscar Warner, remember."

And he gave his self-deprecatory laugh and said, "I never was much help, anyway; but I'll miss you like sixty," and was perhaps just faintly hurt, for which she was glad.

After he left her she sat down and bawled and bawled.

"I'll mildew my typewriter ribbon," she told herself, but it didn't seem to stem the tide.

Of course, she realized Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes was in love with Greg. It glared from every line of that letter. Why shouldn't she be? He must be infinitely the most attractive man she'd ever met, and what if she was years older than he, and enormous? A woman like Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes got what she wanted. She, Lucia, had created a monster to destroy her love as Frankenstein had done. She beat a great dissonance of consonants and vowels on the keys of her typewriter. This was, she recorded in her mind, the worst moment in her life so far. She had given up superlatives without limiting clauses.

With Greg Benson there was no blessed period while he made arrangements and packed. He had no possessions and no business. He was gone in four days. It was necessary that Lucia record the fact of his departure in Churchill Valley Chit-Chat but, as the purpose of that department was not katharsis by pity and terror, she did so as briefly and in as colorless a manner as possible. The abomination of desolation was upon Lucia, and to it Oscar Warner added the fancy abomination of his proposal

"Lady Lucia, don't you think we might make a go of it in double harness? We're the only people here who speak the same language, and 'the time has come,' the walrus said."

(Continued on Page 88)

Will his eyes confirm what his lips are saying?

Be as pretty as he pictures you—this simple rule of skin-care is bringing charm to thousands

THE kindly candles of last night, the tell-tale revealments of noon! Do you fear the contrast they may offer?

Thousands of women have found the beauty that chooses no special hour to bloom, but casts its enchantment over every moment of the day.

There is no secret how. The scores of pretty skins you see wherever your eyes turn prove this to be true. Any girl can have the charm of a fresh, clear skin, the gift more priceless than beauty itself.

The means are simple. No costly beauty treatments—simply common-sense daily care with soothing palm and olive oils as combined in Palmolive.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

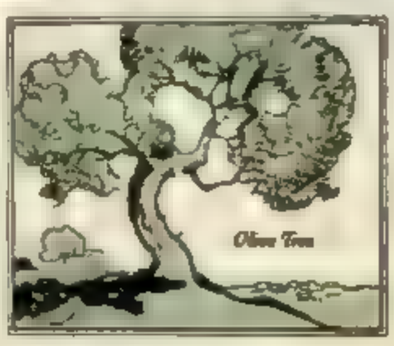
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

Soap From Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

2662

Your skin feels cool, smooth, refreshed

Quickly heal those tiny

UNSEEN NICKS

your razor leaves

NO matter how sharp your razor, how smooth your skin, hundreds of tiny unseen abrasions are left by every shave.

If it is to feel as cool and smooth as it looks, these must be quickly healed.

A slap of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings tingling circulation rushing "first-aid" to all these tiny nicks. Then your face feels cool—refreshed—velvet smooth!

USED regularly Ed. Pinaud's toughens the skin without coarsening it, protects against chapping, local infection and eruptions You'll like its clean, lilac odor.

Get it at any drug or department store *today*. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

Heals, protects, refreshes the skin

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

(Continued from Page 86)

"What makes you think the time has come?" Lucia inquired.

"Oh, financial clouds have rolled away. I want to step out. I want to see those places you're always writing about."

"You'd get much better service from some good travel bureau." Lucia tried being facetious.

"No, I mean it. When will you name the day?"

"Oh, Oscar, don't be silly. I don't love you."

Oscar looked at her admiringly. "I understand. Spoke too soon, didn't I, Lady Lucia? When the robin builds his nest, perhaps."

With the terrible clarity she had acquired in reading Oscar Warner, Lucia could see that he thought it very correct of her to refuse his first proposal, and startlingly courageous. That was done. Under the pretense of lightness he was assuring her that she need not worry, that she had not lost her chance.

For two days Lucia had such an attack of the doldrums as she'd never experienced. Oscar! Ugh! Ugh! And yet, likely as not she'd marry him some day. She'd be so bored that she'd marry him. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

That would be after Greg Benson had married Mrs. Hawes, and she'd got used to the idea.

Greg was an unsatisfactory correspondent. He wrote quite often, but he never gave any facts. His letters were of the I've-got-a-million-things-to-tell-you-when-I-see-you school. As though things didn't evaporate if one waited!

His references to Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes began by being jocular: "I wish I could describe my meeting with Mrs. S. E. H., but words fail me. She's amazingly changed." But it wasn't long before he was writing: "You never said a truer word, in jest or otherwise, than when you called my present employer a very real person. She is, Lucia. She is."

April passed, May passed, June began. Summer cottagers drifted in. Old Madam Stewart appeared on the tenth of June, her traditional date—the date one felt must have been revealed to her handsomely engraved on thunderous heavens by a punctilious deity. Madam Stewart appeared, drove in majesty from her special car to Beechwood, received Mr. Cortwright, the rector, and her cousin Mary Casson, inspected the floral tributes sent by villagers and those of the summer colony who had arrived, directed Mary Casson to write thank-you notes for them, indicating what degree of cordiality each should express, went to her room to lie down before dinner, and there unaccountably upset the routine of years by dying.

Incidentally she left no endowment for the Stewart Home for Impoverished Gentlewomen, which made the prospects for Lucia's ability bleaker than ever. Discussion of who should take over Madam Stewart's various activities was a blessing to Lucia, however. It filled her Chit-Chat column, and grinding out chit-chat had become incredibly hard for her. Like many dictators Madam Stewart had wasted no time on the preparation of a successor. None of the younger women were prepared to shoulder the vast burden of her responsibilities. It seemed they must be divided and distributed, and Churchill Valley, having experienced the lazy advantages of an absolute monarchy, viewed the coming of a republic of beneficence as the approach of chaos.

Lucia had to gather opinions from many people and became definitely interested in the problem. "I'm getting to be civic," she told herself. "That's what I'll be from now on, probably—a civic old maid."

"I notice some signs of life in the cottage of your friend Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes," Mr. Webb remarked to her one day. "Is she back?"

"I haven't an idea," Lucia snapped.

"Well, you mustn't take a chance of offending a person as important as that."

Lucia telephoned. A maid said Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes was busy. "Would Miss Grey leave a number?"

"Among the summer arrivals," Lucia typed sharply for Chit-Chat, "is Mrs. S. E. Hawes."

That raw statement gave her great pleasure. She left it on her desk for a time that she might gloat over it. She read it whenever she went into her little room. Then the time came when she had to get her copy in, and suddenly she wondered if she'd been holding it up just so she could gloat over it. Wasn't it because she really disliked to do anything so rottenly unfair? After all, Mrs. Hawes didn't realize what she'd done to Lucia Grey. And, if Mrs. Hawes was going to marry Greg Benson, it was the best thing that could happen to him; and Lucia loved him enough not to be mean about it, if it did hurt her terribly. She loved Greg enough to go on making as much of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes as she could, just on the chance that he might marry her.

Lucia squeezed the crisp notice into a little wad and dropped it into her waste-paper basket. She realized she was being soft in doing so, and there was something which looked very much like a tear blister on the copy she eventually typed.

To her ravishingly lovely Stewart Avenue home Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes returned last Wednesday from a glamorous winter in France. Big business is an enchanter hard to escape once one has fallen under his spell and Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, though abroad purely for pleasure, proved herself not entirely free from his magic. She has the imaginative eye which can see opportunity, and she has purchased an estate of three hundred acres at St. Monique on the Côte d'Azur, which she plans to turn into an American real-estate development with the aid of Mr. Gregory Benson, the distinguished local architect, in whom she became interested through his wonderful work on her home here.

The thought comes if only Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, with her business genius, could be induced to take an active part in the charities of Churchill Valley, what a boon to the community it would be! With the death of Madam Stewart, that distinguished representative of the *ancien régime*, Churchill Valley needs a woman of wide experience and great benevolence to take the helm of its bark. The question is, would Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes, with her already tremendous responsibilities, care to do so? At least we bid her welcome to Churchill Valley and congratulate her on the transformation of her residence, formerly known as the Williams cottage, a view of which Messrs. Johns and Tibbett have had printed on a most attractive post card.

When she had typed it Lucia knew that the completion of the Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes she had started to create lay in those paragraphs. She made herself just as unhappy with the thought as she could. Then she laughed at herself for doing so, but not a very gay laugh.

"I suppose I fancy myself writing twitter with a broken heart."

She walked to the pressroom with it herself.

The suggestion worked like yeast. No one called Lucia up and said, "What a good idea of yours to have Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes take up the burden!" But in the lists of dinner parties which were telephoned her to chronicle, the name of Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes led all the rest. In a week Julia Clinton called up to announce in a bubbling voice that Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes had accepted the chairmanship of the home.

Wasn't it wonderful? And she was going to be on the hospital board, too, and she had a scheme for a kind of continuous rummage sale which she thought would almost pay the running expenses of the home, if people would coöperate.

Lucia said it was wonderful, and such a surprise! And when Julia rang off she permitted herself to address the absent Mr. Gregory Benson in the way of an apostrophe.

"Well, Greg, I've done the best I could for her! She'll be officially the first lady of Churchill Valley. It isn't exactly what I'd have thought you wanted for a wife, but it's the best I could do!"

She wasn't saying it aloud, but she was whispering it rather vehemently, and she jumped when Tony Pirello, the office boy, came in without rapping, in his usual fresh way.

"Say, there's a woman outside wants to see you."

"Who is it?"

"I dunno," Tony answered, and examined a card in his hand. "Gosh! Look at the name!"

It was, of course, Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes.

Lilybaum had done wonders. Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes suggested a parliamentary peeress of American birth. She was dressed with suave smartness which was pointed by little harmonies of bag and boots and hat; the sort of thing on which Lilybaum was always insistent.

"You haven't been to see me yet this year," she said in her same voice, but with an added something, a social assurance she had lacked before.

"I've been awfully busy," Lucia said.

"Mr. Benson talked about you a lot," Mrs. Hawes stated. "He hopes we'll be friends."

"How—how is the St. Monique project getting along?" Lucia dodged.

"It's getting along great. Mr. Benson's got entire charge of it. I like Benson. I like him a lot ——"

Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes seemed to pause.

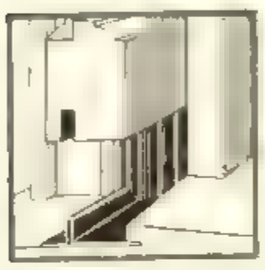
"You needn't tell me," Lucia thought through the teeth of her mind.

"I'm so glad he's satisfactory," she said.

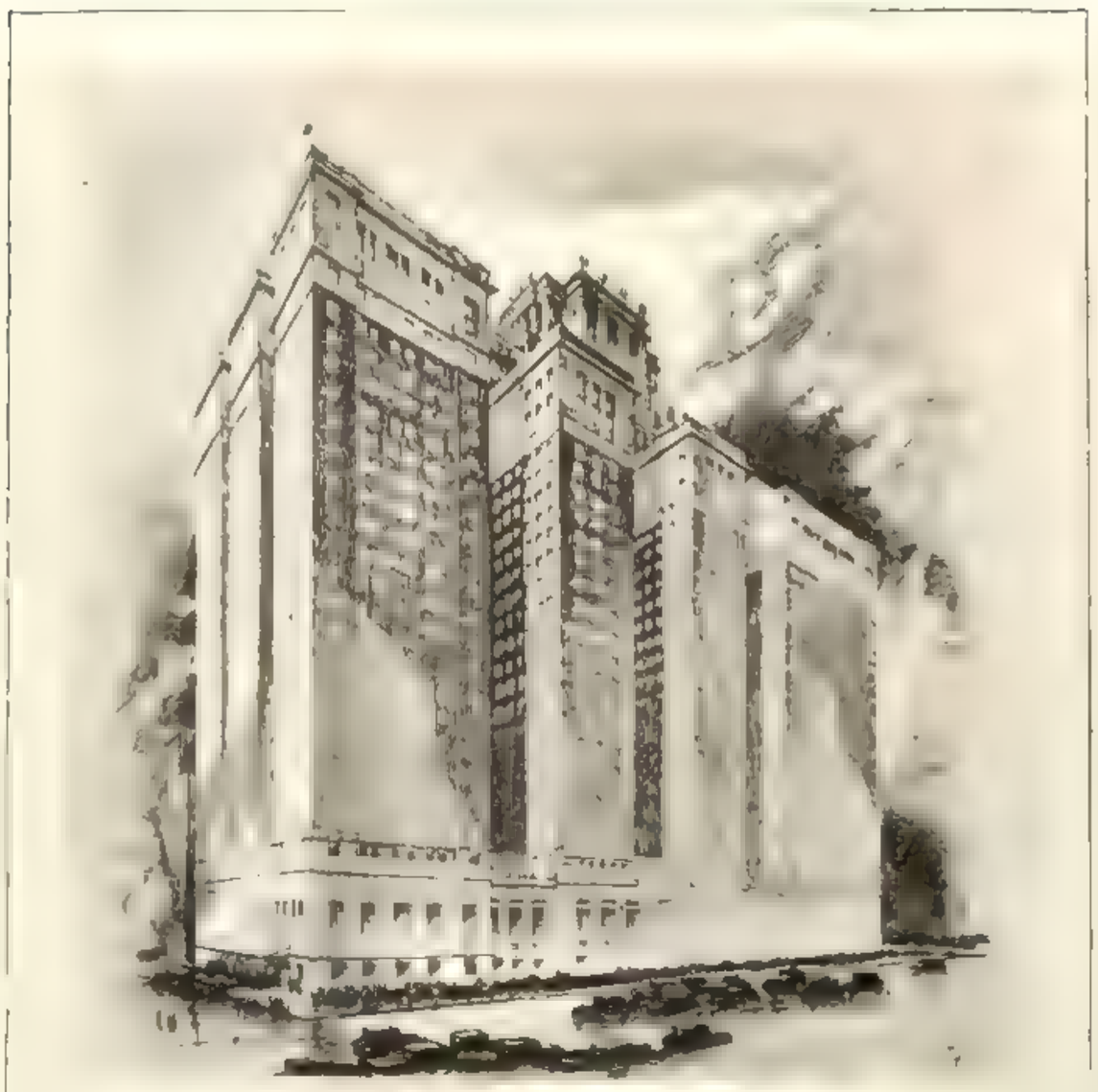
"Remember I was complaining last year because nobody came to see me?" Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes changed the subject. "Well, this year I'm almost crazy, they're running me so hard with all this charity

(Continued on Page 91)

34 years' experience has proved Chamberlin Tongue-in-wood-Groove Contact sound in principle and over 90% efficient. The groove is always of standard width, an important detail necessary to obtain effective weather strip installations



In both lower and upper corners of sliding windows, Chamberlin Weather Strips are perfectly joined or mitred. Chamberlin design requires this operation—an installation detail necessary to obtain maximum weather tightness



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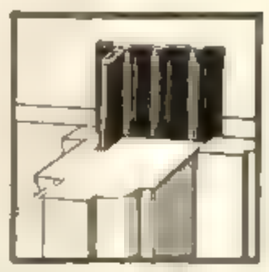
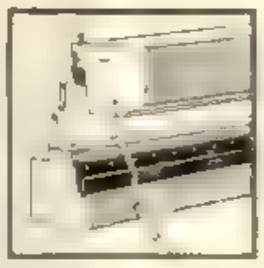
Twenty Miles of Chamberlin Weather Strips



Weatherstripped windows should be practically airtight yet easy to operate. Chamberlin covers entirely the runways of sliding windows but raised track-like corrugations reduce sliding friction to a minimum.



Chamberlin equipment includes a strong metal interlocking strip at meeting rail. Chamberlin installation practice requires that sash be properly dressed, trimmed and fitted if necessary before Chamberlin is installed.

CHAMBERLIN

WEATHER STRIPS

Proved by the Test of Time

For 34 years Chamberlin has operated on the principle that weather stripping, to be permanently efficient, demands more than correctly designed, carefully made weather strips. The Chamberlin principle includes exacting attention to installation. Therefore, Chamberlin exclusively installs its weather strips. All work is done by Chamberlin mechanics trained and supervised to work to the Chamberlin standard. And, as final assurance of enduring satisfaction, Chamberlin guarantees and services its equipment for the life of the building. Small wonder that Chamberlin Weather Strips—economical but the best you can buy—are found on so many residential and outstanding buildings—such as the Stevens, the world's largest hotel.

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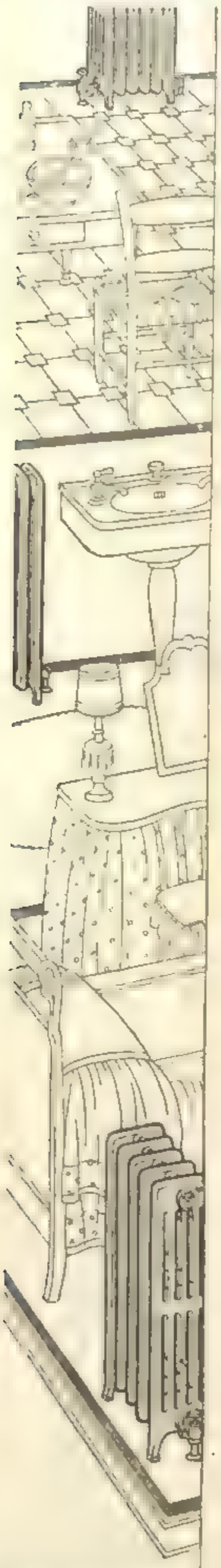

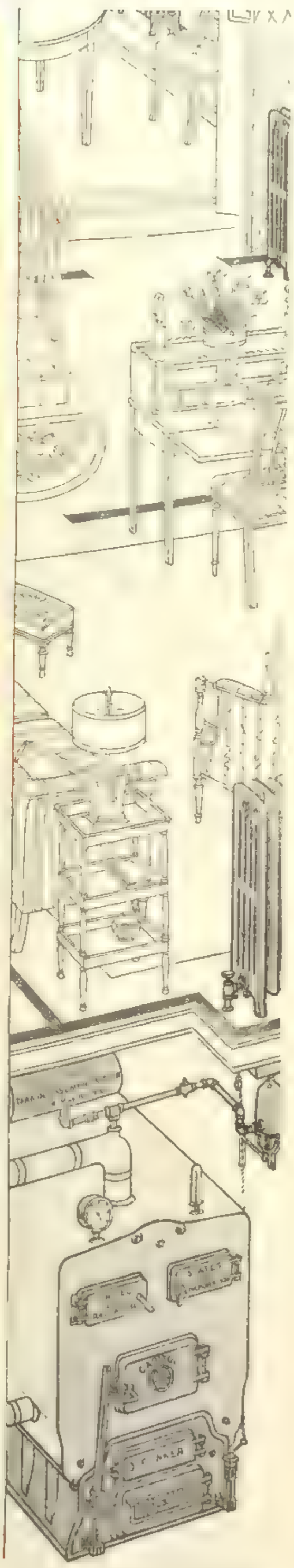

New! *a radiator masterpiece*— The Capitol

An artist puts pencil to paper and a poem in stone scrapes the sky . . . a noble bridge spans the roaring flood . . . a radiator of exquisite beauty graces the American home.

Decorators with a feeling for lovely line, engineers who understand heating, both acclaim the new Capitol as the radiator masterpiece. Never has heating efficiency been clothed with greater symmetry. In our considered judgment, after thirty-seven successful years, it is by far the finest radiator that we have ever produced.

In profile or in full view, it equally exhibits its classic beauty. Lines that melt in grace, contours of flawless perfection, every detail aids in achieving that happy decorative note which accords with the finest interiors without accenting itself.

From the standpoint of efficiency, it is a thing of consummate ingenuity. The lacy openness, which adds so much charm, contributes markedly to the speedy transmission of heat. Freely and rapidly the air circulates about each section, which though smaller than old types yet has greater radiating surface.

In new homes or old its various sizes meet every radiator requirement. In every way it is worthy of bearing the name of the thrifty boilers whose heating ability is guaranteed in writing—*Capitol*. Tell your architect to specify it, or ask your heating contractor.

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6 FACTORIES AND 28 ASSEMBLING PLANTS SERVE THE COUNTRY

For 37 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

GUARANTEED HEATING

Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

Guaranteed Heating WITH

Capitol Boilers

AND RADIATORS

SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS

(Continued from Page 88)

stuff, and I kind of imagine the things you've written are responsible for it."

"Oh, isn't that too bad!" Lucia said.

"Land, I'm not complaining. I love it. I suppose they keep you pretty busy here."

"Fairly."

"Got a good job?"

"Goodish."

"Because I need a secretary like everything. I need one here and in France, and I thought if you would ——"

"Is there something we could sign this instant so you couldn't possibly change your mind?" Lucia asked. "There's nothing in the whole world I'd love so much as that."

"What about terms?"

"I don't care what the terms are if I'm fed and clad and bought tickets."

"I guess a little something to start a savings account with wouldn't be so bad."

"But I won't need one now," Lucia cried—"now that you're the chairman of the Stewart Home for Impoverished Gentlewomen and it's an assured success."

Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes put back her head and laughed. "Say, that's rich," she commented.

Then she spoke in a much more serious tone than the one she had employed.

"There's one thing that I want to tell you. It's about Mr. Benson."

Lucia's delight faded as she'd no idea it could fade. "Yes, I know," she gulped. "At least I've guessed."

"What have you guessed?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Probably just what I mean. His letters have probably given it away. I'm worried to death about Benson. The French women at St. Monique have gone just wild about him. He's got pretty good sense, but I don't trust any man with women throwing themselves at his head like that. And I certainly don't want to be responsible for Benson's being tied up with a French wife. Part of your job is going to be to take care of that."

"I'll try to," Lucia promised. "You have no idea how hard I'll try to take care of that."

As she said it she grinned, but there were tears in her eyes.

"I can work with a woman who's honest with me," Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes remarked without much apparent appropriateness. "Now get rid of this job as soon as you can and report at my place. Here's my handkerchief. You can bring it with you when you come."

It was some time after Mrs. Simon Erastus Hawes had left before Lucia was through with the handkerchief, and emerged from her room to look for Mr. Webb.

Tony Pirello was attaching a For Sale sign to the tail of the office cat with a paper clip, but he desisted long enough to look up at Lucia and say, "Say, who was dat dame, anyways? She give me a half a dollar."

"I'm not sure," Lucia answered, "but I think she was a figment of my imagination."

CLASSICS OF A RING RECOLLECTION

(Continued from Page 13)

trials of a challenger in the lighter classes, where competition is really keen, may impress themselves upon you. It really isn't all just brutality, after all, this fighting. It exacts an enormous moral courage and an utter lack of the quitting sense, don't you think? It pays tribute to just about the same qualities that commerce or industry or other professions do.

And one more big threat was ever in my mind. There was not a man I met who, in victory over me, could not rightfully claim my chance at the belt. What endless trickery shrewd managers could devise for such a condition!

I never knew what to expect. Though—and I say it frankly—nothing ever really happened along that line, the possibility of it was always there, and it worried me vastly, kept me in a mental turmoil that once brought me to the belief that I never would get the title chance, anyway, and would not profit by it if I did.

Stip it was who dragged me through that period of despond. He was ever at my side, ever assuring me that no man on earth then or in eternity, past or future, had ever been or ever would be even so much as half the fighter I was.

In the third of those seven fights I caught a Tartar. It took the best I had to batter my way through that lad, and the best that I had was little too much. After the fight I found that my right hand, as the fighters have it, had blown up. There was no bone actually broken. Cartilages, I imagine, had ripped away under slashing impacts and the knuckle sockets had swollen in protest. A few months before, I should have given the matter but passing heed.

A solution of lead and opium kept in a moist bandage for a day or two would have fixed me. But now I was frightened. We had agreed to battle again in eight days and I at once wired the promoter that my hand was broken and I was out of the running for at least three weeks. All this reflected my worried mood. I feared something would rise to handicap me in my bid for the championship.

An Eloquent Silence

Stip set about doctoring the hand and it responded well. But I discovered that I had lost faith in it. If I missed my ambition to fight for the belt, I believed, it would be through that weak hand. If I got the fight and lost—again it would be because of the hand.

Psychology? I was a target for every trick of the imagination, a caldron in which seethed more doubt and worry and uncertainty than ever besieged the proverbial old maid who has found the burglar under her bed.

So unsettled was my mind that I nearly broke Stip's heart about that time by telling him that his latest swap on the bulging diamond was a bit of chicanery that appealed to me as nonsensical. He looked at me, then at the newly enlarged stone, back at me once more. Then he proved the glory of his expert silence by saying nothing in a manner which assured me that there was nothing left him but to join me forthwith in my suddenly acquired insanity.

We did not fight for six weeks, then decided to take a chance on the weak hand. I had paid rather well for a constant ballyhoo on the impending championship fight and money was again an item.

In the next fight I found that I kept real power out of my punches to a greater degree than I realized. I could not measure my blows as to force. It was a case of hit with all I had or nothing. So much was this true that after the fight the man I had outpointed came to me and shook my hand and said that I was a mighty decent fellow—and all because I was afraid to chance hurting that right hand again.

Knocked Out by Father Time

In another month I met a globe-trotting fighter whose friends and admirers were legion. This was a bit of business on our part that, we felt, would make or break the title shot. If I won, the champion and promoters would know that I could draw well in a title contest. If I lost ——

I trained diligently for that fight. I have said previously that in the lower-weight classes of ringdom there are no old men. Age, I think I said, was a matter of moments. Luck favored me in that the globe-trotter I met had reached that weird point which draws the line between deeds and knowledge.

He knew all about fighting, but could no longer fight. The fires of his triumphs had burned out. My first blow to his body brought a look of surprise to his face, a look I have seen several times. The sap of his sinews seemed dried out in a sudden blast of age. Resilience of muscle deserted him, stamina fled. He went down in three rounds and for the first time in his career took the long count.

Afterward he said of me, "This man is the greatest of them all. He is the greatest fighter in the ring."

He never suspected that it was himself who had lost greatness rather than I who had attained it. Neither did the public or the experts. I had beaten a marvel; beaten him into submission in three short rounds, and the champion, so they said, had me to reckon with

The poor globe-trotter learned the truth with the passing of time; learned that others were great too; the greatest of all time, as measured against the failing opposition he was able to offer them. But even then he and others refused to see the entire truth. I, they said, had beaten him so harshly that his confidence was gone. Having been immersed in the great sea of oblivion, experts believed, he had returned saturated with the waters of doubt. Without confidence, he was lost.

Bunk! Pure bunk! It was age. The globe-trotter was burned out. The penalty of training, fighting and daring Father Time had been paid. The reward of the game, the end of the road. The quick and sudden turning of the way that the driver does not see through the gathering shadows.

What a changed attitude greeted me after that fight! I could hand-pick opponents now. I was heralded as the next champion by the boosters, and people would pay just to see me, even though they knew I fought men not in my class.

Where I had made $1000 before, I made $3000 now. The going was so easy as to be laughable. I picked men of the slugger type who moved ponderously and were marks for a left-hand jab. I admitted frankly that I was staking everything on the big fight in the offing; that I spared myself all possible and regarded fights now as tune-up affairs.

Still, men paid to see me. Promoters wired me urging that I box for them. A magazine came to me and asked for an interview, which I did not give them, and for the first time I signed an advertisement and collected money for the use of my name.

Such was fame, such was glory, such were the gifts of sudden eminence. I ask that you take any twenty-four-year-old lad you know and place him in such a position; shower him with money and hero worship; let him hear the plaudits of the multitudes and be cheered even as he passes along the street; have men and women alike crane their necks to see him and speak to him and give to him of their pleasures. How will any young man stand up under that friendly battering?

I am infinitely more proud of the fact that I came through those days clean than that I won a championship. I boast far more of the fact that I lived in cleanly fashion, and retained my belief in myself and my moral courage, than I do of the fact that I got up after ring knockdowns and that men called me game.

Old-Time Advertising

But it was good just the same. It is nice, after a fashion, to stroll into a theater late and nearly halt the show while folks try to see you. There is a satisfaction in it that is not easily described.

It was along this path that I walked in those days. My fame grew, too, when articles for the big fight were signed and training actually got under way. Frankly, life seemed to me to be a huge and continuous swindle.

I kept apace of our prosperity only through the steady and evident growth of Stip's diamond. How it did grow then! We rolled in money, and now that we had it to spend freely, we seldom needed it. We became "personal friends" of everyone from bankers to tailors. One of the latter made me the best suit I ever owned, and presented it to me because I had my photograph taken while wearing it and autographed the picture for him.

Stip came to me one day with the announcement that a caller wanted to see me on a matter of business. "He is," Stip assured me, "a guy with dough, and he has on a cutaway coat."

Our visitor assured me that he ran the finest restaurant in town, where food could be had at moderate prices and where he would be glad to have me eat without cost of any kind to me. Between nervous coughs he stated his case. His hat brim whirled through his fingers in circular agility, and his eyes, slanted in lamentable fashion, danced an accompaniment that was truly appalling.

"I don't eat in restaurants," I told him honestly. "I eat food that is especially fixed for me."

A Volunteer Meal Ticket

It then, on the wings of fevered excitement, developed that I never had eaten in his particular restaurant. It was perfectly true, we agreed, that other restaurants were not for such as I. But his! That was different again.

Between his funny little coughs and his excited words I was forced to laugh at him. He seemed not to mind; took it, I imagine, as an evidence of friendly feeling. Neither of us understood half the other said.

At that moment Stip came in again and the little man in the cutaway went into ecstasies over my buddy's diamond. That sank Stip. I am perfectly certain that he would have capitulated on the restaurant idea after that.

The restaurateur remained with us for three hours. In the course of time we grew to like him so well that we did eat in his restaurant several times by prearrangement. We were glad to see him benefit, for we were always greeted by a full house.

The laugh, to me, comes in the discovery on our part at a later date that the cutaway coat was a rented affair in which he expected to impress us mightily. The laugh for him doubtless came in the fact that, when the big fight actually came off, he plunged his entire savings on me to win and I happened to do it.

At the signing of the articles I laid off for a solid week. Stip and I tried the rural atmosphere for that week, and, I am obliged to confess, found it no more alluring than on our Canadian trip. We were both city-bred and of a species that misses the roar of the cosmopolitan.

We talked little but fight during the week. We hid away and perfected a plan of battle that was to be relied upon to bring us fame and fortune. Just at that time I am certain Stip would not have traded places with the President of the United States, and I question whether he would have granted the man an interview had he presented himself at our door.

After that came the period of training. Spurred on always by the golden chance ahead, I did not spare myself in the least. A vast confidence carried me through the grind of labor, made me laugh aside the multitudinous superstitions that flashed into Stip's ordinarily placid mind.

I grew to associate the very ropes of my paraphernalia with a great achievement to come. At times it seemed to me that their

(Continued on Page 93)

FLIT KILLS MOTHS

KEEP this simple statement on your mind. Flit kills moths. Every woman and every man has had bitter experience with moths. Has faced the tragedy of losing some cherished article. The winter coat new only last year. A fur or fur-trimmed garment. Expensive dinner clothes. The best blankets. Upholstery or a handsome rug.

Flit can save every one of these valuable articles. Can save you the mental anguish that comes from garments ruined. Can save you the worry about precious things so carefully packed away.

What is Flit and how does it work?

Flit is a wonderful new household insecticide put on the market only three years ago. It is fatal to insects but harmless to people. Millions are using Flit to kill moths, moth eggs and the little worms that hatch from the eggs and grow fat on your best garments. And Flit also kills flies, mosquitoes, ants, roaches and bedbugs.

You buy Flit in a can—"*the yellow can with the black band*" you see on this page. With it you buy a Flit sprayer—the one the woman is using. Spray your clothing, wool and silk-and-wool, your furs, your rugs and draperies, as directed on the can. Also all closets, trunks and chests. Simple, isn't it? And it works. For Flit kills moths. For sale throughout the world.

~and does not stain

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(Continued from Page 91)

rasping through pulleys was a whisper of confidence, an assurance of success. The thump of my punching bag was a hymn of triumph. I never questioned my ultimate victory any more than did Stip. His remark when the championship battle was finally assured is typical of his confidence in me to win.

"It's all over at last," he chirped happily; "we fin'ly got that guy in a ring!"

And I felt much the same way. There was no trepidation, no feeling of awe at fighting for the prized title.

"He ain't got only two hands," Stip announced emphatically. "It would take a guy with four to beat this kid!"

Slowly that confidence infected others who contacted with me in training. The men I used for sparring partners were outspoken in their belief that I was at the peak of my career. This, they said, could have come at no better time for me. I would win from any man in the world at my weight.

The sport writers favored me a little, too, combating the established practice of betting always on a champion. I was as happy as a boy circus-bound. I saw in the bout itself only a necessary step in the crowning of a champion—and I was to be that champion!

A week before the bout the odds against me were adjusted downward to seven to five. It was generally conceded that I had a good chance. Reports had the battle a sell-out and the world's appetite whetted to a fistic classic.

Though I had considerable money at the time, and was dead sure of winning, I did not bet on myself. Neither did Stip bet on me. That was another of his superstitions.

"If I should bet and lose," he assured me, "it would be my bad luck that done you outa the belt."

Those were great days of training. With our minds looking forward to possession of the championship, nothing seemed arduous. I responded to Stip's manipulations beautifully.

There was not an ache or a pain in my whole body, not a muscle that seemed to complain of the terrific strains we threw against it.

Three full days before the bout I began a drying out that was complete. Even my bathing knew no water. Stip rubbed me with alcohol and presided over me with the care of a mother for her newborn babe.

The Wrong Way In

In order to achieve this arid process with the least possible discomfort and interruption, we took ourselves again out of town and rested, except for light exercise, until it seemed to me that I was so full of sheer energy and the will to combat that I would burst.

That feeling continued to grow upon me. I was a bundle of steel springs guided by a mind that knew not the slightest tremor of fear when I climbed through the ropes for that one big fight of fights. I was trained to a hair line, ready for any sort of opposition that might present and fired with a will to victory that could not be curbed.

And when the hour struck—that hour for which I had waited so impatiently—and I stood in my dressing room ready for the march down the aisle that, I knew, would be lined with gripping hands and tense, excited faces, all of which would be beaming with curiosity upon me, I knew that no man ever was more fit for the fight of a career. If I lost, it was because I simply was not a champion.

And after that hectic parade, when hundreds of men had shouted good wishes to me—good wishes, I knew, which would have gone to the other fellow had chance brought him down that aisle—and I had stepped upward to the outer edge of the ring and looked out over the throng of faces, I promptly grasped the rope over which I must climb with my right hand!

Imagine Stip's moan of anguish when it was seen that I had thus violated his favorite superstition, trampled upon it out of hand—and in the championship battle!

I stepped through the ropes and walked across the ring to shake the champion's hand

"Good luck to you, old kid!" I greeted.

"Fine!" he laughed back. "Same to you." Then he turned his back on me and I went to my corner, and Stip caught my arm the while his six-carat diamond twinkled blatantly and his dulled eyes besought me to hear.

"Git out of the ring, kid!" he pleaded. "Yuh took the rope in yer right hand!"

"That's all right, Stip," I assured him. "Don't be a fool!"

On the Threshold of Fame

But the diamond-studded hand urged me toward the ropes, and before the mute appeal in his stricken eyes I capitulated. While thousands looked upon me in bewilderment, I slipped out through the ropes, paused a moment, then ostentatiously caught the center rope in my left hand and climbed in again.

Stip was satisfied. The relief in his eyes was no greater when he trained them upon a fallen champion shortly after that, and then upward into my own and let them rest there, sincere, warm, glorified, while friends of the moment had their chance to crowd upon me felicitations that I never bothered enough about to remember.

So came the great hour. There, under the lights and the canopy of smoke clouds, two kids made their stand for fame and glory, and against a world that actually cared not a whit for them, came through to victory. Is it any wonder that in that moment of supreme triumph I turned to Stip? The bellowing cheers of the mob had gone hollow as a reed. I knew the mob—and I knew Stip.

Stip it would have been who picked me up in defeat had fate so willed, while the mob howled its acclaim to my conqueror.

Of the fight itself I will tell in another article; and also of its effects upon Stip and upon me, for I am trying desperately to show the ring as I knew it. I want to tell you just what happened, then let you create your own picture of ringdom.

The result I most seek is that you shall understand what has been called the inside of the game. That done, Stip and I are quite willing to fade from view, back into the murk of the forgotten past; back where we belong, among the has-beens, and let the game itself go on to the glories that await it.

If every man was a boxer the world would be a terrible place, I fear. But every man ought to know how to box and develop the traits that boxing cultivates. These articles would be champions indeed if they aided in bringing that about.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Coe. The next will appear in an early issue

The Gulf Coast
Is Charming-Roses are Blooming
—There Is Much to See and Do

THIS historic land of delightful winters and all-year charm beckons you to its sun-warmed shores, where snow and ice are never known, where majestic pines wave their lofty heads over semi-tropical vegetation of gorgeous verdure, where golf, motoring, hunting, fishing, boating and other outdoor sports are at their finest and where splendid big hotels house you in every comfort and at moderate cost. The Gulf Coast is the Riviera of America, and teems with history, mystery and romance — a vacation paradise of unequalled charm.

Visit the Gulf Coast for pleasure and health—maybe you'll decide to stay in this land of great promise and immediate opportunity, for no other section of the rapidly growing South is building on sounder, more conservative lines—homes are being built on the Gulf Coast for winter occupancy or year-round habitation, new businesses and industries are being started and old establishments are "spreading out."

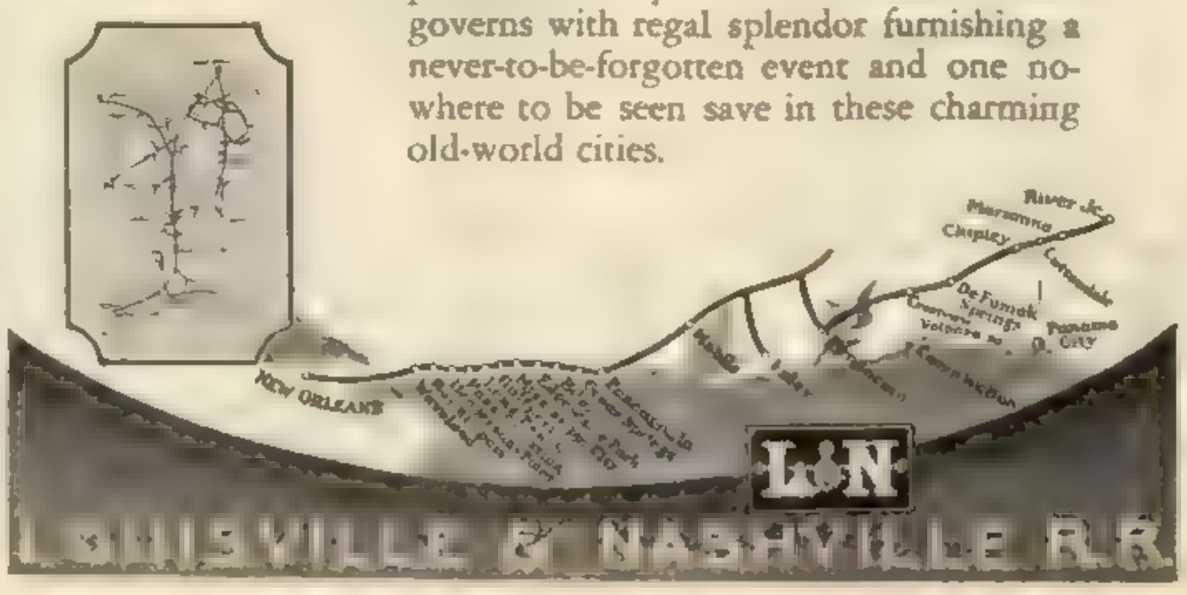
Nearby to the big cities of New Orleans, Pensacola and Mobile the winter visitor finds splendid train service and excellent motor roads to all these points of world-wide tourist interest. The Carnival or Mardi Gras (from Thursday, February 24th to Tuesday, March 1st—Carnival Day) is presided over by the Lord of Misrule who governs with regal splendor furnishing a never-to-be-forgotten event and one nowhere to be seen save in these charming old-world cities.

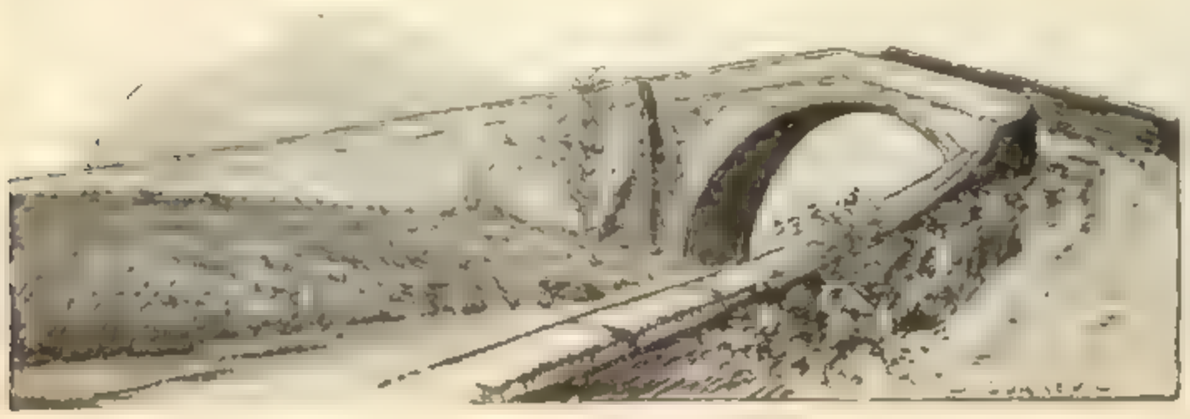
TRAINS
Of Hotel Completeness

From the North and Central West by "The Pan-American" from Cincinnati and Louisville, from the East by the "Crescent Limited" from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington—direct to the Gulf Coast. These two fine trains are all-steel and all-Pullman, with maid and valet service, shower baths, observation and club cars. Other trains with through service from the same cities, including direct sleeper from Boston.

Ask For Information

See your nearest L&N Ticket Agent, or write to R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent—Room 300, Ninth and Broadway, Louisville, Ky., for descriptive booklet about the Gulf Coast as a place to visit, a place to live and a place to prosper.





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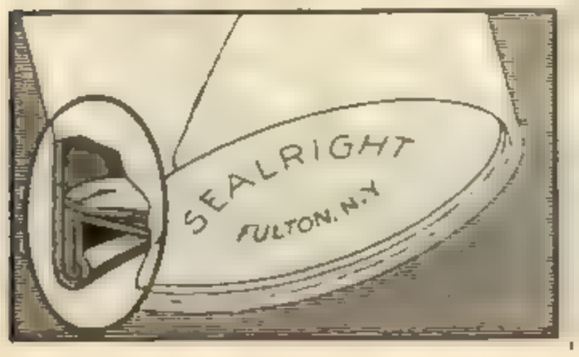

TALKING OF OLD BOOKS

(Continued from Page 5)

Book lovers who were contemporaries of Moses Polock treated him as though he would live on forever. It has been noted that those who collect things outlive people who do not. No one notices this so much, perhaps, as the collector himself who has his eye on the collection of another, or the book collector who cannot sleep well at night for the thought of a valuable first edition he would like to own. Book collectors—I make no exceptions—are archangels who stretch their wings in anticipation as they wait patiently for a colleague's demise; then they swoop down and ghoulishly grab some long-coveted treasure from the dear departed's trove.

Two years before my uncle's death I gave up my fellowship in English at the University of Pennsylvania to enter professionally the sport of book collecting and the business of selling. Uncle Moses was extremely pleased to have me as a competitor. He often said he believed I had all the necessary requisites for collecting—an excellent memory, perseverance, taste, and a fair knowledge of literature. Alas, all requisites but one—money! He thought if I were fortunate enough to acquire that, I would also have the other virtue—courage; the courage to pay a high price for a good book and to refuse a poor one at any price. And I was fortunate. Two gentlemen whose interest in books was as intense as mine made it possible for me to establish myself as a bookseller. The first, Clarence S. Bement, possessed a glorious collection over which he had spent years of constant study and search. All collectors were eager to secure his volumes, each being fine and rare. As a silent partner he was invaluable to me in many ways, and with the second—Joseph M. Fox—spurred me on to collecting the finest books and manuscripts as they came on the market, pointing out the fact that at all times there is a demand for the finest things. Mr. Fox, one of the most lovable of men, lived in a very old Colonial house called Wakefield, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, in which he had discovered wonderful Revolutionary letters and documents.

It is difficult to know at what moment one becomes a miser of books. For many years preceding his death, Uncle Moses kept a fireproof vault in the rear of his office, where he secreted rarities no one ever saw. His books were as real to him as friends. He feared showing the most precious lest he part with one in a moment of weakness. One of the amusing incidents of his life was that he had sold a copy of the Bradford Laws of New York, published in 1694, to Doctor Brinley for sixteen dollars, and many years later he had seen it sell at the Brinley sale for $1600. The money consideration did not cause his regret so much as the fact he had felt an affection for this volume which had rested upon his shelves for more than thirty years. By an amusing turn of the wheel of chance, which my uncle might have foreseen, the same volume would be worth today $20,000!

From Washington's Library

At the death of my uncle, in 1903, I came into possession of some wonderful books; others were purchased by private buyers and are today a part of various famous libraries. I was greatly thrilled when, as administrator of his estate I entered his secret vault for the first time in my life. In the half light I stumbled against something very hard on the floor. Lighting a match, I looked down, to discover a curious, bulky package. Examining it more closely, I found it was a bag of old gold coins. A reserve supply cautiously hoarded, no doubt, to buy further rarities.

My uncle's estate included several books from the library of George Washington, the finest of which was a remarkable copy of the Virginia Journal, published in Williamsburg, which I still have. Washington was one of the three presidents who collected books in an intelligent manner. There have been presidents who loved books—the late Theodore Roosevelt, for example—but who were not real collectors. It is always interesting to hazard a guess at a great man's personal likes by noting the titles in his library. In the past years I have bought other books from Washington's collection. There is The History of America by William Robertson in two volumes, worth at least $7000. Brown's Civil Law, Inland Navigation, Jenkinson's Collections of Treaties, eight volumes of the Political State of Europe, a four-volume course of lectures by Winchester on the Prophecies That Remain to be Fulfilled -in this last Washington wrote: "From the author to G. Washington." These are a heavy literary diet, somewhat one-sided when placed next to Epistles for the Ladies, which was also his. Each volume has the signature on the title page—"George Washington," with his armorial bookplate pasted inside the front cover. There were doubtless book borrowers in those days, too, whose memories and consciences might be jogged at sight of the owner's name. Another—a gift to Washington—is a collection of poems "written chiefly during the late war," by Philip Freneau, one of the few very early American poets whose work has survived. On the title page in Freneau's hand, with his signature, is written: "General Washington will do the author the honor to accept a copy of his poems, as a small testimony of the disinterested veneration he entertains for his character." The books belonging to Martha Washington are few, merely because she was not a great reader, and the common sense title of the one book of hers which I have—Agriculture of Argyll County—would lead one to think of her as a practical woman rather interested in rural activities.

Old-Time Collectors

The collecting passion is as old as time. Even book collecting—which many believe to be a comparatively recent development—can be traced back to the Babylonians. They, with their passion for preserving records on clay tablets, could hardly go in for all the little niceties, such as original paper boards or beautifully tooled bindings, but they were collectors nevertheless.

Among the early individual book collectors such colorful names as Jean Grolier, De Thou, Colbert and the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin shine forth. Jean Grolier, a collector of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, now considered the patron saint of modern book collectors, showed unusual vision in selecting his books. Though many libraries of that time are both remarkable and valuable, sometimes their worth is variable. But every collector is keen to possess a Grolier volume, and at each sale the prices increase. He evidently read what he selected, and his taste showed that he had education and discernment. Aldus Manutius, the most famous printer of that day, dedicated books to him and printed certain works on special paper. Aldus was the first to popularize the small-sized book, and that is why many from the Grolier collection are easier to handle than the more gross volumes from other early libraries.

Grolier's generous disposition is indicated by the fact that he has either written in, or had stamped on the outside of the truly exquisite bindings, "Io Grolierii et Amicorum"—his books were for himself and his friends too. Many people have since copied this inscription on their bookplates. The Grolier family were book lovers, and his library was kept intact for three generations. Not until 116 years after his death was it sold, and although many were bought by other famous collectors, old records show that some disappeared entirely. It is just such knowledge that keeps the true bibliophile living in hopes—a long-missing Grolier might turn up any time, anywhere.

About the time of the discovery of America a book came out called the Ship of Fools, by one Sebastian Brant. In it was an attack on the book fool: a satire on the passion of collecting in which the author said that the possession of books was but a poor substitute for learning. That phrase which the layman reader asks the book collector so often with a smirk of condescension—"So you really read them?"—undoubtedly originated then. The real book collector, with suppressed murder in his heart, smiles acquiescence, assuming an apologetic air for his peculiar little hobby. His invisible armor is his knowledge, and he has been called a fool so often he glories in it. He can afford to have his little joke. So much for this threadbare gibe.

The True Book Lover

Cardinal Richelieu, according to history, sought relaxation from the cares of state in his love of books. His huge library was got together in many ways. Sometimes he bought books; he sent two learned men on the road—one to Germany and the other to Italy—to collect both printed and manuscript works. Often he would exchange volumes with other collectors, and one can imagine the covert smile of satisfaction on this ecclesiastical politician's lips whenever he got the better of a bargain.

Of course there was always a way to get a work, whether the owner cared to part with it or not—by an off-with-his-head policy of intimidation. After the taking of La Rochelle the red-robed Richelieu topped off the victory by helping himself to the entire library of that city. But even though he was something of a robber, his ultimate motive was good—he planned to establish a reference library for all qualified students. Yet it was his nephew, the inheritor of his library, who carried out these plans posthumously. He willed it to the Sorbonne, with a fund to keep up the collection and to add to it according to the needs and progress of the times.

Cardinal Mazarin had the appreciation of books instilled in him from his boyhood, when he attended a Jesuit school in Rome. Following in the footsteps of the famous Richelieu, it was necessary to carry out many of his predecessor's policies. One of these was to weaken the French nobles, who ruled enormous country estates, by destroying their feudal castles. Thus, Mazarin, a great but wily character, took his books where he found them. Eventually his library grew to be a famous one, which he generously threw open to the literary men of the day. Fortunately the men who followed Mazarin kept his collection intact, and today, in Paris, one may see the great Mazarin Library on the left bank of the Seine.

Colbert, first as Mazarin's secretary, and later a great political leader on his own account, also collected a fine library in perhaps a more legitimate manner than his patron. He arranged for the consuls representing France in every part of Europe to secure any remarkable works they might hear of. Colbert not only offered the use of his collection to such of his contemporaries as Molière, Corneille, Boileau and Racine, but he pensioned these men as well.

De Thou, also a Frenchman, of the latter half of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, had the finest library of his time. His thousands upon thousands of volumes included many bought from the Grolier collection, and collectors' interest in them has never lessened. De Thou was the truest type of book lover. He had not one but several copies of each book he felt a particular affection for; he ordered them printed on the best paper obtainable, expressly for himself. His bindings are richly beautiful, of the finest leathers, exquisitely designed. They are easily recognizable, as his armorial stamp, with golden bees, is on

(Continued on Page 99)

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* * *

In 1888, A. T. Baker & Co., Inc., was founded—in a small building in the outskirts of Philadelphia. This company was one of the very first firms in this country to produce Velvet.

Today Baker's Mills, North Carolina, is a complete community in itself. And the Philadelphia factory is one of the largest and most modern in the fabric industry. 38 years ago, one of the pioneers—today, one of the leading producers of Velvets, Plushes and Velours in the United States.

* * *

You will want to see the new Baker fabrics on furniture of the new design. Leading dealers are now showing Baker fabrics on furniture of various price ranges—in sets and individual pieces—of the finest quality as well as the less expensive.

See them and picture to yourself the many ways in which even individual pieces, judiciously placed, can enhance the brightness and smartness of your home.

The name of Baker is your assurance of quality, long life and unusual value—built into fine fabrics on the unvarying 38-year-old Baker standards.

Baker Velour
FOR FINE FURNITURE AND FINE MOTOR CARS

A. T. BAKER & CO., INC., *Manayunk*, Philadelphia; *New York*, 41 Union Square; *Chicago*, 28 East Jackson Blvd.; *Los Angeles*, 414 Central Bldg.; *Quincy, Mass.*, 94 Dixwell Ave.; *Toledo*, 923 Nicholas Bldg.

Victor presents
in combination instruments

HERE, beyond the shadow of a doubt, is the most comprehensive medium of home-entertainment in the world . . . the wonderful new Orthophonic Victrola and the latest Radiola, combined in one beautiful cabinet, with models to meet every taste and purse!

Discs and dials . . . music from records and music from the air . . . always at your fingertips, without regard to hour, day, season, or weather! The leading products in two distinct fields of entertainment *combined!* A twist of the wrist changes from records to radio, or back again. Simple. Unfailing. Incomparable.

Not alone the finest talking machine and the finest radio in one, but radio that can be heard in no other way. For reception is through the famous Orthophonic Tone-Chamber. This means tones so natural, so lifelike, that no imagination is needed to picture the living artist standing beside the instrument.

No better investment in home-entertainment can be made. The mythical power of Aladdin is yours in very truth with these combination instruments. At will you can summon the foremost talent of the world to sing or play for you and your friends. Music of your own choosing. All the encores you wish.

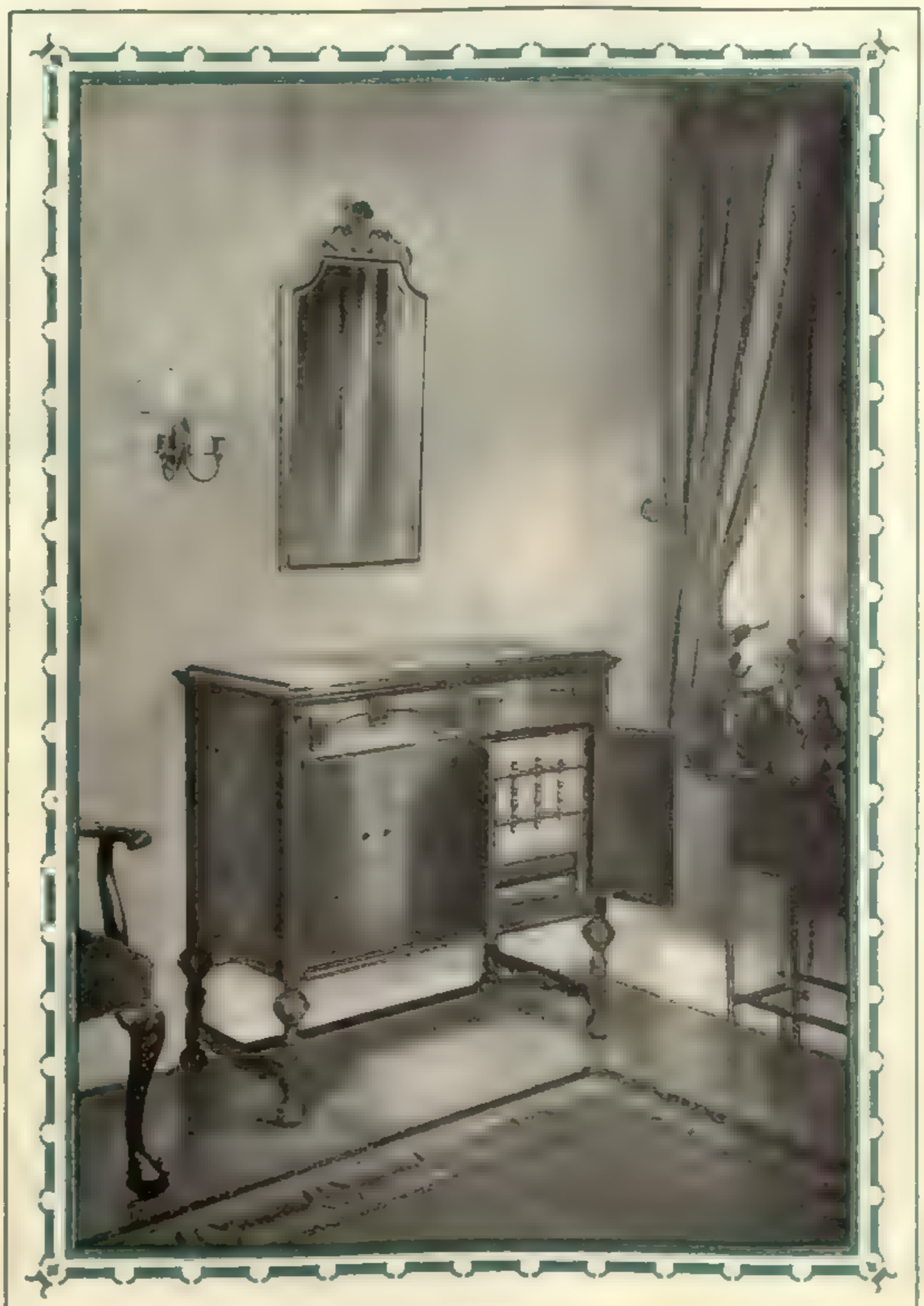
The production facilities of the Victor organization have been taxed to the utmost to supply radio combinations in sufficient number. To avoid disappointment, see your nearest Victor dealer at once. You will be astounded by the performance of this greatest of all home-entertainers.

Victor Artists Are Broadcasting

Saturday, January 1st, began the bi-weekly broadcasting of the greatest array of musical talent ever assembled on one program.

Get your Victrola-with-Radiola *now* and hear these marvelous programs as they *should* be heard—namely, with the same flawless realism of the actual concert in the studio.

One of these superb instruments can be installed in your home as quickly and easily as a new table or chair. See the Victor dealer at once. Don't miss the Victor programs. Don't!



A Very Popular Model

Orthophonic Victrola and Radiola Number Seven-three. List Price, $375

Semi-wall type cabinet in Spanish style, finished in mahogany, veneered, blended finish

Batteries operating Radiola in special compartment accessible from front of cabinet. Complete set Radiotrons furnished. Lever-operated control valve permitting instantaneous change from Orthophonic Victrola music to radio reception. Controls forward—easy to operate. Snap switch, positive battery control. Outdoor or indoor antenna, with ground. Separate lids for Victrola and Radiola compartments. Spring or electric motor, speed indicator and regulator. (Electric motor $35 additional.) Record stops automatically without pre-setting.

the ultimate

...*Victrola with Radiola*

The World's Most Comprehensive Musical Instrument

Orthophonic Victrola—Orthophonic Electrola and Radiola. Number Nine-forty. List Price, $1000

Orthophonic Victrola and Orthophonic Electrola in their highest development, combined with eight-tube Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Exceptional radio reception through Orthophonic system. Cabinet in Italian Renaissance style, walnut veneered, blended finish. A credit to any home or any surroundings.

Operates from electric-light socket . . . no batteries needed. Plays all Victor Records on Orthophonic Victrola or gives electrical reproduction of records on Orthophonic Electrola. Radiola runes with one hand. Built-in loop antenna in cabinet. Equipped with coupler for outside antenna. Volume can be regulated to suit large or small room. Reproduces all that can be had on records or from the air!

* * *

Also ask to see the Orthophonic Victrola and Radiola Number Nine-fifteen. List Price, $600.

The Electrola—Music from Records with Great Range of Volume

Number Twelve-twenty-five. List Price, $625

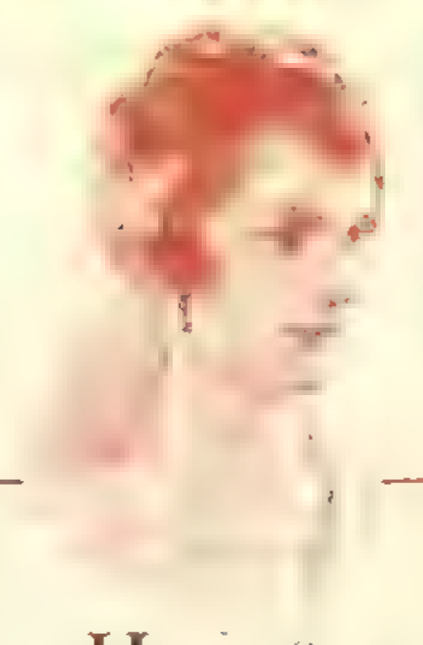
Where strong, clear music is desired—at home dances, in restaurants, concert halls, etc., the Victor Electrola is the ideal instrument. The volume of music may be regulated from a whisper to full band volume!

Cabinet mahogany, veneered, blended finish. Operates from electric-light socket; no batteries needed. Volume can be regulated to suit big hall or small room. It is a most remarkable loud-speaker for an independent radio set, if desired. Jack provided for this purpose.

The New Orthophonic Victrola *with Radiola*

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

THIS man is president of a powerful bank. Twenty-five years ago, he started as a clerk, but you wouldn't know it now. He is as poised and polished at a formal dinner as he is keen and canny at a directors' meeting!



THIS is the wife of the bank president. Even as the wife of a clerk, she refused to let household tasks bury her—while her husband was pushing his way upward, she was reading, studying, keeping pace with him mentally, culturally. Today, she is known for her charm and refinement.

HERE are the children of the president and his wife, so interesting, so well-mannered that, wherever they go, they are the object of admiring comments. Though reared in humble circumstances, they had the advantage of that motherly companionship that can shape the whole future character and conduct of children. Their mother found time for real motherhood.

HOW could she find time for all this? By discarding antiquated housekeeping methods, by doing everything the most modern way.

Instead of spending long hours making soap and baking bread as her mother had done, *she* bought her soap from the grocer and her bread from the baker.

Instead of wasting her time and strength with an old-fashioned washday in the home, *she* sent her family wash to the modern laundry and gained a whole day a week for more important things!

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry, by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, O.

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Today's laundry offers services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook
All-ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home.
Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

(Continued from Page 94)

the sides, and the back is marked with a curious cipher made from his initials. Most of the contents treat of profound but interesting subjects. He was a real student, and wrote an extensive history of his time in Latin. Here is an example of inherited passion for books. His mother's brother and his father were both book lovers.

It is a general belief that books are valuable merely because they are old. Age, as a rule, has very little to do with actual value. I have never announced the purchase of a noted old book without having my mail flooded for weeks afterward with letters from all over the world. Each correspondent tells me of opportunities I am losing by not going immediately to his or her home to see—and incidentally buy—"a book which has been in my family over one hundred years."

I receive more than 30,000 letters about books every year. Each letter is read carefully and answered. There are many from cranks. But it is not hard to spot these even before opening the envelope, when addressed, as one was recently from Germany, "Herrn Doktor Rosenbach, multimillionaire, Amerika." Indeed, the greater number of letters about books are from Germany. One man in Hamburg wrote me of a book he had for sale, then ended by saying he also had a very fine house he would like me to buy, because he felt sure, if I saw it, his elegant garden would appeal to me for the use of my patients! Many people write me, after I have purchased a book at a high price, and say they have something to offer "half as old at half the price!"

Yet one out of every 2000 letters holds a possibility of interest. I followed up a letter from Hagenau not long ago, to discover—the copy was sent me on approval—a first edition of Adonais, Shelley's lament on the death of Keats, in the blue paper wrappers in which it was issued. There are only a few copies known in this original condition. I bought it by correspondence for a reasonable price. It is worth at least $5000. On the other hand, I have often made a long journey to find nothing but an inferior copy of a late edition of some famous work. I once heard of a first edition of Hubbard's Indian Wars, in Salem, Massachusetts. When I arrived there the family who owned it brought out their copy, unwrapping it with much ceremony from swathings of old silk. Immediately I saw it was a poor reprint made in the nineteenth century, although the original was printed in 1677.

A Popular Fallacy

But luck had not deserted me entirely that day. As my train was not due for an hour, I wandered about the city. In passing one of the many antique shops which all New England cities seem to possess by the gross, I noticed a barrow on the sidewalk before it. In this barrow were thrown all sorts and conditions of books. Yet the first one I picked up was a first edition of Herman Melville's Moby Dick, worth about $150, which I bought for two dollars.

Speaking of this copy of Moby Dick reminds me of another, a more valuable one which I prize in my private library. One day about five years ago John Drinkwater, the English poet and dramatist, and I were lunching at his home in London. Talking of books and the ever-interesting vicissitudes of collecting them, he told me of his Moby Dick, found one day, by chance, in a New York bookstore for but a few dollars. It was a presentation copy from the author to his friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, to whom the book was dedicated, and had Hawthorne's signature on the dedication leaf. When Mr. Drinkwater told me of this I became restless; I wanted this copy as much as I had ever wanted any other book, and there was nothing for me to do but tell him so. I offered him twenty times what he had paid for it, and to my surprise and delight he generously let me have it.

Why age alone should be thought to give value to most collectable objects, including furniture, pictures and musical instruments, I don't know. However, it is a great and popular fallacy. The daily prayer of all true collectors should begin with the words "beauty, rarity, condition," and last of all, "antiquity." But books differ from other antiques in that their ultimate value depends upon the intrinsic merit of the writer's work. A first edition of Shakespeare, for instance, will always command an ever-increasing price. The same is true of first editions of Dante, Cervantes or Goethe. These writers gave something to the world and to life—something of which one always can be sure.

Very often the greatness of an author, the value of what he has written, is not realized until years have gone by. Vital truths are sometimes seen more clearly in perspective. A first folio of Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies was sold in 1864 to the late Baroness Burdett Coutts, who paid what was considered an enormous price—£716—for it. Yet only fifty-eight years later my brother Philip bought the same folio for me at Sotheby's in London for £8600, Shakespeare's writings having increased in value more than twelve times in a little more than half a century.

Born Full-Blown

The fallacy of thinking age of major importance in judging a book should be corrected by every book lover. Age? Why, there are many books of the fifteenth century which command small prices in the auction rooms today, while certain volumes brought out a decade ago are not only valuable but grow more so with each passing year. A first edition of A. A. Milne's When We Were Very Young, printed two years ago, is already more precious than some old tome, such as a sermon of the 1490's by the famous teacher, Johannes Gerson, the contents of which are and always will be lacking in human or any other kind of interest.

The inception of any great movement, whether material or spiritual, is interesting and, according to its relative importance, will draw and hold the attention of the world. The Gutenberg Bible—leaving aside the question of its artistic merit and the enormous value of its contents—as the first printed book, holds the greatest specific interest. But it so happens that this wonderful Bible is also one of the finest known examples of typography. No books ever printed are more beautiful than this first work of Gutenberg, the first printer, although created almost 500 years ago. It has always seemed an interesting point to me that printing is the only art which sprang into being full-blown. Later years brought about a more uniform appearance of type, but aside from this we have only exceeded the early printers in speed of execution. Enormous value is added to some of these earliest books because they are the last word in the printer's art.

The first books which were printed on subjects of universal interest are the rarest "firsts" of all for the collector. These include early romances of chivalry, of which few copies are found today. They are generally in very poor condition, as their popular appeal was tremendous, and they were literally read to pieces. They were really the popular novels of the period. The ones which come through the strife of years successfully are extremely rare. For instance, there are the Caxtons.

William Caxton was the first printer in England, and the first to print books in the English language. When he brought out the second edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales in 1484, with its fascinating woodcut illustrations, it was literally devoured by contemporary readers. This and other publications of Caxton were very popular—he evidently had a good eye for best sellers—and now a perfect Caxton is difficult to find.

One of the finest Caxtons in existence is Le Morte d'Arthur by Sir Thomas Malory, published in 1485. This perfect copy, this

Book-Cadillac

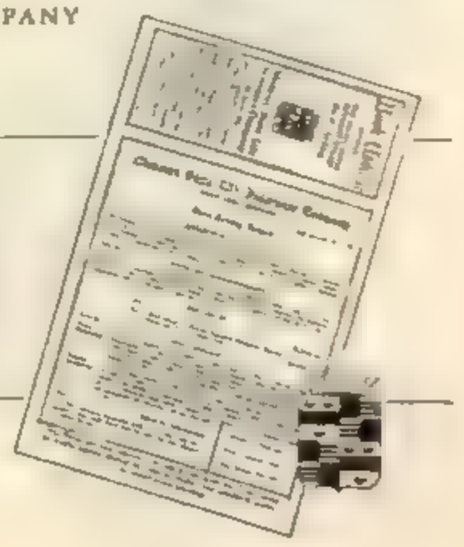
DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL

"....and so to bed"

They come, these captains of the earth, to this huge Detroit sprawling from Erie to St. Clair—they come laden with the affairs of statesmen, players, authors, engineers, men who plan and build and sell, and at night they return to this inn of tranquillity to eat and to rest—"AND SO TO BED."... In such a place, with such hosts to serve you, the wears of the world retire for a little while and you find contentment. Only here, we have been told, are beds as soft and as pillowy as these beds; and every one is seven stories at least above the street, high enough to transform the noises of the night into a low musical murmur, a murmur that lulls you into a deep sleep, a sweet sleep, a sleep profound and all-consoling. There are twenty-nine floors, there are twelve hundred rooms, all have bath, all are outside, and 560 are priced at $4 and $5 a day. Here you'll find a true welcome in one of America's great hotels.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*

You will receive $25.00 weekly over a long term for wholly disabling injuries; $2500.00 for loss of limb, and those dependents of yours would receive $5000.00 in case of accidental death. Such *an accident insurance policy* is attached to your receipted bill at the Book-Cadillac Hotel. It protects you and yours for 24 hours from that minute, until you are safely home again



Must you wheedle your child into eating?

Here's the answer!

Children love Wheatena!

Mother coaxes. Father is helpless. The child refuses to eat. Do you have this battle in *your* home?

Is it really the child's fault—or is it the food? Few healthy children will refuse to eat a delicious appetizing cereal.

Many mothers have told us that since they have been serving Wheatena they have, to a large extent, solved the feeding problem. Children welcome Wheatena and reach for it eagerly, often asking for a second helping. They never tire of its captivating whole wheat flavor, even if it is served every day.

Why not begin today serving Wheatena? Your family will agree that never have they tasted such flavor in any other food.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its delicious best, containing nutriments so essential for health, growth and energy: Proteins for body-building; Carbohydrates for energy; Mineral Salts for bone and tissue; Vitamins B and E for protection and vigor; Bran for safe regulation.

Treat your family to a Wheatena breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer for Wheatena—in the yellow and blue package. On your table in three minutes, at less than two cents a pound.

The very aroma of hot whole wheat spurs the sluggard appetite. The first mouthful is a revelation in deliciousness. After that [illegible] for Wheatena themselves. They prefer it every day for breakfast. No dodging [illegible] recommends it for infants [illegible] first year.

Wheatena

The delicious whole wheat cereal

FREE . . . Write today for your sample package of Wheatena and recipe book. The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Name

Address

jewel among Caxtons, sold at the dispersal of the library of the Earl of Jersey in 1885 for £1950, approximately $9500. Now this is an excellent example of a book becoming more valuable for its pristine, perfect state as well as for its alluring contents. Twenty-six years later it brought $42,800 at the Hoe sale. It is now one of the treasures adorning the Pierpont Morgan Library.

The first editions of books which have that quality so glibly called today sex appeal, such as Boccaccio's Decameron, and his Amore di Florio e di Bianchafiore—a wicked old romance of the fifteenth century, truly the first snappy story—are firsts of which there are but few left for our edification. They are extremely precious to the collector, no matter what their condition. The first book on murder, the first book on medicine or magic; the first on Indian captivity; the first music book, the first newspaper, the first published account of lace making, or the comparatively modern subject, shorthand—the first book on any subject marking the advance of civilization, is always valuable.

One of the rarest and most interesting books is the first sporting book—The Book of Hunting and Hawking—printed at St. Albans, in 1486, by an unknown man, called for convenience of classification, the Schoolmaster Printer. Women were sport writers even in those days, for this record was written by a woman, Dame Juliana Barnes, sometimes known as Berners. A copy was sold in the Hoe sale in 1911 for $12,000, to Mr. Henry E. Huntington, who has one of the few great collections of the world. Nearly all of the few existing copies of this work are now in this country. Another one, the Pembroke copy, which I now own, sold for £1800 in 1914. Like some other famous firsts, it has several novel merits, being one of the first books to contain English poetry, and the first English book to be illustrated with pictures printed in color. This and Walton's The Compleat Angler are the two greatest sporting books of all time. Yet, because there are more copies of the latter in existence, a fine copy of the first edition is worth not more than $8500 today.

Another tremendously rare book is the much-read Pilgrim's Progress. No work, with the exception of the Bible, has enjoyed greater popularity all through the years than this powerful imaginative and moral tale. I have almost every edition of it, in every language. A best seller for years after the author's death, and a very good seller today, too, the early editions were really read to bits. So it is hardly surprising that only six perfect copies of the first edition exist. A few months ago a copy sold at Sotheby's in London for £6800. I believe if one of the half dozen perfect first editions were offered in public sale today it would easily bring from $40,000 to $45,000.

The Barber's Worthless Book

About five years ago the illness of an English barber's wife brought to light a first edition of Pilgrim's Progress which was in good condition, except that it lacked two pages. In the little town of Derby lived this barber, daily plying the trade of his ancestors. Between the lathering and the gossiping he found little time and inclination to read, but sometimes when business was not so brisk as usual he listlessly ran through a small stack of books which he inherited along with the shop. Old-fashioned in text, some with odd pictures, and leaves missing, he thought them rather funny, and occasionally showed them to customers who shared his amusement. One day someone suggested the books were interesting because they were old, and—following the popular fallacy of which I have spoken—must be valuable. He had heard of a man who once paid two pounds for a book!

But the barber shrugged his shoulders and said he had plenty to do without chasing about trying to sell old, worn-out books. Then came a day when his wife took to her bed and the doctor was hurriedly sent for. While waiting for him the barber tried to think of some way he might amuse his wife. As he went into the shop his eyes fell first upon the books on a low shelf. When the doctor arrived he found his patient's bed loaded down with books, and she was reading a copy of The Pilgrim's Progress. The doctor was a lover of books in a small way; he felt there was something unusual about this copy. He insisted it should be sent to Sotheby's in London for valuation. Even then the barber believed he was wasting both time and money.

Finally Sotheby's received a package accompanied by a letter, painstakingly written in an illiterate hand, with small i's throughout, and guiltless of punctuation. He was sending this copy, he wrote, because a friend was foolish enough to think it might be worth something. Of course it wasn't. He had inherited it from his people, and his people were poor. They couldn't have had anything valuable to leave him. If, as he believed, it was worthless, would they please throw it away, and not bother to return it, or waste money answering him? I don't know what his direct emotional reaction was when they replied saying his old book was worth at least £900—more than $4000—and that they would place it in their next sale. Perhaps he was stunned for a time. Anyway, weeks passed before they received a rather incoherent reply. I happened to be in London when it was sold, and I paid £2500—about $12,000—for the copy. I later learned that the barber was swamped for months with letters from old friends he had never heard of before, each with a valuable book to sell him.

As collectors grow older they find it is better to buy occasionally and at a high price than to run about collecting tuppenny treasures. There is seldom any dispute about the worth of a rare book. Many collectors, however, feel collecting has a value other than monetary: it keeps men young, and as the years pass it proves to be a new type of life insurance.

A Way to Longevity

Mr. W. A. White, of New York, is as vigorous today at eighty-three as he was thirty years ago. He has combined a quality of youth with his extraordinary knowledge of books and literature. His wonderful library would take away the load of years from a Methuselah. Even to read over the partial list of his treasures, which was recently published, would have a distinctly rejuvenating effect. Mr. Henry E. Huntington is another successful man who has practically given up his business interests to devote himself to the invigorating pastime of book collecting. He collects so rapidly that no young man can follow in his steps! Even my Uncle Moses grew younger and younger as he sat year after year surrounded by books.

Rare books are a safe investment; the stock can never go down. A market exists in every city of the world. New buyers constantly crop up. The most ordinary, sane and prosaic type of business man will suddenly appear at your door, a searching look in his eye, a suppressed tone of excitement in his voice. Like the Ancient Mariner, he takes hold of you to tell his story—for he has suddenly discovered book collecting. And if it happens to be at the end of a very long day, you feel like the Wedding Guest, figuratively beating your breast the while you listen. He returns again and again, enthralled by this new interest which takes him away from his business. If he is wealthy he already may be surfeited with luxuries of one sort or another; but here is something akin to the friendship of a charming and secretive woman. He takes no risk of becoming satiated; there is no possibility of being bored; always some new experience or unexpected discovery may be lurking just around the corner of a bookshelf.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue.

There was a wise lady who lived in a shoe,
For her many small children she knew what to do:
She made them most happy with Wrigley's for all—
It kept them in trim at a cost VERY *small!*

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

REAL Peppermint Flavor

Get the new Wrigley's Double Mint and have a delicious, lasting treat—*REAL* Peppermint—full strength.

Easy to remember: Double Mint. And hard to forget—once you've tried it.

The *satisfying* confection.

···After every meal···

WHAT HAPPENED TO JAZZ

(Continued from Page 25)

time an old story, have appeared in the highbrow journals, The New Republic and The Dial. A two-volume history of the movies has just been issued at ten dollars.

From these, among other indications, it is very easy to make a large number of false deductions; as for example, that every time you and your present consort indulged in a piano-and-whistling duet of Hiawatha, you were enjoying a high and important artistic experience; or that the intellectuals have captured the popular arts, which is exactly the reverse of the truth. Avoiding large and dangerous speculations, we come to the following notions, which seem to be justified by the facts:

There has been a decided change in the position of "the lively arts" in America. They have begun to be appreciated by the critical minority, to be taken with some degree of serious consideration. This change has had various effects on the arts and artists themselves.

Belated Discoveries

Parenthetically and personally, the phrase in quotation marks above is a red flag to certain critical bulls. Needing a title once for a book, I converted the phrase of the eminent and lamented James G. Huneker to my purpose. Huneker, who probably attended more concerts and art exhibitions than any other man of his time, once alluded to certain exhibitions on the concert platform and elsewhere as "the seven deadly arts," and anyone who has listened to some sopranos or gone to varnishing days at art exhibits will see why. The principal objection made to the word "lively" was that it implied that the other arts—serious music and painting and the rest—are dull. But there are many words which are the opposite of lively. In connection with tennis balls, if you say one is lively you imply that the other is dead; but if you say of two old men that one is lively, you do not imply that the other is dead. He may be merely sedate. Applied to critics, the opposite of lively is, of course, dull; but applied to the arts, if you call the comic strip lively you imply only that Michelangelo was majestic or Velasquez restrained. "The lively arts" is really only a shorthand method of saying: "The forms of popular entertainment in the United States."

The spectacle of highbrows becoming enraptured by vaudeville is nothing new; it occurs once in every generation and is marked by certain definite phases. In the yellow 90's of the past century the minor—and some of the major—poets and critics wrote passionate eulogies of music halls in England. In 1900 or so there was a vaudeville movement, called Überbretti, in Germany; in France, about four years ago, there were published not less than half a dozen books on various popular arts, and the great clowns, the Fratellini, issued their memoirs. The motives behind these currents and fads are also universal. Boredom is one. The same feeling which occasionally makes a man go to explore a wilderness, because he is tired of society, makes him take up Yes, Sir, That's My Baby, because he is tired of Beethoven, or perhaps because he will not make the effort to listen to Beethoven. Something fresh and lively and entertaining takes the place of the old sedate classics.

At the same time the universal human desire to patronize something or somebody has a deal to do with it. It is always pleasant to condescend and if, while condescending, you show how broad-minded and universally sympathetic you are—you who understand Ibsen and Schönberg, are allowing yourself to shake hands with George M. Cohan and the boy from Nigger Mike's—then the pleasure is really intense. Since I have myself been accused of this fourth snobbery I can testify that it ought to be fun. Furthermore, it is part of the credo of the weak-minded intellectual that he must be in advance. If he can't do a thing first he must be the first to hear of what anyone else has done; the gossip and curiosity which the intellectual despises in Main Street are just as active in his own life. It is always possible to discover a new Turkish sculptor or Danish architect; but to discover right at your doorstep a whole flock of neglected geniuses—neglected by the intelligentzia in spite of their popularity—is a real find. There are, of course, a few people who are intelligent enough not to care about novelty and popularity, who really like Dean Swift and Ring Lardner, Brahms and Berlin, Manet and Rube Goldberg, each for what he has to give. But the other motives cannot be kept out; they crop up all the time.

In general, the lowbrow, if he hears of the fuss the highbrows are making over his own favorites, is justifiably amused. Because no matter how far ahead they are of each other, they are always five or ten years behind the average man in making their discoveries. As far as I can trace it, no word of critical approval, or even of serious consideration, came to Charlie Chaplin until after he made his famous contract for $670,000 for one year's work in February, 1916. Certainly the great flood of writing about him which gave him his due credit as a great artist did not come until he had presented The Kid; but it is estimated that $25,000,000 were being spent by the public at the movie box-offices to see the films he made before The Kid. The dyed-in-the-wool Chaplin fan usually takes The Kid as a dividing line between the old Chaplin and the new; it coincides roughly with the line between Chaplin's great popular financial successes and the more reserved successes of the past few years. The first critical article I have found for Irving Berlin was in 1916, nine years after he began publishing, five after Alexander's Ragtime Band. Rube Goldberg had refused to buy a gold hat in honor of getting his first $50,000 contract five years or so before the comic strip became a fit subject for great minds to dwell on. Jazz was ten years old and Paul Whiteman had played long at the Palais Royal in New York before he and Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, exchanged compliments in my presence in which each suggested that the other was the greatest conductor in the world. Vernon Castle and Jim Europe were both dead before anyone thought of them as great artists.

Jazz in Æolian Hall

The history of jazz in the past few years is an example of nearly all the things that can happen to a lively art. It began to be known in New York about 1915; it had appeared earlier in San Francisco, but the arrival of Art Hickman with the characteristic banjo-saxophone-brass combination on the Ziegfeld roof is generally considered the beginning of jazz in the East. It was instantly popular; it was generally considered as a contemptible form of music and a bit of a menace. It made its way and the old-fashioned sighed for the good old days of simple ragtime. The outsiders began to listen to it, one guesses, about 1921, because in the next two years it began to fill the weeklies and monthlies.

In November, 1923, Mme. Eva Gauthier, a singer well-known on the concert stage for her varied and pioneering programs, first brought popular music to the stage of Æolian Hall in New York. In between modern German and French composers she sang Alexander's Ragtime Band, The Siren Song, Carolina in the Morning, and three popular compositions by George Gershwin, who by playing her accompaniments with fantastic improvisations, entertained the audience far more than her own straight rendition of the songs themselves. On Lincoln's Birthday of the following year Paul Whiteman gave his first concert of jazz, labeled as "an experiment in modern music." It was the turning point in the history of jazz.

It led, first of all, to the attention of the critics of the daily papers in New York; it led Whiteman to repeat the program twice within a few weeks and then, when his playing at the Palais Royal came to an end, to go on a two-year concert tour under the management—this is typical—of F. C. Coppicus, who up to that time was best known as the manager of Caruso and other great operatic stars. It led, according to estimate, to a minimum guaranty of some $12,000 a week for the Whiteman organization on that tour and to the presence of the 500,000 people mentioned above at his 400 concerts. Other jazz leaders, notably Vincent Lopez, also gave concerts; neither the sacred Carnegie Hall nor the revered Metropolitan Opera House has been left untainted by the sound of jazz. It led, indirectly, to other things.

A Lively Art Calmed Down

The first concert was notable not only for being an experiment but for the outstanding success of one number, the now famous Rhapsody in Blue, by George Gershwin. Gershwin, in comparison with Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin, was a newcomer; his first great hit was made in 1919. But he was already a force among the composers because of the large sales of some of his songs and because he was currently engaged in writing the George White Scandals each year, in addition to musical comedies and single hits. He had been mentioned in the intellectual Dial, about eight months earlier, as one of the great popular composers of the future, but except for that notice nothing had been published to prepare the audience for what the critics said.

The audiences were frantic with delight over the Rhapsody; it remained for the critics to tell them the next day that this was the beginning of a new era in American music. Nearly two years later Henry O. Osgood, an urbane music critic of New York, generally credited with knowing more about music than most of his confreres, and himself a composer, was still so deeply under the spell of this Rhapsody that he could rank it in cold print above the famous Sacre du Printemps of Stravinsky, one of the acclaimed masterpieces of modern music.

The success of the Rhapsody in the succeeding Whiteman concerts, on phonograph records and even as a ballet in a cabaret was phenomenal. It led its young composer to a more intense study of the art of composition, and in December, 1925, to the soloist's position at the piano for his own Concerto in F, under the baton of Walter Damrosch. Although he has not given up his work as a composer of musical shows, Gershwin has definitely broken with Tin Pan Alley and cast at least half of his future with the serious symphonists. In almost every discussion of jazz opera his name occurs as the probable winner of the great distinction of creating a native opera, in the jazz style, for the Metropolitan.

The jazz opera Will-o'-the-Wisp arose largely from a misapprehension of some remarks made by Otto H. Kahn. Mr. Kahn's interest in jazz is both artistic and personal, since one of his sons, Roger Wolff Kahn, is a jazz bandmaster ranking with the foremost and now playing at a New York night club. At the same time Mr. Kahn, as guiding spirit of the Metropolitan Opera House, must long have felt the constant gibes against that institution for its failure to produce the work of Americans. It has since produced with considerable success a jazz ballet called Skyscrapers, composed by the same John Alden Carpenter mentioned above, and danced by the Metropolitan ballet under the training of Sammy Lee, a Broadway product. Mr. Kahn expressed the wish "that an opera, typical, in words, actions, and music, of American atmosphere, expression and temperament could be found having sufficient artistic merit to justify its production at the Metropolitan Opera," and the current interest in jazz did the rest. At once nominations were in order; plots and librettists and composers were all named. So far nothing has occurred, except the production in a regular Broadway playhouse of Deep River, by Frank Harling, which was entitled "jazz opera" in the electric lights, but which failed to please either the public or the critics.

By the time Whiteman gave his first concert the old type of jazz had already passed away. The rattle of cowbells, the blowing of election-day horns, the shouting and general rowdiness of jazz had been moderated. You went to dance to jazz, and there were few occasions for such pieces as the Livery Stable Blues with its imitations of geese and roosters and goats. Jazz had turned slightly from the hot and sour to the sweet. The important thing to note is that the critics had nothing whatever to do with this change. It was a perfectly natural development, probably due to the fact that the hot jazz was found too tiresome to dance to and impossible to listen to. As the bands grew bigger and the players more skillful, as they stopped playing on the spur of the moment and began to play from written parts, the wildness of jazz was curbed to an entirely natural degree.

But from the moment the critics entered, a further change took place. Jazz which had become a little sweeter began to be a saccharine. A new attitude of reverence was required from the listeners. The music you used to eat to and dance to, with conversation *ad lib.* had become music to listen to, like a fugue by Bach or a symphony by Brahms. For the first time jazz was heard in silence. Naturally the silence reacted on the players. The old impudence and abandon of jazz began to slip away. At the last concert I heard, two years ago, the auditorium was deep in a solemn darkness, the hush of a religious service was on the audience, and there was hardly a trace of the jazz of 1922 left. Special compositions, more or less in the manner of jazz, were played; certain semiclassics were done neither better nor worse than they are usually done by ordinary symphony orchestras, and the riotous enthusiasm of the earliest concert had died down to the polite expressions of approval familiar in all concert-hall lobbies.

The Classical Spirit

This may not be true of all the jazz orchestras; one or two notably keep alive the old type of modified hot jazz. But nowhere has jazz remained as tricky, as carefree, as smart, as it used to be. The qualities of snap and roughhouse which European composers found so admirable are now reduced to extraordinarily fine workmanship. As Ferd Grofe, who orchestrated for Whiteman during the great years, said, "I was brought up on classical music and I work in that spirit."

In Whiteman's own case the two years' concert tour was a great success, but lack of new material caused it to come temporarily to an end. No other composer has come forward to write anything as popular as Gershwin's Rhapsody. His own jazz operetta was a failure, and the other offerings, however meritorious musically, never quite got the crowd. According to one who was engaged in the business, "jazz has no repertoire, so it cannot give concerts."

From this partial record a few items may be tentatively written down on the balance sheet. First, the intellectuals have become aware of jazz—which is sheer profit to the intellectuals. The American composer of the future will feel free to use American

(Continued on Page 107)

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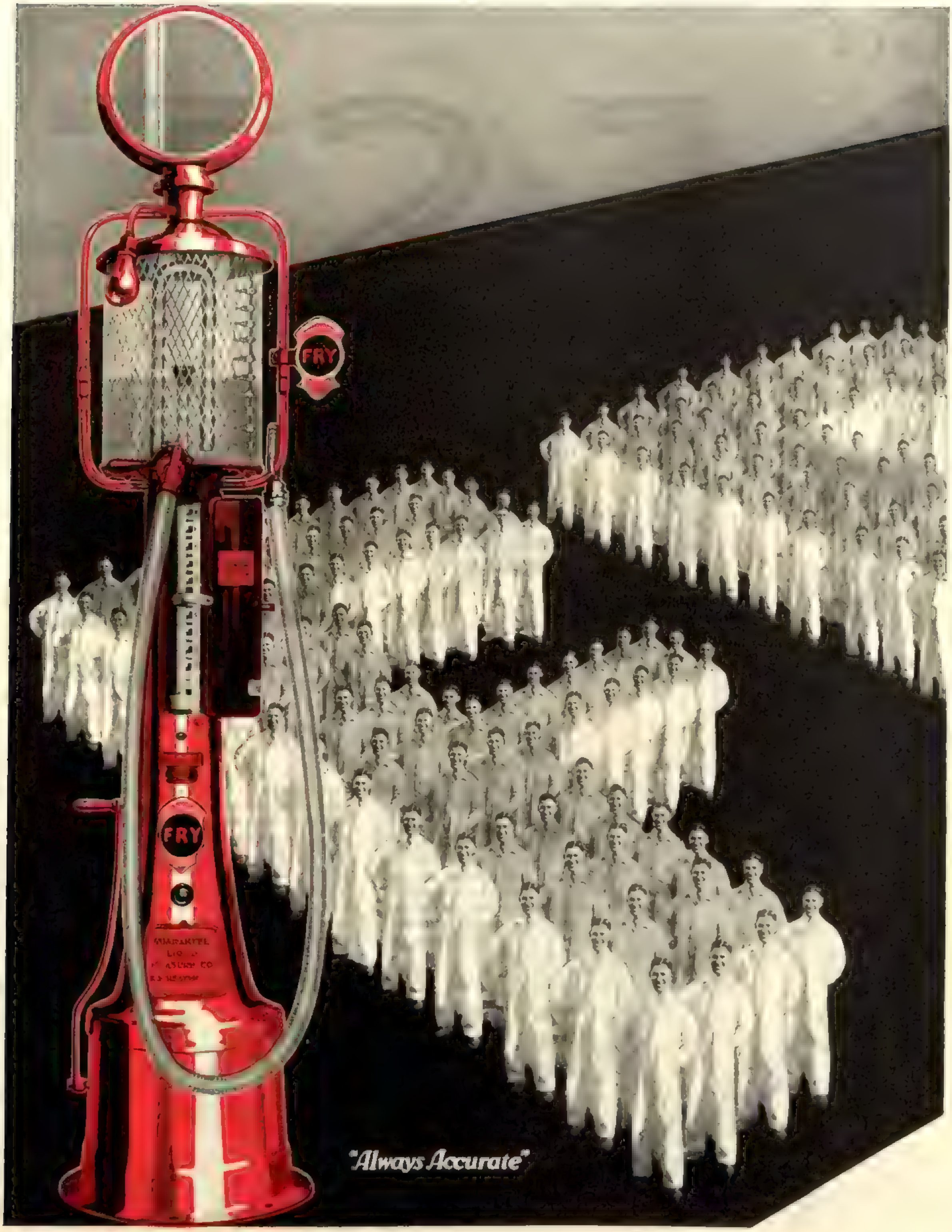
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(Continued from Page 102)

material instead of feeling obliged to imitate Puccini or Stravinsky or any other foreigner. Through jazz he comes into contact with old American ballads, from the West and elsewhere, with negro songs and spirituals, with our old popular songs and ragtime, and he can use these materials just as a Hungarian composer can use his native songs and folk dances in his work.

Second, jazz has become aware of the intellectuals. It has become ambitious, it has offered one new composer to America; it has also become a little self-conscious, a little too obviously refined. There is no way of discovering whether its popularity has declined, as radio, the great test, was not in sufficient power in the days of real hot jazz. It is also true, as an official of one of the great stations informed me, that those who like jazz hardly bother to write in; only those who dislike it are likely to protest.

Certainly in the past three years there has never been a popular request to the broadcasters to add jazz; it has always been for less jazz and more classical music. The WJZ program, typical in that respect of most others, is about 90 per cent musical. Of the musical 90 per cent, far more than half is for dancing—that is, probably jazz music. As, barring the tango, we have no popular dance music except jazz, it is impossible to judge whether the recent changes in jazz have made a great difference in popularity. It is only possible to say that jazz has changed, and to discover, in the interest of the highbrows, the causes and consequences of the change.

The Intellectual Movie

Another popular form of entertainment has lived and grown to greatness in complete ignorance of the highbrows—the moving picture. The enormous financial investment, the $500,000,000 annually paid down for seats in America, has made the movie what it is today. The only critics who have counted at all are the ones in the daily papers, and their criticism began too late and is often far from highbrow. The intellectual had to attack the moving picture in another way. He has pretty consistently belittled the super-superspectacle film like The Ten Commandments and praised the simplicity of the old-time Westerns, serials, and other thrillers; he has exalted the old Keystone comedies with their flying cops and custard pies over the more refined types of movie comedies. In 1920 a German film—The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari—was shown for a week at the Capitol Theater in New York, and from that moment intellectual interest in the films really started. It was an extraordinary film then, and still is; it is the only film I have ever heard hissed. It was the first attempt at a purely artistic film and happened to deal with the hallucinations of a maniac, giving free play to a wild and fantastic story in a setting both unreal and highly imaginative. Its failure was total; not until six years had passed, in 1926, was it seriously revived, to a rather exceptional success in a small theater. In the meantime another German film—The Last Laugh—had made an unusual impression and a reasonable financial success in New York; elsewhere it had failed abysmally. The typical report was from a city in Kansas where the movie critic of one of the papers had advised only the half-wits to stay away from the theater and the theater was completely empty on the second day of the showing. Although the original picture was told without captions, these were inserted for the road exhibitions, but failed to help The Last Laugh at all.

With these two pictures and three or four experimental films made in Paris, and with the prospect of artistic, intellectual, or censorable films from Russia, France, and Germany, it became clear that there was a nucleus for a film repertory. A small theater was taken by the Film Guild, which sandwiched in some of these unpopular films with revivals of certain great successes, the Griffith pictures, the old Chaplins, the Jannings and Pola Negri films from abroad. It has been going for about a year with significant success; a monthly magazine devoted to the art of the films—not a movie magazine, this time—is promised by the directors. Another group—the Film Associates—made some showings of odd and unusual films last year, and proposes to make such films as well as to show them. A second small theater for superior films is in action on lower Fifth Avenue, in New York. And everyone concerned knows that the way to make these small movie houses effective is to tie them up with groups in other cities. The Little Theaters have already provided the houses; all you need to do now is to send out the films.

You Know Me, Al!

This will mean something entirely new in the film industry—films made for a comparatively small number of spectators—and just as the Little Theater movement had an effect on the commercial theater, the little movie houses may have an effect on the movie industry. According to the trade journals, some directors have been impressed by the technic of The Last Laugh. How much more would they be impressed if a movie made for a small audience, with no highly advertised stars and a minimum of expense, should turn out to be a hit—as has happened frequently with plays?

In Paris there is at present one house devoted to unpopular films; in Germany films for special audiences are not uncommon; London has a film guild with some of England's greatest names among its backers. An international movement is bound to have an effect. It ought, on general principles, to make the movie more intelligent; the question is whether it will not also make the movie self-conscious and mincing. The millions invested in it have so far kept the moving-picture industry extremely conservative. Its motto for success has been in too many cases to copy some previous success. At the same time it has been drawing on a greater range of intelligence than most of the other arts, because it could buy almost anyone; it is trying to reëducate its public, and the intellectuals, who have been impotent to change it directly, may change it by the rearguard attack of the small movie houses with special pictures.

Critical appreciation of Ring Lardner began by comparing him with Mr. Dooley and has about ended by comparing him with Sherwood Anderson. It is divided into two parts: Those like H. L. Mencken, who consider that Lardner has the finest ear in the world for the common American speech; and those, like the critic Edward J. O'Brien, editor of the annual collection of Best Short Stories, who consider him a master in the field of the short story. In 1914 Lardner wrote:

> Bodie and Schalk was on when I come up in the 5th and Hill hollers to me and says I guess this is where I shoot one of them bean balls. I says, Go ahead and shoot and if you hit me in the head and I ever find out I will write and tell your wife what happened to you. You see what I was getting at Al. I was insinuating that if he beaned me with his fast one I would not never know nothing about it if somebody did not tell me because his fast one is not fast enough to hurt nobody even if it should hit them in the head. So I says to him, Go ahead and shoot and if you hit me in the head and I ever find out I will write and tell your wife what happened to you. See, Al?

There was nobody then to remark that he had somehow managed to reproduce to perfection the sounds and the tune of American speech; there was no one to say that other slang writers had managed to get near the words, but Lardner had gone farther, had got the words perfectly, and discovered the music to which Americans sing, the cadence and rhythm of the vulgar speech. There wasn't even anyone to say that in paragraphs like the above he was making his Busher give a complete picture of his character. Mencken was the first to recognize Lardner's qualities as an expert in slang, and when he did most people said, "What of it?" Today the Busher series and The Big Town are considered source books in slang, and the later stories are ranked above De Maupassant; even the English critics, who fail almost unanimously to understand Lardner, concede his significance. Again the intellectuals lagged behind the populace; Lardner's success antedated his literary acclaim by some ten years.

It is certain that the approval of the critics has encouraged Lardner to write more ironic stories. Whether it has also impaired his popularity, I do not know. He was always an uneven writer, and his best humorous stuff today seems to me at least as funny as his earlier best. In this case the influence of the intelligentzia has been to develop a new side in a popular artist without seriously affecting his popular side.

There seems to be no law about the effect which highbrow patronage has on popularity; in the case of Joe Cook, who was always put on with another headliner at Keith's Palace Theater in New York, three published appreciations resulted in an enormous increase in salary and eventually took him from vaudeville to be the star of Earl Carroll's Vanities. In the case of George Herriman, who draws the comic strip known as Krazy Kat, a complete barrage of approval from the critics has not been able to raise his popularity by a single degree. Above a certain level of popularity the critics fail to count at all, as in the case of a Jolson, who goes calmly knocking down all records for popularity in spite of the blessing of the critics.

Most of the artists in vaudeville, musical shows, dancing, comic strips and the like are genuinely pleased at seeing their names in Vanity Fair and The New Republic; most of them are also pleased when the hard-boiled professional papers say that their stuff is going over. What is more, they know which of these criticisms mean box-office returns.

There is one other way in which the approval of the intelligent minority may affect an artist in the popular line. He may be taken up socially. It may go to his head. A society woman, tired of always offering Paderewskis and Elmans to her guests, may decide, again for novelty, to present the latest trick pianist from the Loew circuit; if there is no great painter or Hindu mystic available for her party, she can probably find a maker of animated cartoons and the best jazz singer in a current negro show. The genuine artist knows the precise value of these things, both humanly and financially; the very young or the overanxious one may exaggerate. He keeps away from his old gang; he tries to be a little ritzy in his act; you hear from his lips the names of ancient families, and where he used to speak of "busting up the show" he now explains to you the delicate problems of pace, or rhythm, or line which go into his act. Sometimes he tries to change the pace or the line or the rhythm, and finds himself without an audience.

Something to Talk About

So on the whole the highbrows are the ones who have gained most by their recent contact with the lowbrow arts. Those who have patronized them because it is a fad have at least gained a new topic of conversation—something fresh to be witty and superior about. The honest newcomers to burlesque and soft-shoe dancing and musical shows have had a fresh system of pleasures open to them, and these are the ones who have actually accomplished something good in itself.

Just as the craving for some new thing marks the gossip in the intellectual, the tendency to look always for a noble future marks the uplifter and the reformer. The uplifters are the ones who aren't satisfied with jazz as jazz; it has to become opera. They want the Keystone movie comedies to be *commedia dell' arte*, and vaudeville to be "music hall."

The real lover of the popular arts takes them as he finds them; if he is an intellectual he sees, perhaps, things in them which escape the vulgar eye; but the last thing he wants is to uplift or refine them. This does not mean that the popular arts are above criticism. If the idea of uplifting the lively arts is nauseating, the idea of never criticizing them is silly; they are as suitable subjects of criticism as Shakspere and Leonardo da Vinci. Possibly the movies would have emerged from their silly state a few years earlier if they had had responsible criticism right from the start. The movie would have become a better movie, just as jazz can become better jazz, without conforming to the ideals of the uplifter and losing all its natural freshness and attraction.

To Be or Not to Be Popular

The intellectuals who really care for these lively arts have done a service to themselves and to the world at large in one respect. They have gone a long way to breaking down one of the silliest prejudices in the world—the prejudice that whatever is popular must be bad. No one dreams of applying this standard to any other human activity except the arts. Eating potatoes, making love, and playing tennis are popular, but this does not disqualify them from inteligent approval. But in the arts two schools are always quarreling, and both making the same mistake. The one says *vox populi vox dei*, and allows that unless a work of art passes the supreme test of universal popularity it is worthless. The prophet of this school was not William Jennings Bryan, but Leo Tolstoy. The other insists that only the few are qualified to judge and that therefore anything which is popular is automatically unacceptable as high æsthetic art. Neither of these groups is willing to accept the advice of the greatest of all critics, which was to consider a work of art directly and not to bother whether it was discovered in Utica, New York, or Athens, Greece, in the funny pages of a two-cent yellow journal or on the walls of the $1,000,000 art museum, in the movie house or in the Metropolitan. It does not matter how many people like or dislike a thing—the quality itself matters, and what you individually can get out of it.

But the intellectuals are slaves of fashion to an extraordinary degree. A few years ago it was unfashionable to admire Velasquez; you had to admire El Greco. Like the Ephraimites at the ford, you had to say "shibboleth," and if you could not frame your lips to pronounce it right, you were slain in the passages of the critical journals. And the genuine intellectuals have broken down a little the shibboleth of popularity and unpopularity. It is fairly safe now, even in the rarefied atmosphere of the artists and critics, to express an admiration for Dickens—especially as the great philosopher-critic Santayana has praised him in The Dial—and for Harold Bell Wright. It may be considered merely an affectation, but you will not be mobbed. By changing the atmosphere in this respect the good intellectuals have somehow made up for the antics of their imitators, for their condescension and their patronizing.

If the highbrows find something else entertaining to think about and do not try to uplift the lively arts, these arts may develop freely and create, in their sum, a real American art. This has been predicted abroad. The admiration of French and English intellectuals has encouraged the American intellectual's interest in our movies and comic strips and slang stories and stage dancing and Charlestons and billboards. The foreigner, of course, does not know that all of these things are common; he doesn't know the millions of people who share his likes. So he is free to admire and encourage what he likes. When our own intellectuals arrive at that point—some of them have—they may help America to create a new kind of art in the history of the world. If it will not be a great art, it will at least be an entertaining one.

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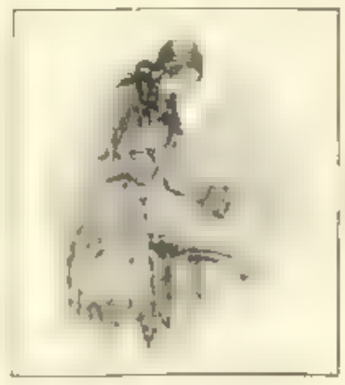

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FORTY-SEVEN PRETTY GIRLS

(Continued from Page 9)

need a lawn with striped umbrellas and seats and a lilac hedge. With a Long Island house at the back. One of the old ones with wide white clapboards."

Arthur Levis' rooms at The Ambassador were pleasant, wide and bright. In the sitting room there was a great sheaf of yellow roses—a polite attention from the management—and there were flowers on his dressing table. His windows looked out upon a patio garden with palms and green bamboo and gay awnings, and on an immense lawn reaching from the bungalow where he was living to the hotel. He was immensely, absurdly, luxurious, with a breakfast table in the sun. The telephone rang. It was a Miss Benedict of some writers' association -Levis couldn't quite make out which—and Miss Benedict was coming for him that evening at precisely seven. It was a dinner.

"But did I have an engagement with you?" he asked, distressed. "I am meeting my director tonight at eight."

The telephone rang again. This time it was a business club which wanted him for lunch the following Wednesday. By the following Wednesday, he explained, he'd be working at his picture.

The telephone rang. "Is this Mr. Levis?" It was a woman. He said yes. "Well, Mr. Levis, I want to come and see you. Private. I won't take more than an hour of your time." Why, he asked, with commendable firmness, did she wish to see him. It was, it seemed, too personal to be spoken into a telephone. "I thought you were a gentleman," the voice went on, "and would understand."

The telephone rang. "Mr. Levis, I am William Roland. Don't you remember Bill Roland back in the East? Why, it must have been thirty years ago. Yes, sir. And now I have gray whiskers. Gray whiskers! A girl married and my oldest son a real-estate dealer. Well, Mr. Levis, my wife said to me we must have Mr. Levis up to the house for a little home dinner. Nothing elaborate, or to compare with what you are having. Just a touch of home."

Returning to his breakfast, Arthur Levis told himself that above everything else he detested a touch of home. He didn't, as a man who had never married, see the necessity for it. Its slightest excuse. Here in Hollywood less than ever. The telephone rang, but to his enormous relief, it was Miss Stott.

"There is nothing here for this morning," she reported. "If you like, I could come down to the hotel and take what dictation was needed."

He begged her to do that, if it was only to answer the telephone.

Miss Stott was rigid on her chair in his sitting room. "Miss Storey's secretary called," she informed him. "She wants you to come to a tea at Miss Storey's this afternoon at four. She hasn't seen you yet and I suppose you had better go."

"What is she like?" Levis demanded. "You are so fluent about directors it is probable you know all about stars."

Miss Stott said that Miss Storey was a very pretty girl. "One of the prettiest. They think it is a great favor to let you have her. She has a big appeal. The call boys think she is a sweet lady. That's about all I can tell you." It wasn't very much, he commented. Miss Stott added, "She is supposed to be very intelligent." He gathered from her tone that intelligence in a star was a doubtful benefit. However, he didn't agree with her. An intelligent person was never a sheer impossibility. Such a person could be argued with, convinced.

At ten minutes of five—Levis had arrived punctually at four—Elaine Storey came radiantly forward with her hands outstretched.

"Mr. Levis!" she cried. "You have been here three whole days and you haven't come near me. And I'm your star. There, that sounds like a song. Sit down where you will be most comfortable. I wouldn't let anyone else come, for our first meeting was too important to be interrupted by chatter. Wasn't it? What will you have? Or perhaps you prefer tea. And take a sandwich. You can't think how delighted I was when they decided to let me do The Melancholy Susanna. I was at them for a month.

"They couldn't see it. They said it had no wide appeal. And then I acted it for them. I showed them how I would do it. How it could be given a wide appeal. Mr. Levis, I cried, right before Mr. Glenning. Oh, they had to let me have it.

"I said Mr. Levis must supervise it, you must be on the set. I needed you. No one was so delicate as you. No one. It wasn't just money—it must be an artistic production. I told the publicity department that it must be billed as The Beautiful Picture. I told them it must be a super-special. They couldn't see it, but I insisted. Only the first-run houses first at an increased price. No lousy program houses! Mr. Levis, this will be the performance of my life. I feel it. Don't you feel things? I have entire confidence in my intuition. I knew right away this was a picture for me. You wrote it for me. Without knowing it, I was before you. In a way I guided your hand. I applauded you. I was there!

"I hope you are not materialistic, Mr. Levis, deaf to the voices. The voices have made my career; they made yours. The instant I read The Meager Susanna I saw everything. And, Mr. Levis, I looked meager up in the dictionary just to be sure of all its meanings, and you are really in a way a bad man. That word, Mr. Levis! About our Susanna. I have just that little teeny change to suggest. That word. We must make it The Merry Susanna. Then everything will be splendid. I spoke to Mr. Glenning about it and he agrees with me. He thinks that alone would increase the gross of the picture at least two hundred thousand dollars. Oh, at least. I had some cards made in the art department and you can see how much better it is. Oh, forgive me, I was so interested, so absorbed. Let me pour that for you.

"There is another little thing, just the littlest. It's about Susanna. What a bad man you are! You made her thirty-five years old. You just have no heart. Poor Susanna. At that she'd be a grandmother. The public would set up a howl. They'd yell at Elaine Storey in grandmother parts. They would say I had been put back to acting characters. A character actor. It made my hair turn gray just to think of it.

"Dear Mr. Levis, our Susanna—yours and mine—must be twenty years old. Not a day more. That brightens up the whole story. It gives it a dash. Then we can have pranks in it. Don't you see, something a little wild—a little wild though at bottom a heart of gold. That is our Susanna. A girl at the threshold of womanhood. I am really frightfully excited about it. I feel it will be my best work yet. My very best. Think of the chance for psychology—the birth of a woman. Everyone will love it. Dear Mr. Levis, you can't think how big it will go over.

"Go right ahead; I have another. It makes me happy to know you are so human. Do you know, I was awfully afraid of you. With all your reputation and those books. I was afraid you would be cross with me. Cross with Elaine. And here you are just a darling. A regular fellow. I'm only sorry I can't go along with you, but my dear public made that impossible."

At heart, Arthur Levis said viciously to himself, at heart a bottom of gold. He was in his office, staring moodily at Miss Stott. She said nothing. The pain at the base of his skull was not as bad as it had been only

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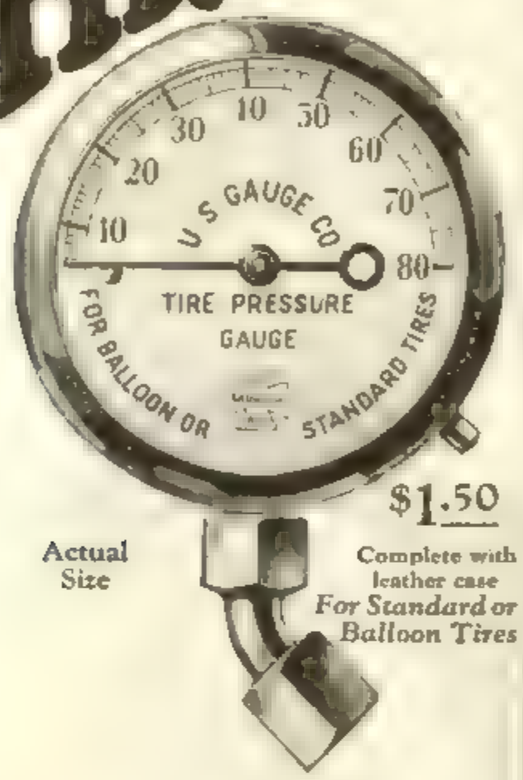

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an hour before, but it was still the worst he remembered.

He proceeded, "Miss Storey thinks the title ought to be changed."

Miss Stott replied, "Of course."

"Of course—why of course?" he demanded irritably. "The name of my book—the book they bought—is The Meager Susanna. It's going to stay that too," he added. Still she made no sensible reply. "To hell with the gross!"

She said, "I read it last night." Through the silence that followed, Levis waited eagerly for an opinion. It was clear Miss Stott was no fool. She proceeded to prove this once more. "How old did Miss Storey want to play Susanna?"

"Twenty," he admitted gloomily. "That would give her a chance for some pranks. Meager she changed into Merry. But I'll stop that nonsense. I'll see Glenning." He could, naturally, she agreed. He might even keep the title what it was, Susanna's age unchanged, but what would be the good? Miss Storey would refuse to play it. There would be scenes and trouble, and the production would be put off. It might be ditched. "But they can't do that with my novel," he protested. "They've bought it and paid a lot of money for it. They have me here at a lot more. My contract covers all that."

Miss Stott began to look a little worn. "Books out here, with us," she explained, "mean nothing. Probably the man in the Eastern office who got the company to buy it has forgotten its existence. Some girl at a party told him she liked it. You've just had a lucky break and you had better stay with it. Make the girl twenty, call it Black-eyed Susan, and be thankful you're alive." Her lips continued to move soundlessly, but he thought she said, "If you are."

A sense of helplessness, of defeat, crept over him. There was no one about him to whom he could talk, to whom he could explain again what his novel meant. He was decidedly exasperated with Miss Stott.

"I shall have to consider it," he spoke formally; "see if such a change can be made. Will you please call that girl who is writing the continuity—Miss Frane."

Miss Frane appeared with the greatest promptitude and good humor. She was extremely, excessively pretty. "I am getting along splendidly, Mr. Levis," she reported. "Your story is so clear and the action so direct that it's a pleasure to work from."

A degree of comfort returned to him. "Now," he said—"now, they want to change it. Susanna, I'm told, must be twenty!"

"Oh, but you don't have to bother about that," she replied. "Don't worry your head over it. As soon as I knew they had put Miss Storey on it, I made Susanna just twenty. Isn't it funny I hit on exactly that?"

"Very," he replied. "The funniest thing I've heard for a long while. Are there any other little improvements I ought to know about?"

Now he was sore, she reproached him. "I think writers are awfully quaint. You are so quaint, Mr. Levis. 'Any other little improvements?'" She laughed charmingly. "I did hear a perfectly screaming thing about the story from Mr. Eitel—he's head of the publicity department. Well, he stopped me coming from lunch and asked me when Susanna was going to take her bath." Miss Frane's laughter became uncontrollable. "Imagine," she was able to say at last, "Mr. Eitel! You know how serious he really is."

"As a matter of fact, I don't," Levis acknowledged. "I have no idea how serious Mr. Eitel is. I couldn't guess."

Miss Frane volunteered to tell him. "He's very near half as serious as you." Arthur Levis abruptly said he would like to see anything she had done, and she gave him some typewritten sheets. The truth was, he instantly recognized, that the treatment was devilish clever; it was, on every aspect, workmanlike. More than that, it was actually familiar to him; it seemed to be the skeleton of his book. He grew cheerful at once.

"This," he said, "is really marvelous. I can see how Susanna might be twenty without destroying everything."

For an instant Miss Frane rested an engaging and perfumed hand on his shoulder. "That is sweet of you," she answered. "You can't know what a help it is." He mentioned hesitatingly that there were some things he might show her. Principally about transitions. If she had any time that wasn't wholly occupied —

She was sorry, but she was very busy, she admitted. "The work in the office is so hard I like to be in bed every night before ten. It was kind of you to ask me." Her exit was accompanied by a sniff from Miss Stott. Just a sniff.

"I suppose that," he remarked, "is what they call giving you the air." The door from the corridor opened and Miss Borneson entered. She was so lovely looking, so superbly vital in the fragility of her modern clothes, that she momentarily stopped his breath.

"Dear Mr. Levis!" she cried, impetuously clasping both his hands. "Dear Mr. Levis ——" There she stopped.

"Yes," he said encouragingly. "Miss Stott, will you move a chair over for Miss Borneson." Miss Stott did more than that; she left the office.

"At last," Miss Borneson went on, "I can talk to you. I can show you my soul. Mr. Lewis, the numbers I am getting are not right for me; they are not what was promised me. My contract calls for better things." She leaned over until her face was very close to his. "Now this part in your opera—it's not a part, it's only a bit—that isn't what I deserve. And when Miss Storey gets through with it I will be only a face on the cutting-room floor. It's jealousy, Mr. Lewis, excuse me—Mr. Levis. Elaine Storey is jealous of me right this minute and she has the director right under her thumb. Why, listen, I was a hit on the stage; I was offered contracts to dance in Paris for two years. I didn't have to go in pictures. They just made me. The promises would make you dizzy. Bunk! And what was Storey when I was doing that? What? Why, in a department store in Duluth. Honest! She won a beauty contest, and that's how she got here. Can she act? Has she got any real refinement? Was she ever offered contracts in Paris? Ask me," Miss Borneson demanded; "ask me."

Arthur Levis patted the miraculous perfection of her shoulder. "Be calm," he advised her. "Perhaps something can be done about this."

Practically in his arms, she kissed him generously. "I hoped you would say that. They respect you out here, and then I'm told you have an elegant contract. You can get almost anything you want." She rose dramatically. "I could play Susanna better than that canned pink shrimp."

It was probable, he admitted, that she could. "We ought to talk about it," he went on pleasantly. "We might have dinner together. I'm free tomorrow night."

Miss Borneson was frightfully sorry, but tomorrow night she had an engagement. "I get out so little," she said; "this work is a dreadful strain. I like to be in bed every night by ten. I can see you any time you are in the office." She smiled at him with her eyes half closed, incredibly beautiful, immeasurably desirable.

On her return Miss Stott said acidly, "You had better wipe the rouge off your chin before you see anyone else." That he did with as much dignity as possible. It seemed to him that Miss Stott had been a shade impertinent; and in order to reëstablish their relationship on its proper base he dictated three intricate and wholly unnecessary letters. Then, collecting his hat and stick, he went out to lunch. Accompanying him were the visions of Miss Frane and Miss Borneson. Miss Stott made him sick. She sniffed at everything.

He determined that he would not allow Miss Stott, with her endless sharp remarks,

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to affect the gayety of his part in moving pictures. In the evening Levis bought a camellia or gardenia for his buttonhole; the valet was continually returning to his rooms with freshly pressed suits of clothes. He changed from the modest brand of cigarettes to which he was accustomed to extravagant Turkish and Balkan cigarettes made in London. He turned his attention to the pretty girls. They grew rather than decreased in numbers and prettiness. One in especial, who was to be in his picture, he returned to—the Miss Aldis who, at her first appearance, had been so beautifully dressed, with pearls. She came to the hotel for him in a cream-colored town car with a chauffeur in a smart white tunic with a dark velvet collar. Her house—which she inhabited quite alone—was elaborate and Spanish, and she had elaborate dinners of ten.

Arthur Levis felt very much at home there, with her. She consulted him about menus, and she was known to kiss him. He was, she said, so very sweet. Yet, somehow, when he kissed her it was without success. She didn't seem to be impressed, or even conscious, of what was going forward. Miss Aldis was only interested in intellect; that, she explained more than once, was why she was so drawn to him. She didn't want their affair to descend to a commonplace or even a vulgar level. Levis—a thing he had detested—was encouraged to talk about books—books and beauty. She could talk about beauty for hours—abstract beauty; the beauty of the soul. Miss Aldis drove him over the Beverly Hills at sunset and exclaimed about the color and depth of the views below them.

It was at once pleasant and tantalizing. Arthur Levis began vaguely to think about marriage, a subject which, until now, he had avoided with the greatest success. He told himself that he was nearly fifty and a lonely man. At last, within certain reasonable limits, he could afford to be married. And California was literally packed with young and seductive feminine loveliness. Nor were they entirely unintelligent—Jeanette Aldis hadn't a wide experience of letters—she rather ran to Blasco Ibañez and biographies of notorious ladies—but she owned quite a nice curiosity. In addition, he decidedly preferred his youth and beauty without too much learning. All he asked on that score was to be occasionally listened to. Miss Aldis seemed to do that to perfection. Then there was Elaine Storey, a girl who was known and popular in the farthest corners of America, even of Asia.

It was very amusing to drive in her car and hear the whispers, the cries, of recognition that rose about them. For the moment they didn't discuss The Meager Susanna—Levis continued to think of his novel by its old title—because she was absorbed in her dresses. Every day, almost, elaborate drawings in water color were submitted to her, subjected to long conferences. For thirty-six hours it was undecided whether a simple sport costume must be raspberry in color or melon green. The importance of this, since the picture was not to be in color, Levis couldn't altogether see. But it evidently had a bearing on Miss Storey's mood while working. He told himself that there was a great deal which naturally he couldn't understand.

He liked Elaine and he liked Jeanette, and his feeling of loneliness increased. Levis found himself holding their respective hands in their cars. He telephoned them on the most trivial occasions. With a pale camellia on his coat he went to Jeanette's for dinner and found that there would be only three—Jeanette, a Robert Farnello—he was, like Levis, often present—and himself. Dinner started very inauspiciously, Farnello was silent if not actually sullen. He failed to answer most of the remarks addressed to him.

"Robert has a headache," Jeanette Aldis explained.

"And I'll give you two guesses what gave it to me," he added. He was a thin Latin youth with large brown eyes and fine, very black hair, and he dressed with the greatest and most striking care.

"We won't go on with that," Miss Aldis said.

"We might not and then again we might," he contradicted her. "Anyhow you have two guesses and that's one apiece. I've got the headache all right listening to so much cheese." Levis surveyed him without favor. "That's a great line you push around with," Farnello addressed him. "You've got quite a song for a bird of your age."

Miss Aldis left her chair hastily and pressed a hand over his mouth. "Please, I beg you. No more now. I can't stand it. I can't. Robert ——"

He shoved her away. "Get off me," he directed her. "I've heard it all before and I've listened in on this old dodo enough too. You tell me one thing, but I got eyes, ain't I? Well, I've heard enough and I've damn near seen the both of you enough."

Arthur Levis promptly rose. "Certainly it isn't necessary for him to see us any more," he suggested. "I can perfectly well do without him, and I can't imagine your wanting him around now. He must be drunk."

Levis moved about the table toward Farnello, but Jeanette Aldis threw herself on him. "Don't go another step. Robert has a fatal temper and probably he would kill you. Dear Mr. Levis, won't you please leave at once? Forgive me and leave as quietly as possible."

Freeing himself from her, he said of course. "But, my dear child, I hate to have you stay with this ridiculous person. He may really be dangerous."

"No. Thank you very much, but go. I implore you." She left him and returned to Farnello. "Don't you see, Robert," she spoke imploringly, "he's going. I told him to go, didn't I? I did what I promised you, Robert. Sit down; it's all right; we'll be alone again in a minute."

Farnello contented himself by repeating that he had eyes. "He's here, ain't he? That's enough. Every time I'm in the house I have to listen to this old horse. Well, I'm quitting, see."

Tears were now streaming over her face; Miss Aldis' arms were tightly around Farnello's neck. "If you do it will kill me!" she cried. She half turned to Levis. "Can't you take a hint?" she told him. "Beat it, will you! What's your picture to me?"

The intellectual curiosity, it occurred to Levis, had very largely fled from her. She was trying, not very successfully, to kiss the Latin and fatal youth. He moved his head sharply from side to side, avoiding her, with the result that his cheeks were wet with her tears and streaked with crimson lip rouge. It was a very extraordinary and interesting sight for a novelist, and he began to enjoy it on a purely professional plane. At the same time he thought that it might be better if he left. It had become slightly private. And so, with his napkin on the floor, his soup untouched, Arthur Levis withdrew. Outside, waiting for a taxicab, he grew decidedly angry. What an impossible scene! What incredible people!

He had been all kinds of a fool, but principally fatuous. A dodo. An old horse! He remembered with a cutting chagrin the hours he had spent with Jeanette explaining why Marcel Proust's style was largely English, tracing the decline in the pure clarity of French prose. He had given her two of her earlier and more difficult books—with inscriptions. In life she had only cared for the intellect, for beauty, for sunsets and the soul.

Some of this Arthur Levis confided to Elaine Storey seated on a divan at an afternoon party. It was the largest and most comprehensive, the most kaleidoscopic party he had ever seen. It had begun at three o'clock with complete arrangements for tea, and no one drinking it; bottles of romantic shape and memory, and short glasses which, so early, no one availed himself of; an elaborate and handsome buffet—with glazed turkeys and squabs in aspic, and pink sweets like flowers—that, later, might be attacked; and more, endless

(Continued on Page 115)

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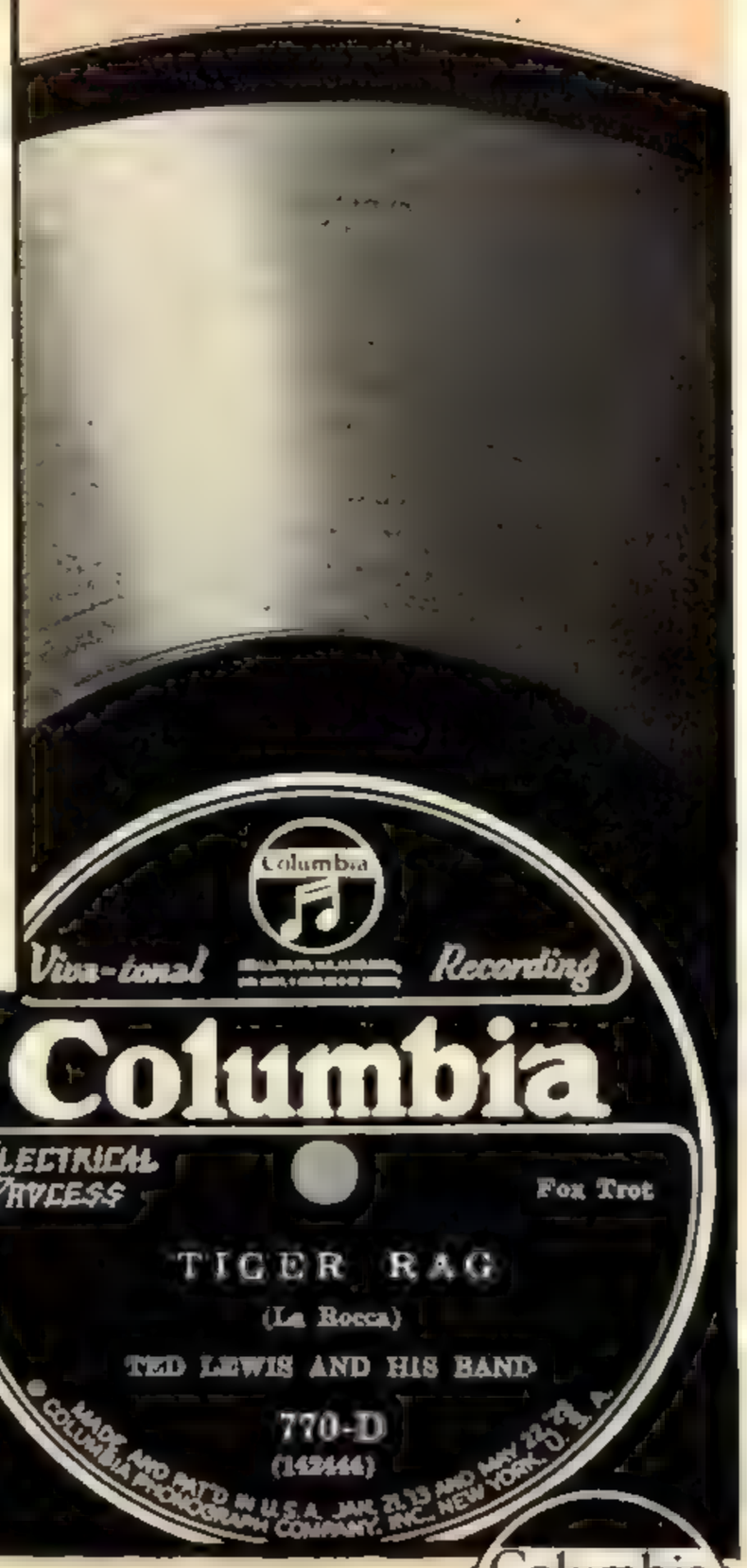

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(Continued from Page 111)

pretty girls. They arrived without interruption in specially built automobiles, in groups or singly, and Levis got quite confused mentally choosing among them. He had reached an imaginary point that, realized, could have found expression only in the lives and opportunities of past sultans.

"Jeanette Aldis," Miss Storey told him, "is too ultra. Simply too ultra. I was rather surprised to hear you had been in her house. Dear Mr. Levis, such people are not for us. Our fiber rebels. We are high above them." She made a gesture eloquently suggestive of height. She rose. "I am going home. You know, I never stay long at parties. But I don't want to drag you away from all these beautiful creatures." He was quite ready to leave, Levis assured her; and outside, in a vast press of automobiles, he found her car. The car was here but her chauffeur was absent, and it was fully a half hour later when he drove uncertainly up for them. It had grown dark.

"Don't you think," Levis said to Miss Storey—"don't you think your man is going pretty fast? Over sixty. I can see the dial." She agreed that it was fast, but added Martan was so very expert.

"When he is sober," Levis added concisely. The whole truth was that Martan was absolutely drunk. Martan was drunk and Levis increasingly nervous.

"Of course!" Elaine Storey exclaimed. "He has been drinking at the Renards'."

She leaned forward. "Not so fast, Martan, please." The car stopped so abruptly that it threw them both violently forward.

The chauffeur turned. "Miss Storey, I'm lost. That's the truth and I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Miss Storey, but I don't know where I am." Folded in dignity, she instructed him to stop at the next gas station and inquire their way.

"You might go a little slower," Levis suggested, swaying sharply from Miss Storey's side to the side of the car. The man replied, "Just how fast is your idea of how slow to go? I can drive any speed. You tell 'em." Arthur Levis thought twenty miles an hour would be splendid, and accordingly, they went forward at that reasonable rate. Outside, there were only darkness and the steep rise of a barren mountain. The road, cut into its side, reached up and turned and then dropped. On the left, it seemed to Levis, there was only giddy space.

Martan, he grasped, was speaking, muttering to himself: "This is a hell of a way to ride. Never get anywhere this rate. I can drive any speed and as good as anyone." In consequence of this, he increased their speed. Almost at once he was driving as fast as possible. Far ahead on the road there was a collection of red lights. The tail lights of cars, Levis thought. Martan was driving furiously into their middle.

"Stop!" Levis cried. "That's danger." The car made a racking lurch—before them was a black chasm in the road, with a narrow temporary bridge of boards turning on the left. There were flashes of red light, a hollow thunderous echo, the car skidded on two wheels, and they were safely, miraculously, beyond the repairs.

Martan stopped, he left his seat and opened the door into the car. "You get out of that," he said to Levis. "Come out here and I'll show you. I won't have nobody drive my car from the back seat."

Miss Storey was appropriately furious. "Martan, you must not speak to my guests that way."

"It was all right, Miss Storey," he replied. "I ain't talking to you, but to that blob with you. No damn dummy can tell me what to do from the back." Elaine Storey told Levis he'd have to do something about it. Perhaps he had better knock Martan down. "Leave him try it," Martan added. "His chancet is here." Arthur Levis didn't want to knock him down and the reason was simple—he had no confidence in his ability to bring that off. He was a slight man, he took no exercise, his arms were no harder than boxed sardines.

"I will get out, certainly," he was forced to say. What a rotten situation. Nowhere else in the world could it have happened. He wondered miserably if Martan would knock out his eye or be contented with some teeth

But when his uncertain feet met the ground Martan had vanished; he had retreated into the dark; and Levis' courage rose. "Martan," he called, "where are you? Come here. Don't be an ass. Miss Storey wants to speak to you." At last Levis found hum, leaning moodily against a rock. He took Martan by the arm. "You must come back to the car."

The chauffeur shook him off. "I'm a sap," he said. "I'm a sap and that's all there is to it. I ain't coming back to the car either. You know everything there is about cars. You do it—twenty miles an hour for twenty years."

"You must drive," Miss Storey told Arthur Levis.

"I can't," he was obliged to confess. They had urged Martan back into the car, but that, for the present, was patently the end of his activities. Elaine Storey's anger had grown cold. For some reason incomprehensible to Levis she had rather withdrawn it from Martan in his favor.

"You are not much my idea of a man," she told him. "Women must be guarded and fought for. They love men!" She got into the driver's seat; beside her, Martan more or less sat, falling constantly forward, and Arthur Levis was unhappily in the rear. There was a frightful grinding of gears and a singularly earnest cursing from Miss Storey.

"Let me take the wheel, Miss Storey," Martan sleepily begged.

She told him to shut up. "I don't know this car," she announced. "It is too heavy for me." At last they were moving slowly on. What a beastly, what a humiliating, situation, Levis reflected. Suddenly and illogically he began violently to dislike pretty girls. They could all go to the devil, he told himself.

Mr. Glenning of The Zenith Motion Picture Corporation smiled at Mr. Simon, who had just returned from their Eastern office.

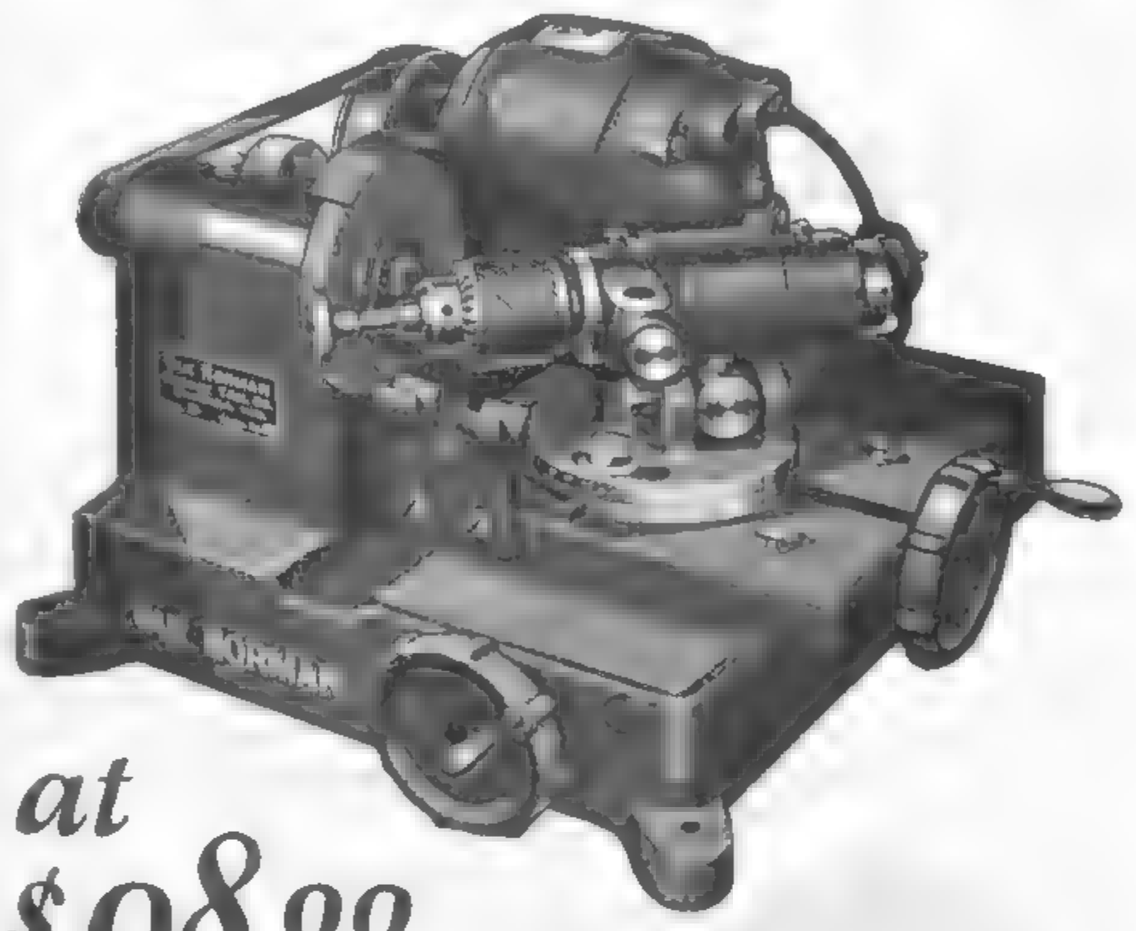
"I have bad news for you," he proceeded cheerfully. "This Levis, who wrote The Moderate Susanna, left the studio and California. It seems he made up his mind in a moment."

Mr. Simon was undisturbed. "You can't make me sad with that," he replied. "One writer less to fix his bread and milk for."

That, Glenning went on, wasn't all; it wasn't the worst. "He took Miss Stott with him. He married her and damn if he didn't."

Mr. Simon was genuinely disturbed. "The best girl in pictures!" he declared. "Glenning, what will I do without her? What'll I do?" His sincere consternation changed to amazement. "Why, say!" he cried. "Listen; she was the ugliest girl west of the Sierras!"

a new! Valve Refacer



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High Quality—Low Price

Never before has a Valve Refacer been offered to Motor Car Dealers and Service Stations that gives as much value per dollar invested as this new Van Norman Model D.

Here's what you get for $98.00

Precision built electrically driven machine.

Full Ball Bearing Wheel Head and Universal Work Head graduated for valve setting at 30°, 40°, 45° and 50°.

Flat Belt and Flexible Shaft drive—*the smoothest drive known.*

Special 6 point contact valve chuck tested to an accuracy of .001 inch.

Permanently attached Vee Block.

Range of all valves up to 1⅛" stem diameter and 4½" head diameter.

With this machine it is *at last* possible for every Service Station to be equipped with a precision made, motor driven valve refacer that will grind valves of *all* modern pleasure cars and all popular motor trucks.

Now you can give your customers as accurate and speedy valve grinding service as they expect for an investment within the range of everyone.

Ask your jobber *today* for a demonstration of this new machine. If not available, write us.

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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC TOOLS

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Chrysler STANDARDIZED Inspired a New School of Engineering Thought

By J. E. FIELDS

FOR three years it has been increasingly obvious that—with the first Chrysler—there was initiated in the automotive industry an entirely new and vital application of the fundamental principles of engineering—an advanced school of engineering thought.

The brilliant performance, the unvarying dependability, the enduring life, the new measure of riding comfort, the ease of handling, the supreme safety, the smart appearance, typically Chrysler's from its very beginning three years ago, were the product of this advanced engineering.

Never before that first Chrysler was there an engine of its size capable of producing such horsepower and such speed—with such amazing fuel economy.

That is what Chrysler engineering attained in the way of new perfection of gas distribution, specially-shaped combustion chambers for greater efficiency, and valve mechanism scientifically designed for utmost performance and endurance.

New Standard of Smoothness

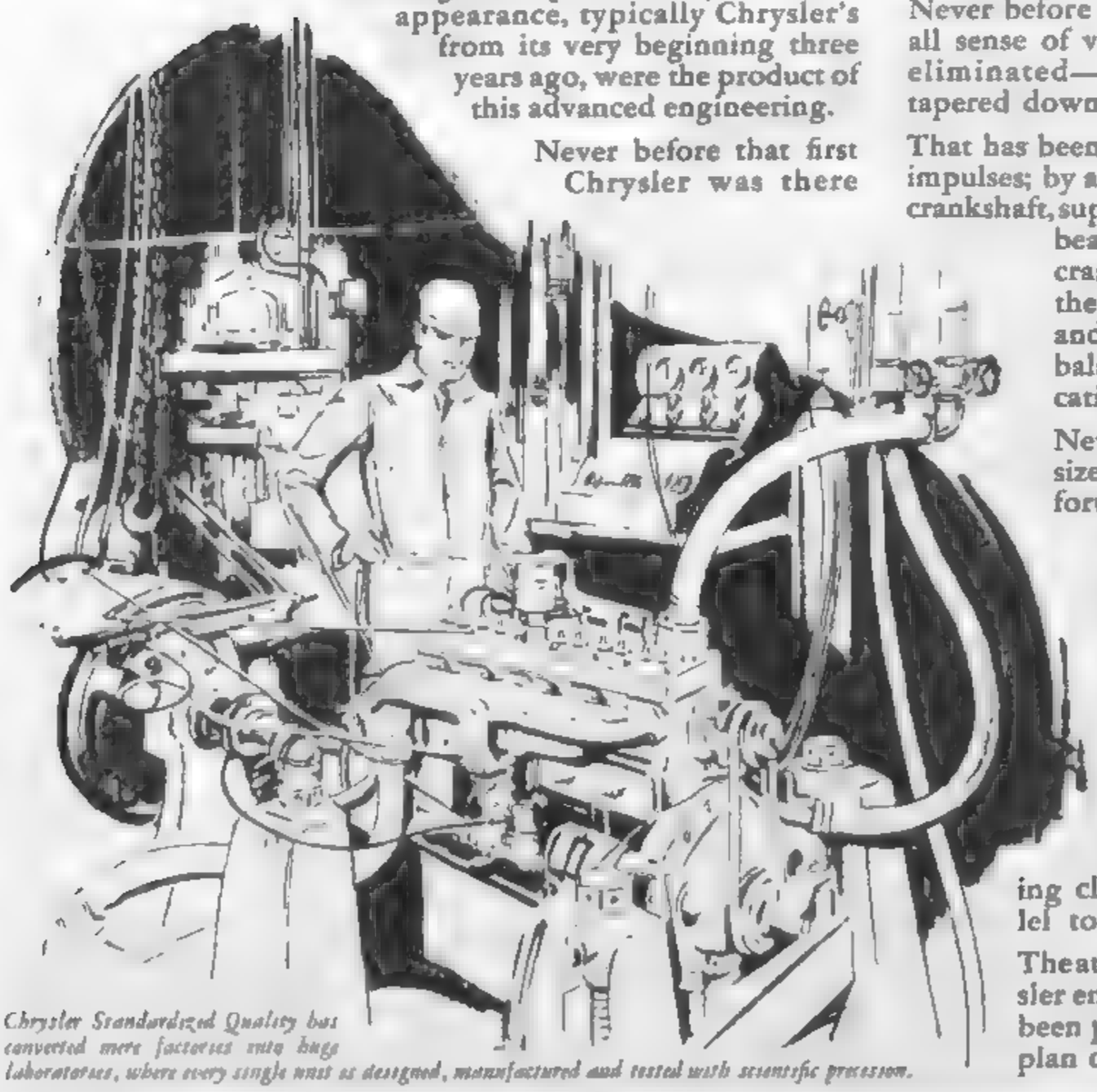
Never before was there a motor in which all sense of vibration was so completely eliminated—not merely smothered or tapered down or broken up.

That has been attained by uniform power impulses; by a large, completely-machined crankshaft, supported on seven big shimless bearings, in a specially-webbed crankcase cast as a unit with the cylinder block, for rigidity and long life; and by perfectly balanced, light-weight reciprocating parts.

Never before could a car of such size, and such weight be comfortably driven at high speeds on cobbled street or rutted road. That is what Chrysler lowness and scientific distribution of weight achieved.

Never before was there a car in which sidesway and road-weaving were absent—which can be driven around turns at 50 miles an hour. That is what a spring mounting close to the hubs and parallel to the wheels accomplished.

The attainments, however, of Chrysler engineering would never have been possible but for the Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality.



Chrysler Standardized Quality has converted mere factories into huge laboratories, where every single unit is designed, manufactured and tested with scientific precision.

For the engineering genius that has produced the four Chrysler cars—the "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—demanded manufacturing standards of quality previously unknown in the industry—and the inflexible maintenance of these standards.

Metallurgists were obliged to develop for Chrysler new and better alloys to pass the tests of Chrysler engineers.

Specially constructed testing apparatus had to be devised to gauge to Chrysler engineers' requirements of exactitude.

Special machinery and tools had to be built to Chrysler engineers' standards of precision.

Ordinary factory workers had to be specially re-trained to Chrysler limits of unvarying accuracy.

Others Emulate Chrysler Design

The motor car industry admits today by an almost slavish emulation that Chrysler engineering and manufacturing have contributed more basic improvements to the automobile than have been brought forth in the past decade.

Chrysler is proud to have developed and contributed to practically every current motor car of importance features of benefit to the public, which were inspired by Chrysler design and practice, Chrysler performance and appearance.

And just as that first Chrysler of three years ago was years in advance of the rest of the industry so today's four great Chrysler cars—the "50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—continue to set the pace for the rest of the industry, through their inherent superiorities of engineering, craftsmanship, performance and long life.

QUALITY

Acclaimed as Outside All Comparison In the Lighter Six Field

ATTEMPT to compare Chrysler "60" features—in number, in quality—with those of the ordinary six in its price field, and the advantage in favor of Chrysler will convince you at once that comparison is impossible.

Try it and you'll be amazed to find—in spite of all the "new" features today claimed by other makes—the Chrysler "60" offered from the first, these features obviously *bettered,* plus many others that cannot be duplicated, because they are typically and inherently Chrysler.

Of course, the Chrysler "60" has finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full-pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers front and rear—has had these and many other features ever since its introduction.

But the really distinctive advantages of the "60" are its incomparable Chrysler characteristics—its inimitable performance, its unfailing dependability and long life, its superb beauty of design, coloring and appointment—features that are *unique and must remain unique* due to the Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization.

CHRYSLER "60"
SEDAN
$1245
f. o. b. Detroit

You are cordially invited—indeed, urged—to try out the Chrysler "60". In common with its scores of thousands of enthusiastic owners, you, too, will then be bound to rate it *beyond comparison* — utterly unapproachable by any other six of its type and price.

Chrysler "60" Prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster, (*with Rumble Seat*) $1175; Sedan, $1245.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

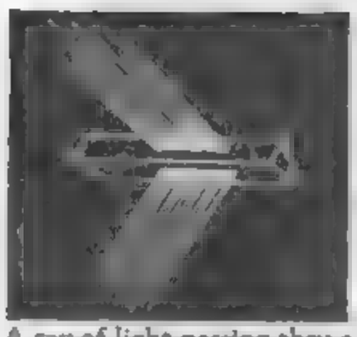
All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the Coliseum and at the Ballroom of the Congress Hotel during the National Automobile Show in Chicago, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

S L E R "60"
— IMPERIAL 80"
MEAN MILES PER HOUR

The light of a bare lamp is largely wasted because much of the light never reaches a useful destination. Utilize the light you pay for by equipping your Mazda-bulbs with reflectors and refractors that bear this trademark:

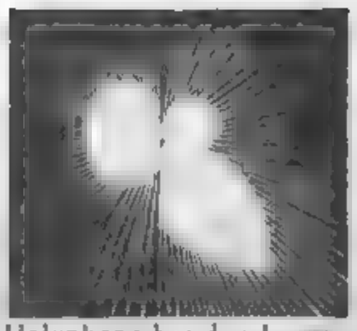
HOLOPHANE

Converts light into ILLUMINATION



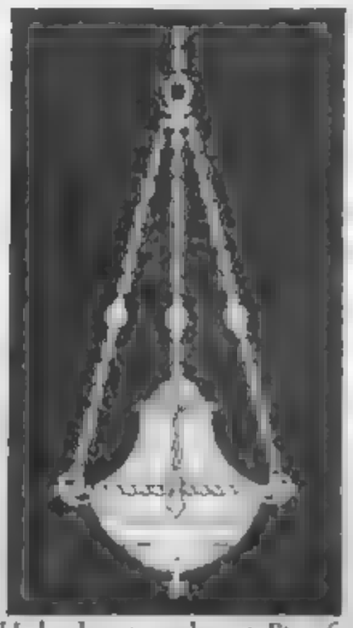
A ray of light passing thru a glass prism is bent from its original course.

2



Holophane has developed a wide variety of prismatic-glass units. What these do is illustrated by the diagram above. The left half shows the light distribution of a bare lamp; the right half shows the distribution from the same lamp when equipped with one specific type of Holophane Reflector.

3



Holophane makes a *Specific* unit for practically every lighting situation, whether it be an office, store, show-window, factory, school, street or other place. Above is pictured the Holophane Filterlite, which many large insurance and other corporations are adopting as standard for all their office lighting.

HOLOPHANE CO., NEW YORK AND TORONTO

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 28)

truth who betrays too much of what we all really are. You can never become a popular writer. People will read you in secret, but they will not praise you from the housetop. They cannot afford to do so. Your happiness consists in making more genuflections to yourself and giving yourself those same old airs of immortality which do not depend upon any kind of earthly fame.

JULY TWELFTH. My mother's birthday. I wonder what kind of woman she would have been if she had lived to be as old as I am now. I have a feeling that she would have arrived, become long since settled in a sort of grand peace of mind. Her hair would be white and she would seem much older than I do, and certainly she would not be gadding about the world at fifty-six making a happy pilgrimage. She would have given up happiness long ago as a mirage of the youthful mind, and made herself contented in her little house.

It is queer how I miss her still; the things she used to say to me; the everlasting business of her good stern deeds to me. And the way she would soften into the most adorable tenderness if I fell sick with some childish complaint. That was heaven for me, to lie in the big white company bed in a frilly nightgown and have mother feed me sweetened rice and milk with a spoon. There can be no kinder eyes in heaven than hers were then. She had soft hands, and it was a blessing to have her lay one upon my brow. If it was hot and dry she gave me four drops of niter in a little water, and I got myself praised for taking this medicine "like a good child." It was very unusual in those days for me to figure in her great and exacting opinion as a "good child"; quite the contrary.

So I prayed fervently that my fever might not abate and that I might show my holiness by taking even bitterer medicine without shrinking from the draught or even making a face.

She was a very busy woman, never doing anything with her own hands, that I remember, which could not be done with a needle and thimble; but she was always directing the servants, having something baked, something rubbed or scrubbed, flowers tended, garden walks swept. Still, if I arrived at the eminence of lying in the company bed, only through illness, she found time to sit beside me. I do not recall that she made the least effort to entertain me. I did not require that. Just to have her forgive me all my sins and sit there with her kind eyes bestowing love upon me was more gratifying to my little tadpole soul than if an angel of God had sat there with grandly folded wings. She asked me no searching questions, which was her daily business if I was up and abroad, able to commit my usual transgressions, but her suspicions were concentrated on my tongue. Once in so often she required me to open my mouth and stick it out, whereupon she would regard it as one stares at his bitterest enemy. But I neither flinched nor feared. It was my tongue, not me, she suspected. Sometimes if she perceived the worst I would have the inestimable privilege of showing off by taking the bitter medicine.

I must have been the simplest of all young creatures, because years passed before I had the least idea why I had to show my tongue to mother if I was sick. To me it was one of her inscrutable acts of providence. My part in it was to exceed all other children in the length to which I could expose my tongue. If she had told me to swallow it I would have endeavored to do so.

I have often wondered if she ever realized how I feared and worshiped her. Since from the first I was her most wayward and disobedient child, I do not suppose she did. But long afterward these earlier experiences with her kind heart and sternly judging finite mind gave me an idea about God's better comprehension and provision from the beginning for some of His worst sinners. I have known many a bad man who craved peace and righteousness more earnestly than any saint knows how to crave such blessings, being in less conscious need of them.

This is the reason why I believe in what is sneeringly called "deathbed repentance." Some of these people must be put in a strait-jacket of pain or cornered in a tight place before they can leave off their evil deeds long enough to be innocent enough to get the right sense of God, divide His wisdom and goodness from the somewhat precarious experiences they have had with the cruder virtues and pieties of mere men. And a deathbed is the straitest jacket of all.

Mother was bent and determined that I should become a very good woman before this embarrassing emergency faced me. She was right about that, but her severities were never equaled by her mercies when I was a child, unless I fell sick. Now, however, it is these manifestations of her that I recall most vividly.

Last night I could not sleep. One little pain reached through my breast and stayed there. I thought of mother, how she would look bending over me, what she would say—"Not feeling so well tonight, my dear?" No more than that, but she would be sitting there beside me the whole night through. So I went on encouraging and comforting myself with a few kind words, bordering closer to praise, even flattery, than she ever came when I lay so restless and temporarily good in the company bed long ago.

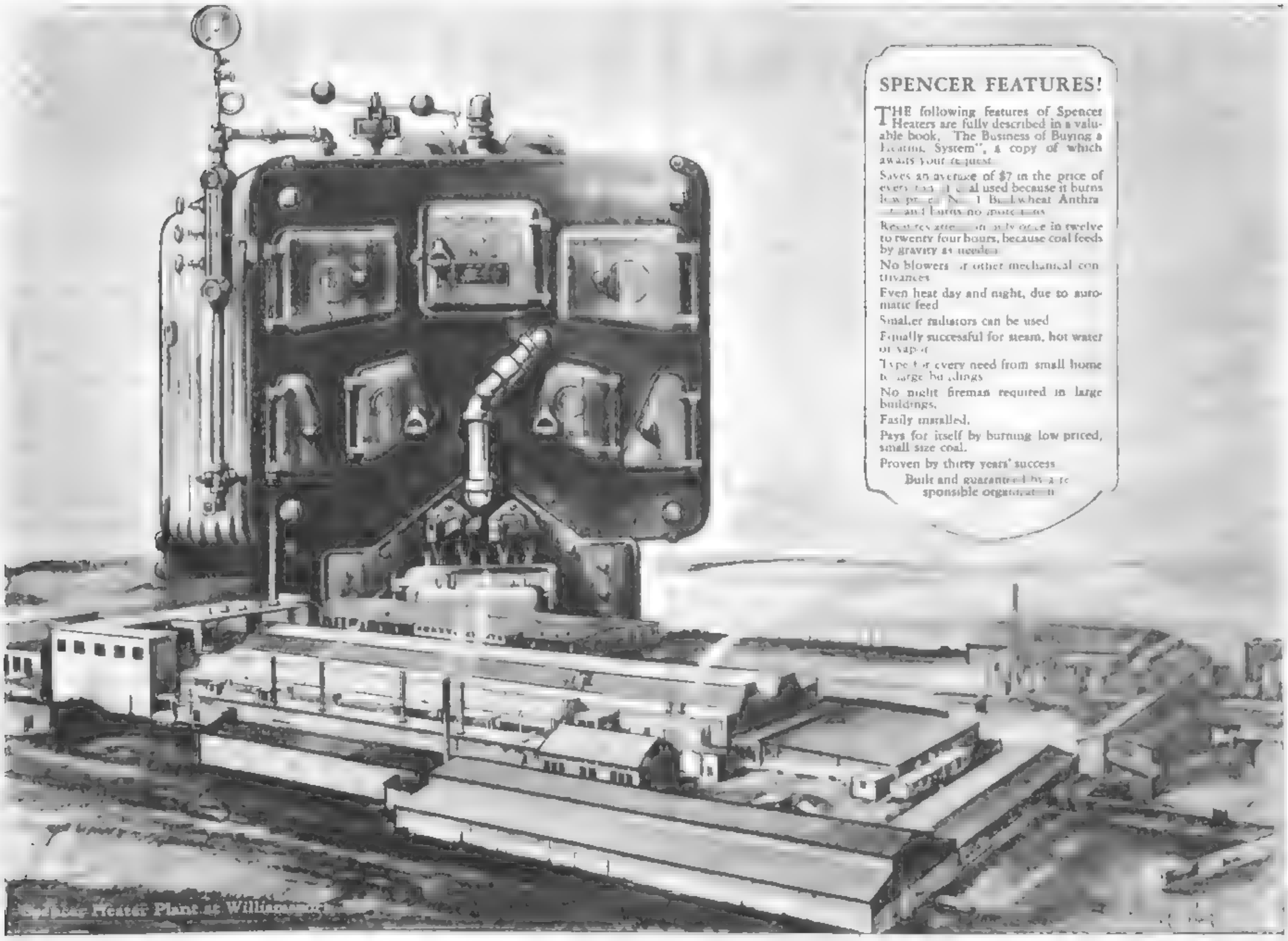
No matter how old we live to be, there remains far within us the poor little ghost of the child we used to be that walks sometimes in the dark like any other phantom stirred by memories—and not always in the dark. If we come by accident upon a scene laid in bright loveliness upon the earth, as so many of our scenes were then, that same little ghost touches our dreariness with the glory of its presence. Thus, I can never go where wild larkspur blooms in ragged rainbows on our Southern hillsides without being joined at once by a sort of invisible little girl wearing a blue-checked, sparrow-tailed apron, who used to spend hours on the old avenue at home, making wreaths and wreaths of these flowers.

I must have been in a bad way the next day, because I record briefly:

Another sleepless night! Nurse gave me a cup of tea made of a Swiss herb, called "setabroth," she told me. She might as well have made it of dead grass. Sickening stuff, and nothing came of it, not even one little dozing dream. . . .

Apparently I spent this day looking out of my window through that green keyhole in the shrubbery, watching people go by, tagging them with a line or two; writing other short reflections which have no logical sequence. I am copying some of them here as they were set down in that sadly scrawled sketchbook of thought. They will indicate how far the mind may swing this way and that when the body that contains it is capable of making no effort at all. I am not bragging about these paltry thoughts, but I do wonder how the rank and cankered materialist accounts for the fact that a very sick man can go on thinking clearly and intelligently even with the very door of death open before him; though if a mere animal sickens, it lets go, sinks into the same coma that has overtaken its body, and is incapable of any voluntary use of its senses. I know! He would begin at once to tell some tale of the brain power in his wounded dog. I could set down a dozen similar instances about what my old Great Dane did in his last days. He used to call me every night to

(Continued on Page 120)



SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no substitutes.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed.

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.

Smaller radiators can be used.

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.

Type for every need from small home to large buildings.

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed.

Pays for itself by burning low priced, small size coal.

Proven by thirty years' success.

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.

Spencer Heater Plant at Williamsport

What is it and Who is behind it?

THERE is no trick to what a Spencer Heater does. It isn't queer-looking or mysterious. It has no decorative or mechanical "contraptions". It is simply a Heater based upon sound and simple engineering principles—a product the result of thirty years' experience in manufacturing, marketing and servicing a type of heater particularly designed to burn efficiently No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite. No. 1 Buckwheat is the same quality as any other size of hard coal—stove, egg or nut—but it costs on an average $7 less per ton than those larger sizes.

Add to this big saving feature of Spencer Heaters, the fact that it is also designed to feed coal to the fire by gravity from the magazine for periods of from twelve to twenty-four hours without attention.

That is about all there is to it, except that the Spencer has been going right along doing these things and doing them well for more than a quarter of a century.

The great success of the Spencer could not have been possible if the seemingly strong claims made for it had not been backed up by an organization of sound responsibility and experience, having the confidence of all who knew it.

The substantial character of the Spencer organization and the large production facilities, could not have been established if the Spencer was not remarkable in itself, and if it did not successfully fill a very great need.

We would be glad to send you a worth-while book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System"—a book that will answer most of the questions involved in the heating problem.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY — *Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.* — OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal ∽ Averages $7 less per ton ∽ Less attention required

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

THERE'S a type of man—young in spirit, young in attire—whose step is timed to the high-speed rhythm of the day. The OLYMPIC is The Florsheim Shoe which combines the modernistic style touch he demands.

The OLYMPIC · *Style M-225*

Write for Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" *Showing the right shoe for you*

Style
$10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · CHICAGO

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WANTED We would like to hear from men who need an immediate income with a promising future. You can start on part time to prove big earning possibilities of our pleasant plan. No experience or capital is needed. Mail coupon for details.

A Product you'll be proud to sell—
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Unequalled Values

you'll be glad to offer your closest friends—

WE manufacture guaranteed 100% pure wool men's suits. All $23.50; made in our own union shops. One feel of the fabrics will tell you they are remarkable values. The fit and style are unexcelled. The tailoring is high class. Guaranteed to give long wear.

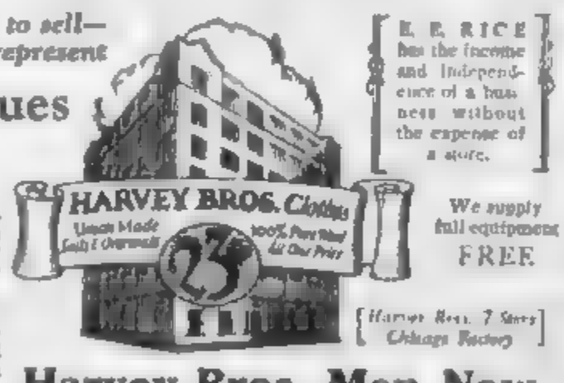
Easy to Sell; Sure to Repeat

Such values are easy to sell—such quality brings repeat business. Our aim is to produce the best suit at the price that money can possibly buy. Modern factories, millions of capital and new selling methods make these super-values possible.

Earn More Money This Happy Way

YOU can get more joy out of life selling Harvey Bros. Clothes. You'll feel "pepped up", self confident, independent.

HARVEY BROS., Chicago, Ill.



E. E. RICE has the income and independence of a business without the expense of a store.

We supply full equipment FREE

[Harvey Bros. 7 Story Chicago Factory]

Harvey Bros. Men Now Earn Up to $189 a Week

T. W. Eubank, a full time man, earns as high as $189 a week (sworn statement). E. M. Grefe, a railroad employee, needed money last August; his wife was in the hospital. By October 10th he earned $520. Now he works full time for Harvey Bros., is happy and free of debt.

A Good Living to Start

—and a Bright Future

T. H. Eubank receives $189 a week

YOU, too, can earn big money. The beauty of our offer is that you can start in your spare time, without risking your present job. If you are looking for more money and happiness mail coupon at once for full information.

Typical earnings for a recent two week period. All spare time men; full time men earn more.

A. W. Banks	$178
E. E. Rice	126
W. H. Metcalf	95
W. E. Fike	111
R. L. Lang	52
L. G. Wills	51
T. E. Bennett	58
J. D. Denham	92

BIG OUTFIT FREE
Mail Coupon for Details and Sample

Harvey Bros. handy portfolio makes selling easy and pleasant. It contains a large assortment of big

9" by 13" Samples

and complete instructions for measuring. Customers can actually feel the quality and recognize the value in Harvey Bros. Clothes. Write today. Learn about our new and fast and other valuable selling features.

MAIL THIS COUPON

—or a letter if you prefer

OUR FACTORY TO YOU

T. H. HARVEY, Manager
Box 00, Chicago, Ill.

Please send to me, without obligation, free sample of fabric and full details of your plan. (PLEASE PRINT.

Name .....

Address .....

Territory Wanted .....

(Continued from Page 118)

bring him a drink of water. He slept in the sewing room, and when the fire died down he would howl for someone to bring wood and make another fire. When he grew so infirm that he could not scratch his own fleas, he made a row in this house until someone found the very place and the very flea he wanted scratched. A general brushing made him as mad as fire on these occasions. And at the last gasp he must have someone to hold his great paw, somebody's knee upon which to rest his head. But dogs do not count in a contention like this. They are indeed animal, but they are clairvoyant. Their strange quality is to be able to borrow something of what we are. Through years of association they practice our feelings, fears; they follow our minds as the blind see and know by touch. Let the materialist make his point with a sick cow—any animal not intimately associated with man. They have no mind, only instincts, and they die in the slumber of these same instincts as unmindful of life and death as the leaves that fall.

But never mind! It is useless to contend with a materialist. He is one because he lacks the courage to be anything else. He lacks the dog's clairvoyance to reach his master's mind. Here are the little scripts I wrote during that long bright windy July day as I lay in the hospital in Los Angeles:

Just now I saw a preacher go by. An old man. I recognized him not so much by his long-tail black coat as by the dim old Isaiah expression of his face, lonesome and wishful as Isaiah would have looked if he had lost his position as prophet. He must have been retired from the ministry, out here for his health. He reminds me of an old local preacher Lundy and I used to know. Spiritually speaking, he gave the impression of having come up out of the backwoods of the Old Testament, fierce and proud and truly good. Always militant, never humble except when he led in prayer. He had a goose-stepping soul. Gone long since; and right now I can see him heeling and toeing it with sublime precision among the saints.

Preachers are queer people. We all are, but in them it is more noticeable, these strictly human absurdities. Years ago there lived in the South a Methodist itinerant, distinguished for his learning, modesty and the remarkable Christian meekness of his character. Then in his old age some university, that could not leave well enough alone, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on him. He was never the same afterward. That title went to his head as his great reputation for piety never did. He was unbearably conceited and demanded that his name should always be set off by this tail of his title. The same thing happened to me now a good many years ago. I shot up into a Doctor of Literature and thought no more about it, for I was well then and going strong; but now sometimes I know precisely how that old preacher felt. He was losing out by reason of his many years of hardship in the itinerancy, and at the very last he wanted to cash in on that little D.D. honor. As a rule I prefer to be called "Corra Harris" without any blandishments, but today when I am so low in my spirit, I wish someone would come in and call me "Doctor Harris." A little spoofing like that might help me to fetch a surge upward where I belong.

We are creatures of unhappiness according to the habits of the mortal mind. Sometimes mine seems to be already awake and waiting for me when I awaken in the morning, and it says to me: "Get up and worry! You are really tired of all this peace and good will. It is a pose and you know it. You are very ill, among strangers, three thousand miles from home, and this doctor you have is none too well pleased with the responsibility of your case. When the nurse comes in presently to tell you, professionally, how well you are looking, and she is sure you must have slept soundly last night, why don't you let go and tell her what you think of her, the whole kit and biling? Do you good!"—and so on and so forth. Still, I held my peace on principle when she did come in, poor thing, not knowing what risks she was taking. At that, I did not feel so virtuous. I am wondering if anyone can earn a reputation for sweetness, patience and light without becoming a sort of sublimated liar.

When one acts with what proves to be astounding wisdom, he can rarely give a reason for it. This accounts for that little peculiarity in women who so frequently answer, "Because," when you ask them why they did this or that very smart thing. They have neither the brains, initiative nor power to achieve which men have, but the last one of them has much more unspeakable, unintelligible wisdom than men will ever get.

It has occurred to me that our sins are dearer to us than our virtues, because we are apt to boast of the latter, but we are sure to defend the former. I suppose it is because our sin is more intimate, private and personal to us, though it is practically impossible to achieve a virtue which does not belong to a great many other people, who have worn it and enhanced it more than we can.

The pathetic thing is that hypocrites are much more sensitive about their reputations than really good people, because they know we have the drop on them, poor souls!

There is an element of ill health in our times which, I believe, is due to the fact that too many of the wrong kind of people are beginning to understand human nature. They seek to know the worst, and believe it. They are the passionate collectors of bad rumors. They are the poets of scandal. They are much more inclined to praise a book, a picture, an opera, than they are the noblest man or woman. The idea is to wink a deeper, meaner wisdom of that man; meaning that aside from all this heroic glamour he has stirred up by a great deed, they see through that and regard him as a human being, no better than the rest of us, probably not so good. Away with heroes and saints! They are all scamps at bottom. Let us get down to the bald, bare facts of human nature and have done with this silly idealism! They are the socialists of the evil mind, who would destroy the property rights of good people in their own virtues.

Therefore, if you are sensible, sequester your estate in honor and righteousness. Never discuss yourself or your God. If you claim a little merit, you are an egotist, which is the most damnable verdict any other egotist can bring against you. If you profess interest or confidence in God, you are obviously a hypocrite, because none of these torn-down students of human nature will entertain the idea for a moment that you are sincere in your profession of faith.

It has come to this, at last—that the Lord God who made us, alone understands us well enough to keep a faith in us that cannot be shaken. We must be some kind of profitable investment He has made in His own far-off image, or the processes of nature which He has foreordained would not go on producing us.

So we may as well go ahead in good heart and risk the jump. No evil can befall us, only misfortunes and vicissitudes incident to mortal life. Not only is man never damned, except transiently by his own hands, but he cannot be. Not with these everlasting provisions made for his comfort, happiness and great salvation which are as fixed as any other laws of creation. Does anyone believe that the Almighty would make something alive in His own image and then leave everything prepared to degrade and mar this image? On the contrary, He leaves us free to work out our own fate, because He alone understands the supernal powers of human nature and knows that we must choose the face and form of every goodness for our

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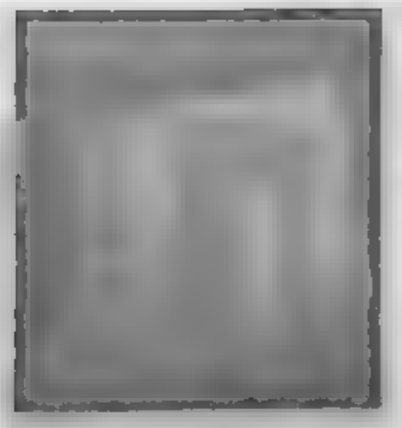

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final countenance. A man—every man—may drag himself down for generations, tear off all his creeds and virtues—they have done it—yet do they rise again, more splendid, and create within themselves a cleaner heart.

Whenever things seem to me to be going wrong in this world I attribute it to the short-sighted vision of my mortal mind, grown old and a bit fearsome. In my heart I know we are only turning a sharp corner in thinking. A trifle awkwardly, to be sure, but we will get by presently into the straight road predestined for us from the beginning beyond every turn. Else God is the devil, and no devil could last as a god.

We ourselves would rise and cast him from our own heights. The stars would fall. This universe would go to pieces like a foolish invention that had a monkey wrench flung into its gears.

I am by this as that brave old fool of a preacher was when he shouted from his pulpit into the face of all astronomers: "The sun do move!" And now it turns out the astronomers admit that the sun has his orbit and traveling orders, only through a vaster space than the old preacher could conceive. Just so—all dust and pig-snouted scientists to the contrary—I say, we do live forever, whether the worlds are without end or not—worlds are only the pedestals for life; they can grow old and be replaced!

But we go on forever within the circling will of God, Who knows, if we do not, where the next fold lies between the sheltering immensities of His eternity. "Asleep in Jesus," is only a sentimental figure of speech, made of our childishness. Jesus does not sleep. He is risen! Neither shall we sleep. If we sleep in death, we have never lived, and cannot live again.

What happens to us during that earth-to-earth-and-dust-to-dust period of our mere bodies, I do not know. My notion is that we shall go on, straight ahead and that we shall arrive, never, but keep going forever toward the Author and Finisher of our Faith. Oh, happy, happy pilgrimage, through seas of immortal spaces, across worlds of life, and yet life more abundant. What a landscape, my Lord, of Thy glories and our glories to pass through, with the stars for amens! Why should I fret, then, to be lying here for a few days in the hollow of Thy hand, no distance at all from the past or the future, present forever in time, with nothing that can possibly hinder me from making the great journey.

Still, mortally speaking, I wish I might sleep a little tonight just for a change!

JULY FOURTEENTH. Tuesday morning, bright and fair as usual. I have found no weather yet in California worth mentioning, though the air certainly is good; dry and bracing on the hottest summer day. But the weather of my own mind is much better, calmer. I slept last night soundly, for the first time since that earthquake in Santa Barbara, which caused "No damage in Los Angeles." But just look at me! If I had been some kind of reënforced concrete building my windows would not have been shattered, nor my walls cracked. As it is, it seems to me that I have been considerably damaged. But this is not meant to indicate the definition of "damage" current the world over. If something untoward happens to property, that is "damage," but if a man's leg is broken in a flood he is a "casualty." If a good old person gets her invalid heart shaken out of its socket that does not count as damage, either; but staying in the hospital to raise my blood pressure to something like normal, and to reduce this breathlessly rapid pulse, will cost more than it would to replace all the window lights in one of those fine buildings that held onto its lights during this last jostle of the earth.

But let that go. It is not logical to be so mercenary about hospital expenses when one has been giving herself hallelujah airs about the advantages of being immortal. In spite of what I wrote yesterday about the grand adventure of traveling the uncharted spaces past all the amen stars in the firmament I am quite willing to spend all I have for the privilege of a much more limited existence. Other worlds may be better, but I prefer this one, beset as it is by storms, earthquakes and floods.

What fills me with admiration is those people at Santa Barbara. Letters from them this morning, all cheerful, one or two a bit tittery from that courage which inspires the brave to laugh while their teeth are still chattering from the terrors they have passed through. They are already scraping up the wreckage made by the earthquake and planning to build a finer, more symmetrical city of Spanish architecture. Before this time another year, it will be standing there like a lovely old masterpiece in the sun. Let those who doubt the elastic firmness and granite grandeur of humanity watch how men and women face disaster. They do it like the sons and daughters of the Almighty!

I recognize the evidence of my improved condition today by the rising animus of my mind—no longer so ostentatiously heavenward bound in the spirit, my dears—biting at the news in the morning paper like the old schoolma'am termagant I am becoming to my day and generation. Plenty of good news always in a Western paper, but I am picking on the golf tournament they had somewhere yesterday, and the prize fight they staged in this city last night. The champion on the links won a cup, the victor in the ring received a purse for beating up his antagonist, with more money in it than many a man can earn at hard labor in two lifetimes.

I am not in favor of this loving-cup business. In my opinion, the wrong people get the cups. If a man plays the best game of golf, or wins a swimming match, or excels at a running high jump over a pole, and can prove that he is an amateur—he gets a cup. If he has been the treasurer of a charity fund for years without stealing any of it, he receives a watch or cane as a reward. He can get a cup even by entering his horse in an amateur race, if the horse wins, whether he ever takes one brisk, dutiful step in living. Why love these people so much? Has any woman ever received such a token of praise as one silver teaspoon for being the faithful wife of a faithless husband and the devoted mother of ten children? If a "widow, indeed" brings up a large family by the work of her hands and gets her sons and daughters honorably established in the world, does anybody give her a loving cup? If they give her anything it is charity. Who ever heard of rewarding a poor man for being a good citizen with so much as a watch fob? These swank ladies and sporting fellows are the ones who get the trophies, and I say it is all wrong.

I make no further reference to sleepless nights in this hospital, but it is easy to infer from the notes I go on making when I have been wakeful and restless. I am either spiteful or too infernally smart the next day. Here is one which indicates that I am awake at daybreak and in no complimentary mood to the sun, moon or stars.

JULY SIXTEENTH. These Western stars are pop-eyed, larger, more curious than ours are at home. A bunch of them stared through the window at me all night long. First time in my life I was ever tired of the stars! The moon sat up all night, making black shadows of lovely things outside. I do not hold with poets and lovers about the moon. She is no more than a bright vacuous fool of a countenance in the heavens, no expression. Always getting herself complimented with some figure of speech from a "silver scimitar" to a "yellow slice of melon!" The prettiest reference I have ever seen to her was made by Father Tabb, years ago, when he caught sight of her riding high and dim in a clear morning sky. "Yon pale ghost of yestere'en," he calls her. But I cannot bear her when she shines all

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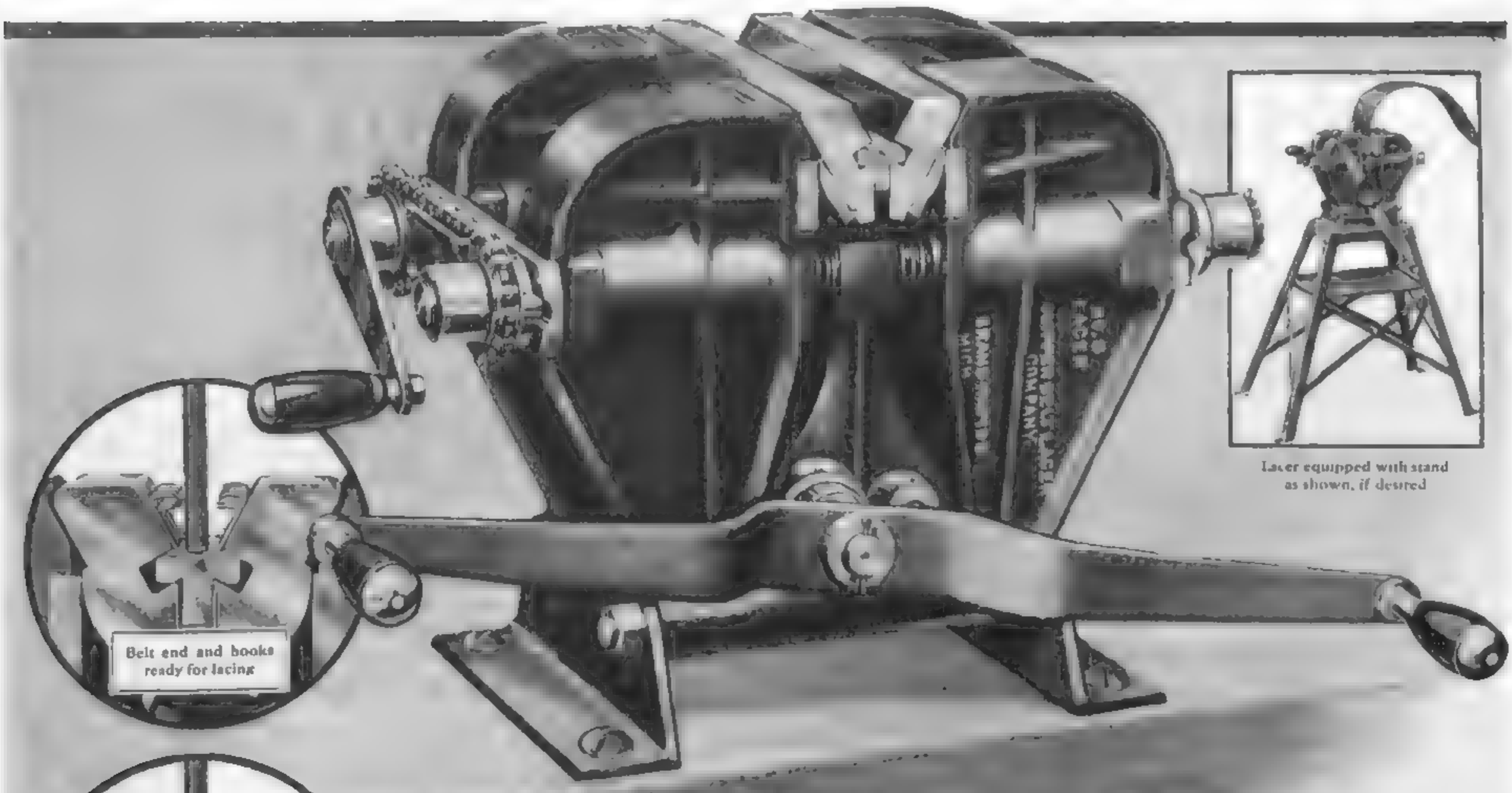

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(Continued from Page 122)

night with no competition of braver brightness to soften her silliness. I am not complaining of the West, but I do think the heavenly bodies out here are a bit garish. The sun always rises with a swollen face, as if he had been up all of the night before, too lurid against the pale purity of dawn for sobriety.

Note written later on the same day: We may be saved by the devil after all. Here is news in the morning paper of a moving picture producer's latest contract made with his youngest actress. She is sixteen. He employs her for two years on condition that she does not bob her hair, uses neither rouge nor lipstick. She must dress modestly and behave the same way on all occasions. What I mean is that it has been these girls of the stage and screen who have gone far toward setting the fashion for the modern girl's manners, clothes and morals. Now it is the head of one of these big businesses who employs an actress on condition that she shall remain decent, modest and clean faced.

On the same page the report of a lecture on beauty before a woman's club! I wish I knew what all this taking of vows to worship beauty means.

Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn seems to me the most beautiful poem in the English language; even so, I was never entranced with the conclusion:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Sounds like an anticlimax to me. The singing loveliness of his imagery will last as long as words do, without this quotation motto. Now it is a string dangling from that perfect thing which fools catch to swing by silly.

In any case only great poets can afford to rave about beauty. Suppose it is necessary to your happiness; if you are an ordinary person, why pretend that you are unusual in this particular? I know plain men and women who have lived all their lives among the most sublime beauties of nature without tearing their hair about it. Yet loveliness is as essential to their existence as food. They have no language to speak it and remain eloquently dumb. My notion about these beauty ranters is that they have no deep sense of it and have learned to recite it like a creed, as so many Christians do their religion. As a rule they are short on the secret pieties of life—that prayer goodness of the heart which goes with real genius for comprehending beauty.

I shall never forget my experience with a man who had a decadent mania for what he called beauty, but who was a sort of artistic ape at plagiarizing the loveliness of colors. He had no sense beyond color and form. The holy significance of all these things in nature invariably escaped him. He could not see the beauty in homeliness produced by the hardships of virtue, like the fallen, withered rose of a good woman's face, who had lived a life of plainness with none of the luxuries of the senses to soften her features, who had been bleached by the courage of her years to the gray glory of majestic beauty. He could perceive the grace and loveliness of a tree, catch the color of its foliage with a sort of tintinnabulating swiftness of his brush, but he was one of nature's idiots when it came to recognizing this tree as the elder brother of his own life that had sent its roots to drink of springs so deep they never fail; that had swung its mighty limbs in winds of prayers before he was born; that would sing its leaves to the summer skies a hundred years after he is dead; that will know the history of ages without the folly of speech. Color and form are only the outsides of things. The true meaning and significance lies within; and your professional beauty lovers rarely suspect them.

All this fussing I did with my pen on the sixteenth day of the time I spent in this hospital, with nothing really to complain of but the sun, moon and stars, and of the world in general as the morning paper published news of it. There must have been much good and inspiring news in this same paper, but I was in that mood a woman is always in when she kicks the cat, though the cat may not be at fault—irritable on general principle.

Ill health and the fact that I was spending more time in bed than in traveling was not the explanation of my mental indisposition, for I still clung valiantly to the idea that I was only resting between trains, so to speak, and would get up presently and go ahead, which was precisely what I did do.

But this was my trouble. After years of quietness and the willful effort to work out my own peace in that narrow valley between the high hills at home, where all things, including the people, are much as they have been for the past hundred years, I had started off on a happy pilgrimage with all my banners flying, only to run into a world I did not know. It did not belong to me. I had had no part in the making of it. I was as much astonished as some little god might have been if he had been taking a whiff around one morning and discovered a planet that did not belong to his flock of stars. A lively, gallant, green little world, diurnal and annual in its orbit, as usual, but kicking up its own dust in his firmament, living and achieving tremendously without reference to what he considered the morals and duties of a good little planet of his own design. Just so the world I had helped to make was gone. The faith and laws I had kept were gone with it. Yet this amazing new one was doing confoundingly well by itself, building and building, widening, accomplishing what any Old or New Testament writer would have set down as miracles. Not only that, it was gallivanting around most frivolously, having a good time, enjoying its flesh and substance, cashing in, as I saw it, on all that hard work we had done, the laws we had kept, the virtues we had achieved, simply by brushing away the standards we had set up for the preservation of this immortal estate. And it was of no use to sidestep the obvious facts by predicting the destruction of this new world in a fit of spleen, because the thing seemed firmly established on a mortal and strictly commercial basis.

I tell you, my dear friends, I was upset and grieved to think what we had missed in that world of a generation ago, if this one worked. And it seems to be going smoothly, swiftly, without much prayer reference to the Providence to whom we looked perpetually for strength and guidance. How could people labor so fiercely if they looked for no reward beyond this life; only old age and death at last in this one? How could they do the things that we knew were wrong without ever feeling conscience stricken? Would these rational laws take the place of the Ten Commandments? Could a civilization go on developing steadily in power, wisdom and strength if the bonds of marriage were less binding than an ordinary business contract, if nothing remained upon which to found the sanctities of the home? What would become of property under these conditions? Would they at last found a sort of national alimony fund, as they have put in compensation laws to insure disabled laborers? And what would become of that most illusive but most important property investment they were making in the future—children? Was it possible for schools to take the place of parents in the life and training of children?

I once wrote an article on The Passing of Parents, but nobody would publish it. I suppose the idea was to keep the secret as long as possible about the resignation of mothers and fathers from their position as parents.

But I must be wrong about this. I see these brilliant youngsters running amuck as far as they please without fear and without reproach; then they go ahead running this new world at high speed, taking big jobs and doing them well, taking a husband, taking a divorce from him, with or without alimony, hiring a nurse to bring up their

(Continued on Page 129)

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No straining to see the posting when the Dalton is used. No moving the carriage up and down. All work is clearly visible, directly before the operator's eyes. Credit balances, including the date, automatically printed in red. All printing clean-cut—no "wavy" lines. A Dalton-made statement is neat as a pin. A credit to you, and a business-getter.

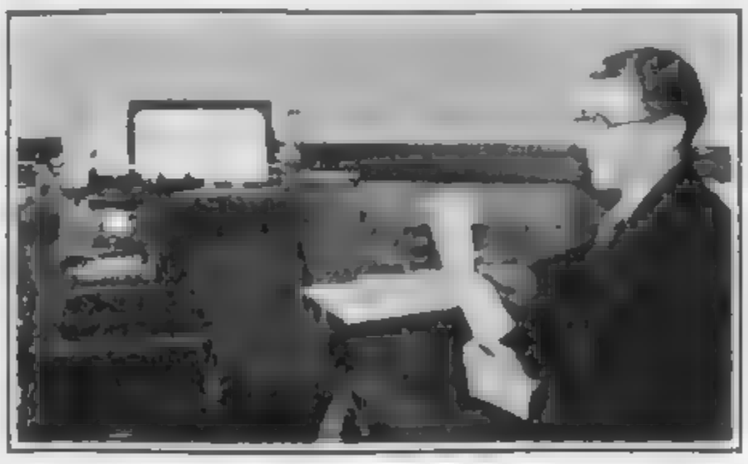
And s-p-e-e-d!

How quickly the Dalton turns out the work! Posting is done before you know it; statements are always ready on "statement day." For simplicity of operation, position of paper carriage, easy line-finding features, and ease of insertion and ejection of ledger sheets make the Dalton carriage the fastest in the world.

And the keyboard. One hand covers it. Only 10 keys, inviting speed and more speed. "Touch method" comes natural. The operator's fingers fly like a Paderewski's; eyes need never leave the data. And, of course, one hand controls the machine; the other is free to turn checks or invoices. A very average operator will get 25 per cent more work done with the Dalton. And without a lot of clack and rattle, too. For the Dalton is quiet!

Prove it!

Just phone the nearby Dalton Sales Agent for a demonstration of this Dalton bookkeeping model in your own office, on your own work. Or have your secretary mail the coupon.



"IN our business, where accurate-to-the-minute bookkeeping is essential, we find that with our four Dalton bookkeeping machines we have obtained better results in this regard than we have with any other system. Each day's work is posted and proved completely, through the special features of the machine which eliminate many of our former methods of proof and enable us to close our books correctly at the end of the day, instead of carrying final checkup and proof forward to the next day. This special 'post and prove' feature of the Dalton machine has saved us many minutes of unnecessary attempts to prove and also given us a complete proof of each day's work."

Allen M Rideout, Ass't Treasurer
Highland Trust Company
Boston, Mass.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Co., Toronto and Branches
Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING

BOOKKEEPING • STATEMENT AND "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

Auditors...

"THE Dalton enables us to verify any account at any time, and to render statements promptly on the first day of the month. Besides, it saves one-half in time over our old method."

Mr. Z. T. Brindley
Erie Lumber Company
Erie, Pa.

"WE keep our accounts posted up to the minute on the Dalton posting machine. It is so simple to operate and so speedy."

Mr. E. H. Shields, Treasurer
The Chatfield & Woods Company
Cincinnati, Ohio

Now you can put a machine on every desk!

An all-quality, all-'round figuring machine at a "typewriter price"!—the new Dalton (Million Dollar Capacity) Eight, price, $100. Ideal for desk use. Multiplies as fast as it adds. Subtracts, too. Takes up little space; portable. Quality through and through—identical, part for part, with the bookkeeping machine described on opposite page. Yet only $100! Write for details.

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Mail the coupon for free demonstration!

The Dalton Adding Machine Sales Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

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Position .....

Name of Company .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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FROM down in "Ole Virginia" where peanuts are peanuts comes the familiar glassine bag with *Mr. Peanut.* They make your appetite jump right up and holler. They're big, fragrant, crisp, and salted. Plump, whole peanuts, big as your little finger, roasted through and through to a golden, mellow brown.

Please remember that they are not *Planters* Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the *Planters* name and *Mr. Peanut* on it.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia
Canadian Factory: Toronto

(Continued from Page 125.

children, and going ahead successfully with the grand career they have chosen in the world of art or business. Fathers have always done that, but never mothers in the world where I was born.

Women are demanding an even break with the men everywhere, and they are getting it. There has been an amazing shifting in the scale of values which I cannot compute. In the end a better balance will be made, but being old and a trifle out-of-date, I do tremble for what we may lose before we gain by the right adjustment. My sympathies are all with the women, having been one for a long time, and knowing how poorly we have fared for ages, but I wish they would go slower than they are going during this transition period.

I missed so many of the types of men and women I used to know in this flashing, competent new world. I met some able churchwomen, some important women in the political world, but not one who felt like a perfect lady. I was never able to make that grade myself, but I have always entertained a respectful admiration for her. There was another at whom I used to grin secretly, but now I could fall upon her bosom if I could find one. She had a sterilized mind. She would use only the weakest, most innocent words. If she said a person was naughty, she meant that he was a liar and a thief.

This was her way of avoiding the word spatter of evil wisdom, but as I look back now, it seems to me that they were all married—happily married at that.

I never heard of one whose husband treated her unkindly. No matter what sort of man he was, she managed to keep her frail fingers on the scruff of his neck. She is obsolete now. The noblest Roman of them all cannot do that to a modern husband.

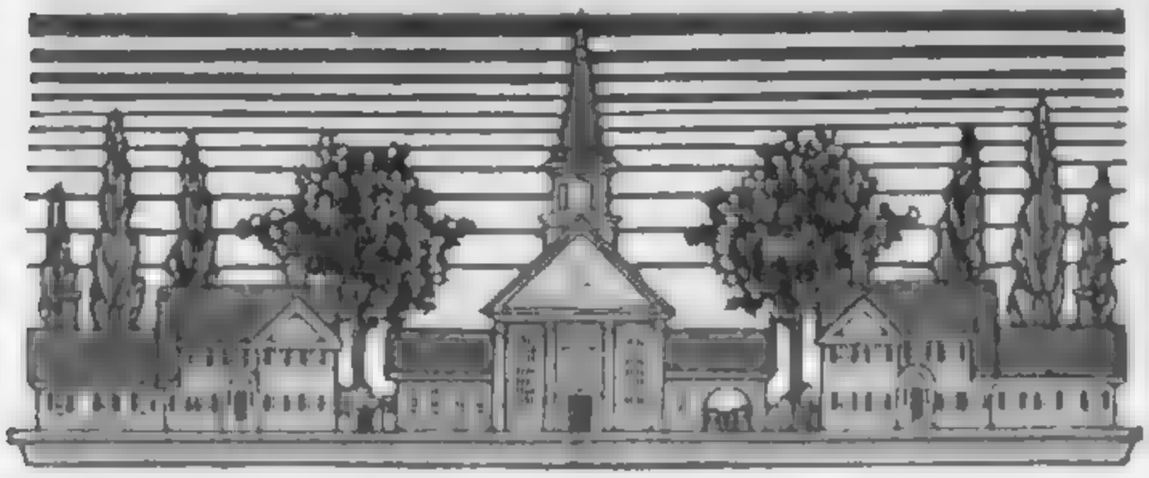
A middle-aged woman should be able to contemplate any man simply as a component part of nature which is no longer essential to her happiness. Still, I retain a lively interest in men. They are the only grown people who never grow up. That characteristic appeals to the normal woman the wiser she grows in her own years. My own feeling is that there is something witty in the mind of God who fashioned them variously enough, so that they could become heroes or villains, wise men or fools, build a world or tear it down; but no matter, the last one of them retains this secret element of childishness which all women recognize. And this I suppose accounts for the wit of the Almighty. The grander, or worse they are, the more does that childishness in them appeal to woman. In his last ditch a man has only to look up into her maternal face with that whimper in his eye and she will drag him out, put a ring on his finger and kill her fatted calf for him, just to hear him talk so splendidly of remorse and repentance. She never can learn that vocative remorse in a man is a kind of momentary eloquence he recites, and that a man who really repents would never in this world mention to her the thing he had repented of.

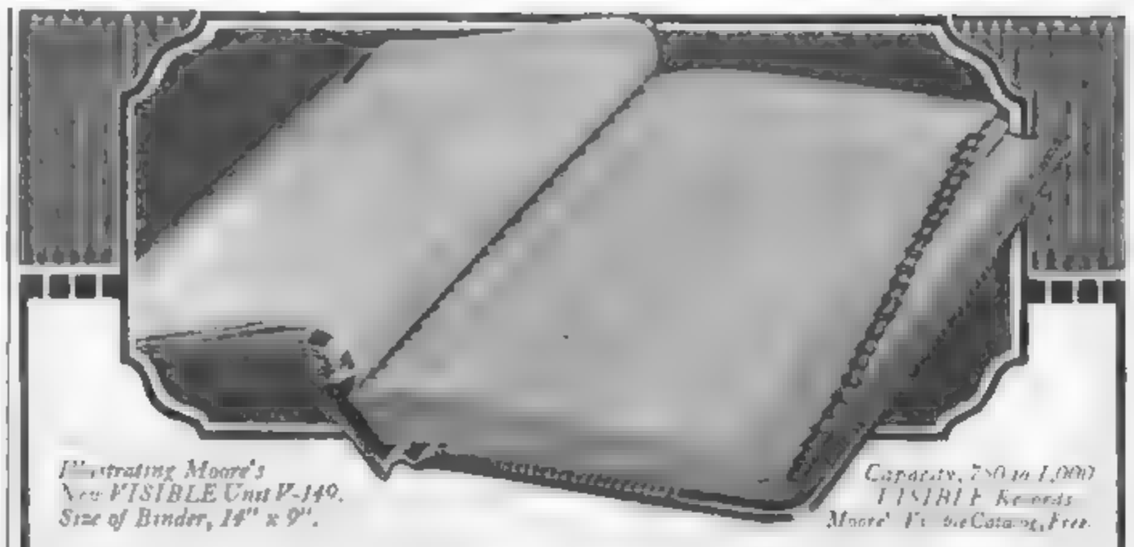
Having devoted so much thought to men, having studied them till I thought I knew all a woman is likely even to infer about them—because we never can know much—my amazement can be more easily imagined than told when I discovered that the men of this new world were strangers to me, with only a few of the old adjectives clinging despairingly to them. They were in a reverse state of the masculine. They have been whipped out so far as women are concerned, and are taking a gratifying rest from their responsibilities to her, moral and otherwise. If she wants to earn her own living, let her do it, and earn his also. If she wants to go her own gait, let her go, and the devil take the hindmost. She is no longer his affair. If she wants to marry him, let her say so; he would as lief as not marry, since it is easy merely to let her get a divorce also. If there is anything to be said about her, he will say it. He is no longer the protector of her good name. Let her protect it herself if she can. All is unfair in love and war. And they have both love and war between them, but not on the old romantic basis, but rather on the grounds of equality—where, in truth and nature, there never can be equality.

I am speaking now of young men as I saw them in action. My impression was that they show a reserve amounting to anxiety not to compromise themselves by allowing the prevailing girl to take them too far to turn back from the road to matrimony. I could not make out whether it was the doubt they entertained about supporting a family, or the much more expensive risk of alimony which marriage now at least predicates. Anyway, it seemed to me the rising young man is handicapped in his effort to concentrate on his work and economize by the interruptions of the brave young girl of today. If she wants him for any reason at all, she will go after him, and she usually fetches him out if he has no boss to protect him during business hours.

I must say he is a brilliant and competent youngster, quite equal to making his world go round. No one need fear that he will not keep his ships on all the seas, his factories running night and day, his production equal to the markets' demands in the farthest ports of the world, but his mind and manners are strange to me. He says what men used not to say. He flashes too much, with nothing left after the flash. I will not go so far as to say he is not a gentleman, but I do doubt if he cares a thing about being one. He'd rather tear around, actually or intellectually, and be himself. That is always a dangerous and doubtful person to be, like taking your lid off and inviting just Nature to cut a caper.

Now according to my mild way of thinking, it is not essential that a gentleman should be bright. On the contrary, scintillating wit is like having too much light in a room—it makes him garish. He loses his shadows, his noble obscurities, his dignity, the tone of time that breeding gives, which is so much more important than mere brilliance, which is also a characteristic of brass. He can afford to be a trifle dull when he speaks, but not silly. He does not need to sparkle. He could very well leave that to those who only obtain recognition by their brain antics. He needs to produce the impression of sincerity and good will. He is that friend of man who is never vulgarly intimate with man. Sounds like the obituary of an ass as I write it here, but I have known a good many such men in my time, and they lasted well. I do not remember ever having heard one of them called a fool. The best people like them, as we all like the qualities of quietness and rectitude in human nature.





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The chances are that you and Mr. Hosley have much in common. You may be "shut up 8 hours every day." You would like to have an all-year plan for making extra money which would enable you to have "something left"—to buy the things you want but feel you can't quite afford.

So why not do what Hosley—what hundreds of other ambitious men and women have done—make up your mind to have *surplus cash*. You can! Just mail the coupon for all the details.

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Service All the Way

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

It is impossible for a railroad train or a ship to call at the doorsteps of its passengers when they wish to take a journey. To take even a trolley or bus ride, one must go to some definite point where the conveyance stops. On the other hand, the telephone goes all the way to meet the public's convenience.

Each telephone call may be compared to a taxicab, whose destination is controlled by the subscriber. The telephone company extends its wires to the homes and offices of those who desire service, placing its telephones within immediate reach. The call is made at the time, from the point, and to the place that the subscriber desires. He speaks to the person he wants—wherever he may be.

At the disposal of each telephone subscriber are the talking channels of the entire Bell System. He may make a call a few or thousands of miles, and he may extend his voice to any point, to any person who has a telephone.

This is the essence of communication. Because of it, the number of telephones has increased in the last five years three times as fast as population. Because of it, the Bell System carries more than twenty billion messages in the course of a year.

It is possible that I stepped into the wrong set on this happy pilgrimage, and so failed to meet the higher types of men and women this new world is producing, but I honestly believed that I was moving, as usual, in the best circles to be found. The kind of gentleman I used to know seemed to me as rare in the younger set as that man among their elders who used to refer to his wife as his spouse. Something royal and dignified about this title of "spouse," though it does suggest considerable amplitude of person in the wife who acquires it, which is probably the reason we never hear it now. Wives no less than maidens must be, and remain, slim. No woman wants such a fat title as "spouse" conferred upon her by her husband. What she wants to know of him, day by day, is if he thinks she is growing thinner.

If you are a lover of words, it is interesting to observe how some of them acquire visibility, so to speak, and reputations for themselves, in the various walks of life; how a foolish word will suddenly appear and become the lip fashion of the moment, then disappear like any other fad of fashion. Now when good men or great ones die we raise monuments to their memory. So have I been tempted to write an obituary of certain fine old words that have almost passed away in this light-tongued, vocative new world. Instead of calling a man honorable, they say he is a good sport. Even though he has never played a game of golf or tennis, never twirled a ball, he is clipped down to the terms used on the sporting page, because this contains the literature of current idealism.

The English writers spell that great word, "honor," better than we do. They put it all in—"honour." That *u*! It is golden, like the nimbus about a star in a murky night. The word needs it to complete its effulgence. I never hear it spoken respectfully without thinking of brightness, a sword, some sort of glowing decoration.

Terms like "honor," "courage," "noble," are great favorites with me, especially when I am revealing ideals of myself. The chief reason for this, of course, is that I have no real talent for the attributes they describe, and have always craved them, endeavored to shine morally with the luster they impart to one's character.

I have often wondered how other men and women feel about the personal use of these terms. Maybe it is not wise to tell; Pharisaism is one of the sincerest natural qualities we have. I do not suppose any nobleman would care to dwell upon the fact that his nobility is not real, merely a title he inherited from a remote ancestor who earned it. My own belief is that we all get these attributes, like fine garments, at great expense, and wear them on the outside of what we really are and ever shall be, in order to appear well to ourselves and to others, as we wear clothes for the sake of decency. The naked mind of man is a fearful thing and ought not to be exposed. I have labored all my life to own honor, courage, a noble carriage, morally speaking. I have done and done, suffered and sacrificed to that end, but to this day I do not feel really and incontestably virtuous. I am constantly humiliated privately with the most damnable suspicions as to whether I might have committed the same dastardly deed someone else has committed if I had been subjected to the same conditions and temptation and had not this vanity for wearing splendid raiment on my mind.

One of the things that disturbs me about this new world is the immodesty of its mind. They say it is so because they are living in a truthful age. Well, then, there is virtue in lying. The frightful candor they show, for example, about love, is disgraceful, and only proves that they have found out at last what the lower animals have known all the time about love. But these creatures have been provided by nature with the delicacy of dumbness. They cannot degrade each other by a warfare discussion of their instincts. Language has always seemed to me a suspicious circumstance in the evolution of mankind. It has occurred to me that they bit into some more forbidden fruit to obtain it. Still, since we have the power of speech, I do not think any man or woman should exercise it who is not enough of an idealist to have discovered that sex and soul are the most sacred endowments we have, and that both are equally entitled to reverence. From them all great thinking and every noble action springs. In comparison, the vices we have acquired through these sources are negligible.

I had spent three weeks in the hospital and my condition was much improved. But I suffered a sort of relapse into the old impatience to be up and on my way. A hospital, I reflected, was a place for sick people who expected to get well, but since I had no such expectations, why waste more precious time there? This was a sensible view to take and very agreeable to me. I had no family or friends to oppose it in that distant land. For this I was thankful, having always found the dearest of families and the most devoted friends stumblingblocks when the time came for me to make an arbitrary recovery of my health.

I was not yet equal to the journey I planned to San Francisco, and went to the Ambassador to gain strength for this next adventure.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

DETACHABLE Buttons That Fit Any Garment

PILCHER BACHELOR BUTTONS

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Draft Opener

Put one on your FURNACE. Brings fire up at *time set*. No attendance on winter mornings. No waste. Set once a year. Wind weekly. Dust-proof. Non-electric. *10-day*. Solid brass. $10. Easy to install

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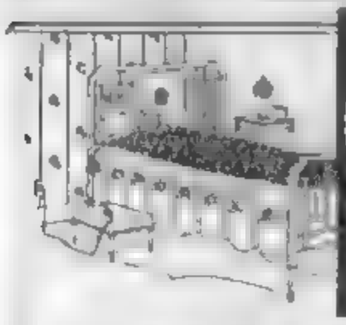

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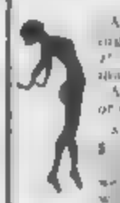

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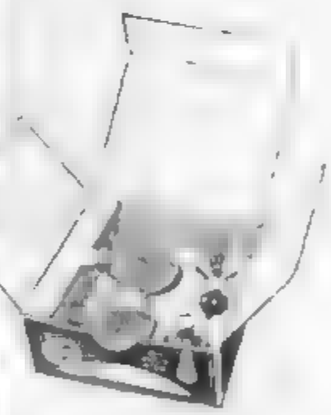

For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps—in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit

WHEN something suddenly leaps into shape out of the shadows of a curve in the road, you want to see well and see fast. You want headlights that won't fail you.

Light up for vision with the improved Edison MAZDA* Auto Lamps. They are the same good lamps you use at home. And for safety's sake, be sure that your lights are properly focussed to give the maximum driving light without glare and that you carry spare lamps for emergency.

Ask an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Dealer to show you the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit and to fit it out for you with the proper lamps for every light position in your car. For his identification as a reliable dealer he displays the emblem shown at the left.

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PERFECT vision—the first rule of safe driving is insured by Trico. And it's so easy! A tiny tube running up beside your windshield conducts the surplus suction of your powerful engine through a simple piston motor. And this tireless air-driven piston swings its blade back and forth—wiping away the rain drops faster than they fall.

So simple and sturdy is this Trico air-driven motor that it will outlast the car itself—so dependable that you need never fear the threatening storm. You can operate it costlessly 24 hours a day.

American motor car builders have universally adopted the air-driven windshield cleaner as standard equipment. Naturally, they selected the cleaner most simple in operation . . . the cleaner requiring the least amount of servicing. The new Trico Junior model costs only $3.50—and it is guaranteed like your car. It can be installed by any garage in a few minutes. There is also the Universal model at $5.00 and the De Luxe with refinements at $7.50. Models are made to fit all cars, open or closed, including Fords.

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Treat your Trico to a new rubber blade occasionally. Genuine Trico blades are on sale at most dealers' or we will mail you one postpaid for 30 cents (anywhere in the United States).

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buys the new Junior model of the famous Trico Cleaner. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $3.50 and we will send one to you postpaid. ($4.50 in Canada)

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is the price of this Universal model. There is also the De Luxe model, with refinements, at $7.50. Both are standard equipment on many fine cars (Above prices are for U. S. A.)

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Who Else Wants to Make $90 a Week

Here's your chance to get into the big income class. I've shown these men how to average $90 a week. Now I'm ready to do the same for you.

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Our money-making plan for representatives is built on sound principles. We sell a product in big demand—fire prevention equipment. It bears the name of a nationally advertised company—Fyr-Fyter. Our representatives are one of the highest paid selling [illegible] in the country. Your earnings average high right from your first day.

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Send for full details and see if this isn't the job you've always needed. Work full or spare time. No experience needed. Our Free book, "Building a Permanent Income," explains everything. Simply send your name and address for it today, before somebody else beats you to it.

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You double the riding comfort and greatly lessen depreciation and tire wear when you install

HYDRO-CHECK

Hydraulic shock absorbers. Simple—easily installed. Will outlast your car. Give you riding comfort such as you've never known before. Every set numbered and guaranteed.

And the price is only $35.00.

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Your nails will always look their best if you use the handy pocket manicure, Gem or Gem Jr. Used anywhere, any time, to clean, trim, and file nails quickly and easily.

At all cutlery counters.

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BRAKES ON BRAINS

TWO young men sat in the seat ahead of us on the 5:33.

"I wish I had thought of it when he was bawling me out," one of them was saying. "I would have told him he wasn't so good himself. I don't have to work for him if I don't want to. There are plenty of other good jobs. He wants everything done just so. If I make one mistake in classifying a bill I hear about it. The pay is skimpy too."

"I got a punk boss, too," sympathized the other boy. "Believe me, I tell him where he gets off when he says anything to me. I told him last week that any time he thinks he can get somebody else to do my work all he has to do is say so. It's all right with me."

"That," remarked the gentleman next me, "is the way boys put brakes on perfectly good minds." One of his hobbies is psychology. He ought to know.

"Suppose," my companion went on, "that instead of thinking what scathing things they could say to their bosses, these boys would devote their half-hour ride home to a discussion of how to make their files more accessible, or how to classify bills for entering so that a step might be saved in the routine. They would be letting those young minds of theirs help them along to promotion. Instead of that, they are using good brain energy for negative purposes. No one ever gets promoted for bawling out his boss, nor for telling him that there are other jobs where he could make lots more money.

"But that isn't the worst of it. Suppose these boys decide just what they will say to their superiors the next time it becomes necessary for them to check the boys up on some mistakes. Probably each boy will go over and over his retorts, even getting in front of a mirror to work up a gesture or two. Don't laugh. Remember, I have a boy of my own! What happens next?

"The expected corrective talk comes. The boy's mind says, 'Aha! Here is the chance to try out this nice comeback I have worked up!' And before the young man knows it he has told the man he reports to that the whole office is badly managed, the pay is very low and that he knows where there are a dozen jobs that pay more."

The Subconscious Mind

"One of two things takes place then: Either the boss asks the boy how soon he wants to leave, or the boy returns to his desk under a distinct handicap. Compare that boy with one who makes a good suggestion every few days, and who receives constructive criticism for what it really is—valuable education. Add to that set-up the fact that employers are human and instinctively dislike a kicker. Unless the fellow with the apt repartee gets himself in hand he is pretty sure to become a drifter, trying job after job without making any real progress."

"You said the boy's mind threw these ready-built criticisms out in his interview with the boss," I suggested. "Didn't you mean his subconscious mind?"

"Probably the subconscious would have a lot to do with it," he agreed. "The subconscious mind can have a great deal to do with a lot of things. It will work for you just as readily as it will work against you. I wonder if you realize that a great many business men are making deliberate use of the subconscious in running their jobs? A lot of them don't think of the process in terms of psychology, but they use the principles with excellent results. Our general manager is an example.

"I dropped into his office last night. We were going out to dinner together and I stopped for him at five o'clock. He had a pile of papers on his desk, mostly culled from the late incoming mail. He asked me to wait until he had lined them up for the next day.

"I watched him as he picked up each letter or memo and read it through slowly. Then he laid it down and picked up the next. When he had finished he placed the pile in his desk drawer and reached for his hat."

"'How does that line them up for tomorrow?' I asked. 'You didn't make a single note. Won't you have to start all over again in the morning?'

"'You would think so, wouldn't you?' he agreed. 'I find, though, that if I look at a letter just at the close of the day, reading it over slowly and getting the problem fixed firmly in my mind, I can then forget it. When I pick that same letter up in the morning I can dictate a reply immediately. Something seems to think the thing out for me overnight. Since I have been doing this thing I have cut down my morning dictation time nearly three-quarters of an hour.'"

The Beginner's Progress

"I suggested that he read one of the standard texts on psychology, in which the process he uses is explained in detail. Think what those boys in front of us could accomplish if they would use their conscious thought about business for constructive purposes and train their subconscious minds to give them help in the same direction."

That sounded like good sense. To get at the practical side of the idea I asked the personnel director of a fairly large business what recommendations he could make to young men for the direction of after-hours' thinking about business.

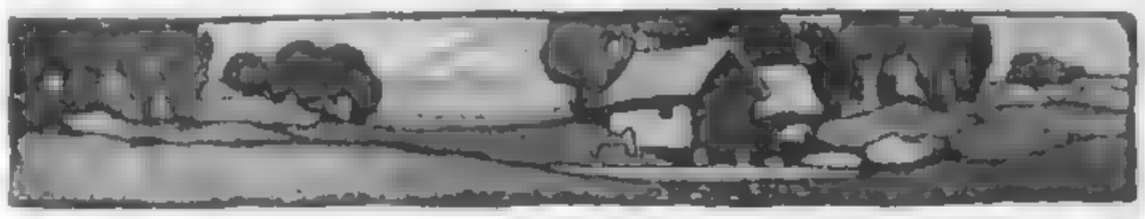
"A beginner in business needs to draw on the ideas of people more experienced than he," said this personnel manager. "If a young chap can get acquainted with a few more mature men in his own line of work, just talking with such people will help to develop progressive thinking along the right lines. The next best thing is the regular reading of good business articles in magazines. Pick up almost any good national magazine today and you will find at least one article on a business subject written by a man whose experience qualifies him to speak with real authority."

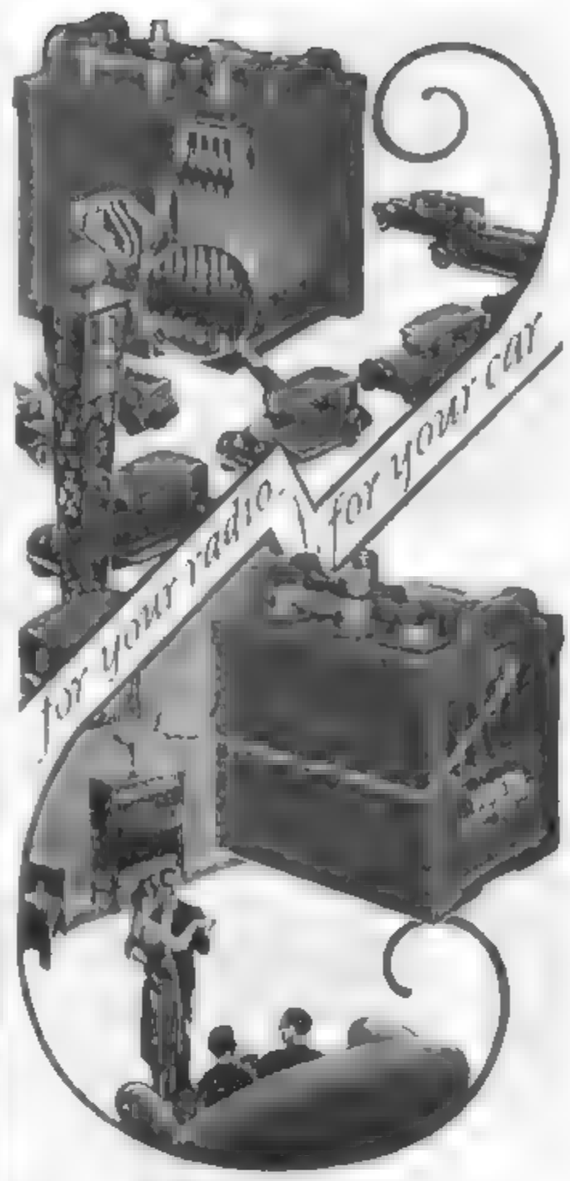
"How about books on business?" I asked.

"Splendid," he agreed, "provided the reader has energy enough to read intelligently and to think about what he is reading. A book on some specialized field of business is of necessity a bit heavy for a young fellow to tackle at the end of his day. A better way to go at this sort of education is to join a class at a good college or evening school. This associates the student with other fellows of his own age and position and gives him the inspiration of being with others who are studying with a definite purpose. The instructor sees to it that the discussions are to the point and that the class moves steadily toward a set objective."

All of which seems to boil down to the idea that it pays to think constructively about whatever you are doing, and about the relation of that work to the work of your company as a whole. Perhaps the difference between those who think constructively and those who use their minds, consciously or subconsciously, for negative purposes is one important difference between those who go ahead rapidly and those who drift.

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.





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—and a home

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"Suddenly the furnace was covered with flames. It stood between us and our only possible way of escape —a flimsy pair of wooden stairs.

"Just as the flames spread to the side walls, my daughter took the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher, pumped the liquid on the flames and almost instantly the fire was out."

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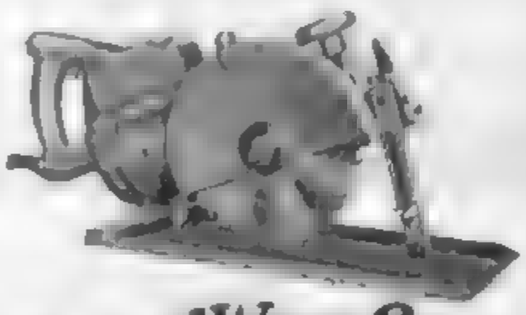

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Save 80% of cost of drilling in stone, concrete and brick. We make this Drill in 5 sizes, attaches to any lighting socket. Type U-6 shown above weighs 26 pounds and will drill a one-inch hole in average concrete at the rate of two inches per minute.

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Sales and Service in all principal cities

MILE-A-MINUTE MEN

(Continued from Page 32)

There is wide variation among the states in regulations affecting commercial vehicles. One commonwealth divides them into eight classes whose maximum legal weights, including loads, range from 5000 to 26,000 pounds. A letter prefixed to the license number of the tag designates the class to which the vehicle has been assigned and its legal load. Another permits a maximum of 20,000 pounds, computed on a maximum of 560 pounds per inch width of tire. Road engineers say that with the possible exception of weather the overloaded truck is the roadbed's worst foe, combining as it does the two destructive forces, weight and impact.

Most truck owners recognize this, and abide rigidly by the regulations, but others, to save operating expenses, attempt to overload and make the state pay the costs of their selfishness.

It is such owners that the weighing details are ordered to reform by strict enforcement of the law, followed, if necessary, with arrests and fines. The police assigned to this work usually establish their small force at a heavy traffic point close to a mill or quarry which uses platform scales. After the scales have been tested, every suspicious-looking truck is stopped and directed thereon. Sometimes, instead of waiting at a stationary scale, the police move to another road and establish a station at an unexpected spot. In this event the detail carries in motorcycle sidecars a set of loadometers, or portable scales, weighing a little less than 200 pounds. These are carefully calibrated, and the men who use them are taught how to weigh a truck two wheels at a time.

In most cases a glance at a commercial vehicle will tell a highway patrolman whether or not it is overloaded. He looks at the springs to note whether they are sagging unduly. This check-up, however, lost most of its value after owners began replacements with heavier springs which permitted overloading without the telltale sag. This may deceive the eye, but no device can fool the scales.

Work on the weighing detail is, as a general rule, dull, but it has its bright moments. The truck drivers are an interesting group, more pugnacious, more picturesquely profane than the pleasure-car operators. Yet even their confidence, born of an ability to frighten the average driver to the side with their heavy collision-proof vehicles, wilts before the authoritative firmness of the highway police.

In the Spotlight

Usually the truck driver registers surprise when told that he is overloaded, for many a good actor is wasting time behind the steering wheel. Then, after a vain argument, he dismisses the entire incident with a shrug of his shoulders and the unvarying line: "Well, that's the way they loaded me. What ya gonna do about it?"

"You must take off the excess," he is ordered.

"Can't," comes the reply. "It's valuable goods and I won't leave it here to be stolen."

The police then give the driver his choice of four alternatives. He may telephone his employer to send another truck for the excess load; he may walk to the nearest town and hire another truck and driver to help him out; he may leave the excess beside the road to be guarded until the police move on, or he may park where he is until a new law is passed. But he learns, definitely and emphatically, that he cannot proceed as he is.

The headlight law is one of the most commonly broken of all highway rules, yet it is one of the most important. Glaring lights, as every motorist knows, are the curse of the road, and as every highway official will tell you, are responsible for more fatal crashes than almost any other individual form of carelessness. They outrage not only the law but also the rules of common courtesy. Virtually every motor-vehicle code states explicitly the height and distance to which the beam from the motorist's lamp may project, and it is a simple matter so to focus the lamp that the law is observed. Most states, too, name the lenses that have been approved as legal. Many of the highway departments, in their effort to rid the roads of this dazzling menace to safety, even check over the advance specifications of new cars and notify the manufacturer whether the headlight lenses he plans will be considered legal.

It is the duty of the policeman on night-patrol work to watch and correct infractions of these laws. But so commonly are they violated that special drives, announced in advance, are often necessary. In a drive of this sort the patrolmen are stationed on foot at various points along the highway. Sometimes they set a green light beside the road as an identification mark. As a car with suspicious lights approaches, the officer raises his hand for a stop, at the same time playing the ray from a hand flash light over his cap and uniform to show that this is police duty, not a holdup. Then he may walk a specified number of steps in front of the car, turn, facing the lights, and determine whether or not they are properly focused by noting where the top beams strike the buttons on his uniform blouse. Sometimes the glare is caused by using the wrong bulb. If the motorist has an extra bulb of the proper candle power with him, he is told to insert it. If not, he is warned to have his present bulb replaced at the nearest garage. If a repair can be made easily on the road, the policeman may help.

The Trials of Escort Work

Many states assign the work of examining applicants for drivers' licenses to their highway patrols. Like the truck-and-headlight-inspection corps, these men remain at fixed stations, putting the novices through their paces. The work requires patience, particularly with temperamental feminine applicants, and is particularly hard on the young motorcycle cop yearning for the freedom of the highway. Through the long day he watches awkward tyros starting, stopping, backing and running their cars, often to a sickening accompaniment of clashing, grinding gears.

After demonstrating his ability to operate a car, the applicant must answer a series of questions to test his knowledge of the motor laws and his ability to read road signs. Often he fails miserably on the latter.

"What does that say?" one candidate was asked, as a legend—Speed Limit Thirty Miles—was held before him. Long he studied it, then read aloud, "Gas, Thirty Cents."

"Have you any physical infirmities?" another was questioned.

"Yes, a wife and three children," he replied. Neither passed the test.

Such are the outstanding duties of the highway patrol. There is, of course, a wide variety of others. Those organizations which are frankly a part of the state police often find themselves called on for typical routine jobs when constabulary duty is to be done and there aren't enough men on the regular details to do it. To all types come the frequent calls to escort work—forming guards of honor for visiting royalty or high officials of government. I know of no more wearing experience than riding at a slow pace before a motor car through lanes of cheering men and women. It is particularly difficult over city streets on a wet day, for then the motorcycle guard never knows when his machine will slip, spilling him under the wheels of the distinguished visitor's car. The eagerness of small boys to dash up for a close look at the queen or princeling, or

(Continued on Page 138)

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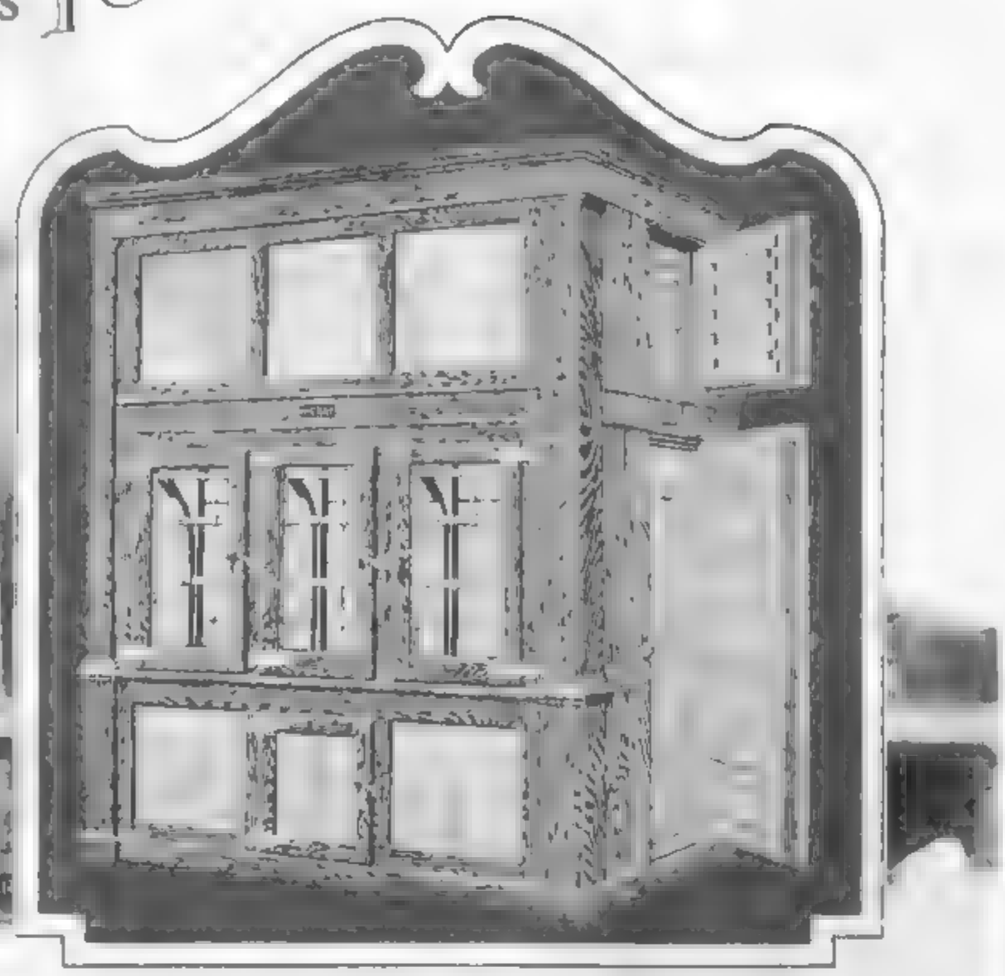

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Wherever perishable foods are sold or served, McCrays have been protecting health, preventing waste, saving money, *for more than a third of a century.* McCray patents are at the base of modern sanitary refrigeration.

Craftsmanship is a McCray tradition. Quality goes into every hidden detail of material and workmanship. Pure corkboard, sealed with hydrolene, provides perfect, air-tight insulation.

For every purpose, in markets, stores, institutions and homes, there is a McCray of suitable size and style. Send coupon for catalogs and complete information.

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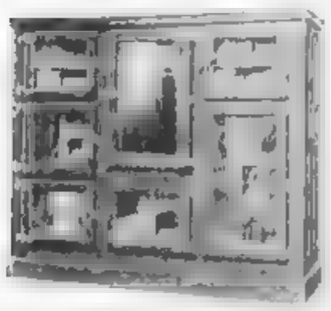

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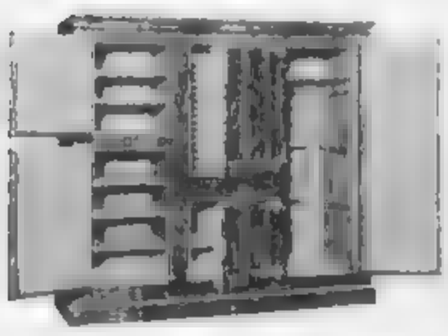

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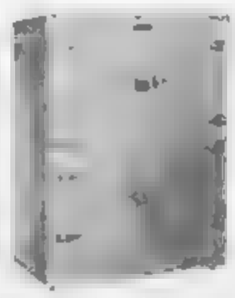

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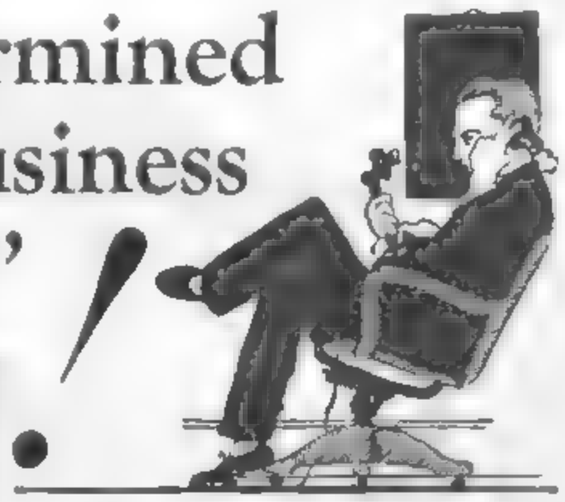
"I was determined to start a business of my own"



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You furnish:

Only a few hours of your spare time when convenient.

No Investment, No Experience Needed

Earn cash profits from the first day in a permanent ever-expanding business. Like other subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you may make as much as

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How might I start a local business of my own? *(Please print name and address.)*

Name *Age*

Street

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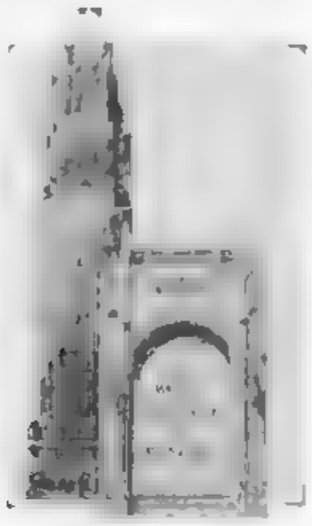
HOUR TO HOUR SERVICE WHICH BLANKETS THE NATION



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This is the unwritten law of business growth which rises above all artificial considerations—to supply a basic human need so completely and so economically that in the mind of the average man there is never even a thought of turning to any other source.

The American Radiator Company saw thirty-five years ago this vision of a service so widespread and painstaking that it would render itself *indispensable* in every building operation from the most modest home to the most ambitious business structure.

That vision has become a physical, practical fact, not only in the economic soundness of the product and an actual hour-to-hour service which practically blankets the nation—but also in that other more important thing, the universal recognition that American Radiator Company and Heating are synonymous terms.

Wherever there is growth—wherever there is expansion—the American Radiator Company, by right of the conquest of incomparable service, becomes an immediate and most intimate part of the process.

Clear across the continent, the American Radiator Company marches hand-in-hand with the spirit of development which is the instinct of America—an indispensable factor in the nation's growth because both its product and its service are indispensable.

The American Radiator Company is proud of its privilege and conscious of its responsibilities—more eager and alert to serve today and infinitely better able to do so than at any other time in thirty-five years.

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Carry your funds in CUNARD TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES—*the Universal Currency*

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of a certain type of woman who wants to heave a bouquet aboard, doesn't detract from the worries of the job.

Like the oft-quoted officer of the Royal Canadian Mounted, the average commander of a highway patrol wants to make his organization "the hardest to get into and the easiest to get out of in the world." Applicants in a typical state must be citizens of the United States, of good moral character, single, at least five feet six inches in height, and must furnish letters of recommendation, along with honorable discharges if they have had former military experience. After these demands have been satisfied, they must pass mental and physical examinations before entering a training school conducted under military discipline reminiscent of the officers' camps of 1917.

Usually the course runs through two months, and includes instruction in the state motor laws, geography, criminal procedure, simple arithmetic, examination of operators, preparation of forms and reports, care and operation of motorcycles and automobiles and adjustment of headlights. At the end of the course comes a final examination to weed out the unfit. The successful student, however, signs his final enlistment papers, then frequently takes a sort of post-graduate course consisting of a few weeks' patrol with an experienced man, before he is assigned to a fifty-mile beat of his own. His salary begins at $90 or $100 a month, and increases as he is promoted, for most such organizations attempt to fill the higher offices from the ranks. Board, uniform, equipment and traveling expenses are supplied by the state.

In reality, the patrolman's training never ends. Every day's run brings him into touch with some new type of driver, some new problem in handling situations. Out of a long experience with drivers who received, reluctantly it is true, my professional advice, I am tempted to make just a few suggestions on what not to do when stopped on the road by an upraised hand or a shrill whistle. They are:

Don't be superior and discourteous. It's far pleasanter and much less expensive to say "Thanks, officer," than "Good morning, judge."

Don't try to run away. The patrolman's motorcycle can eventually overtake any stock car sold. He has your number anyhow.

Don't lie about your speed. Highway-patrol speedometers are carefully checked for accuracy. Don't deny, either, if you are guilty, that you've cut to the wrong side of the road. In many cases the faint mark of your tires will remain on a stone road long enough to refute you.

Don't boast that pull will save you and break the policeman. Highway-patrol jobs in most states aren't political appointments.

I was among the first in our state to complete the course that makes a modern highway cop and to take on the job of mothering, educating and gently disciplining the omnipresent motorist. It was a great life, and only the men who are still skyhootin' the broad highways can know how I miss it now. But because of the irregular hours and the hazards of the game there was a tradition in our corps that any man who married should ask for his honorable discharge along with congratulations. A year or so ago I found one Daisy who hadn't yet tinkered with her name and persuaded her to change it to mine. And now I realize that the unwritten rule was a good one. Pushing a pram at two miles an hour and a motorcycle at ninety—well, each has its own technic!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Snug *and* warm *while winter roars outside*

In January, this amazing lumber stands between cold, biting winds and the cozy warmth of your radiators. Year after year, it can save about ⅓ your fuel money.

Refreshingly cool *on summer days and nights*

In July, Celotex stands between the scorching sun and the cool shelter of the rooms inside. Adds little or nothing to building costs.

TODAY, more than 119,000 families are enjoying a degree of home comfort and economy undreamed of a few short years ago.

For the usual building materials (wood, masonry, hollow-tile, building paper, wallboards, plaster, etc.) *alone*, offered too little resistance to the passage of heat and cold. Without a special heat-stopping or insulating material, furnace heat leaked *out* and sun heat beat *in* . . . *through solid walls and roofs!*

But chilly rooms with heavy fuel losses in winter and sweltering heat in summer are no longer regarded as unavoidable discomforts.

AMAZING LUMBER *insulates as it builds.* Six years ago, an amazing lumber was produced to meet the need for scientific house insulation. This lumber is Celotex, not cut from trees but manufactured from the toughest fibre known . . . it has properties never available in a building material before.

For Celotex *combines* effective insulation with great structural strength. Tests prove it stronger in house walls than wood and *three* times more effective in stopping heat and cold. Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness. It is scientifically sterilized and waterproofed.

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ACTUALLY *saves money.* No wonder that people everywhere have eagerly accepted Celotex . . . that men who know building and building problems intimately urge the use of Celotex in *every* home. They have given this amazing lumber every conceivable test and approved it beyond all question.

Celotex has made house insulation a downright economy. Its first cost is very little more than that of the materials it replaces. A smaller, less expensive heating plant is required with Celotex in the walls, ceilings and roof of a house. And year after year, Celotex can *save you from 25% to 35% of your fuel money.*

GET ALL *the facts.* So important are the advantages Celotex offers that it would be unwise to build or buy without full knowledge of this amazing lumber. Today's building standards demand insulation . . . and Celotex gives it most economically.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

And mail the coupon below for the Celotex Building Book. Its pages are filled with interesting pictures and facts that will mean comfort in your home and money in your pocket.

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S. E. P. 1-22-27

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Or, if you know in advance what you want—turn right to it—with a flick of the wrist.

You don't fumble—don't grope—don't delay. You don't turn a dial and then fuss with some secondary tuning device. An Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receiver has no secondary devices because it needs none. It has no complications at all. It's a true ONE Dial.

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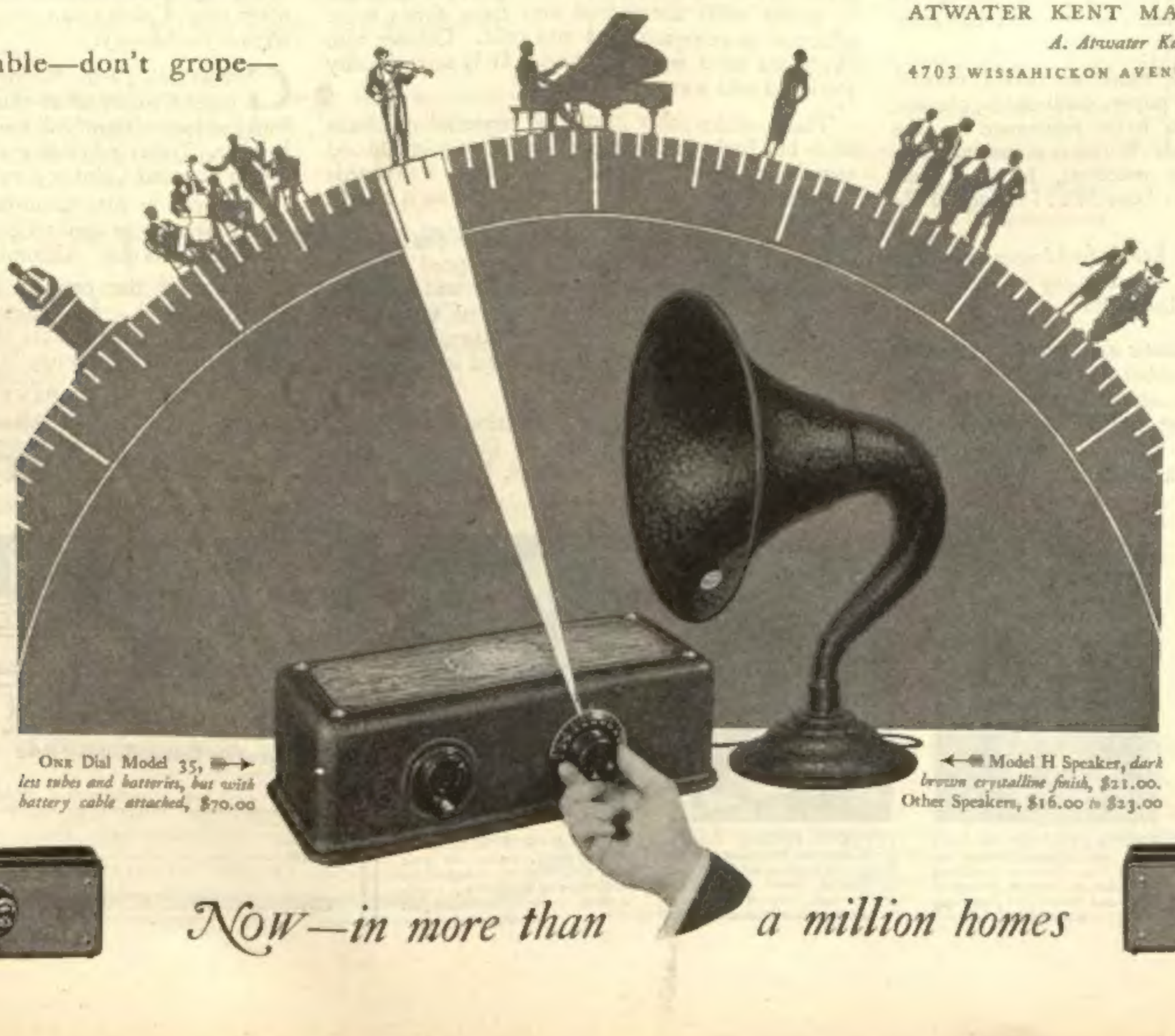

Model 32, the extra powerful seven-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $140.00

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ALUMINUM BRASS COPPER
TIN AND NICKEL WARE
CONGOLEUM FLOOR-COVERINGS

"Hasn't Scratched Yet."

Bon Ami

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"Two glasses of orange juice every twenty-four hours. First, because I like it better than any other drink. Second, because it keeps me feeling fit."

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"Orange juice, therefore—and California Orange Juice particularly—increases the efficiency of *entire meals*.

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"Try it for ten days and see if you don't get the same results that I have. I believe you will."

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